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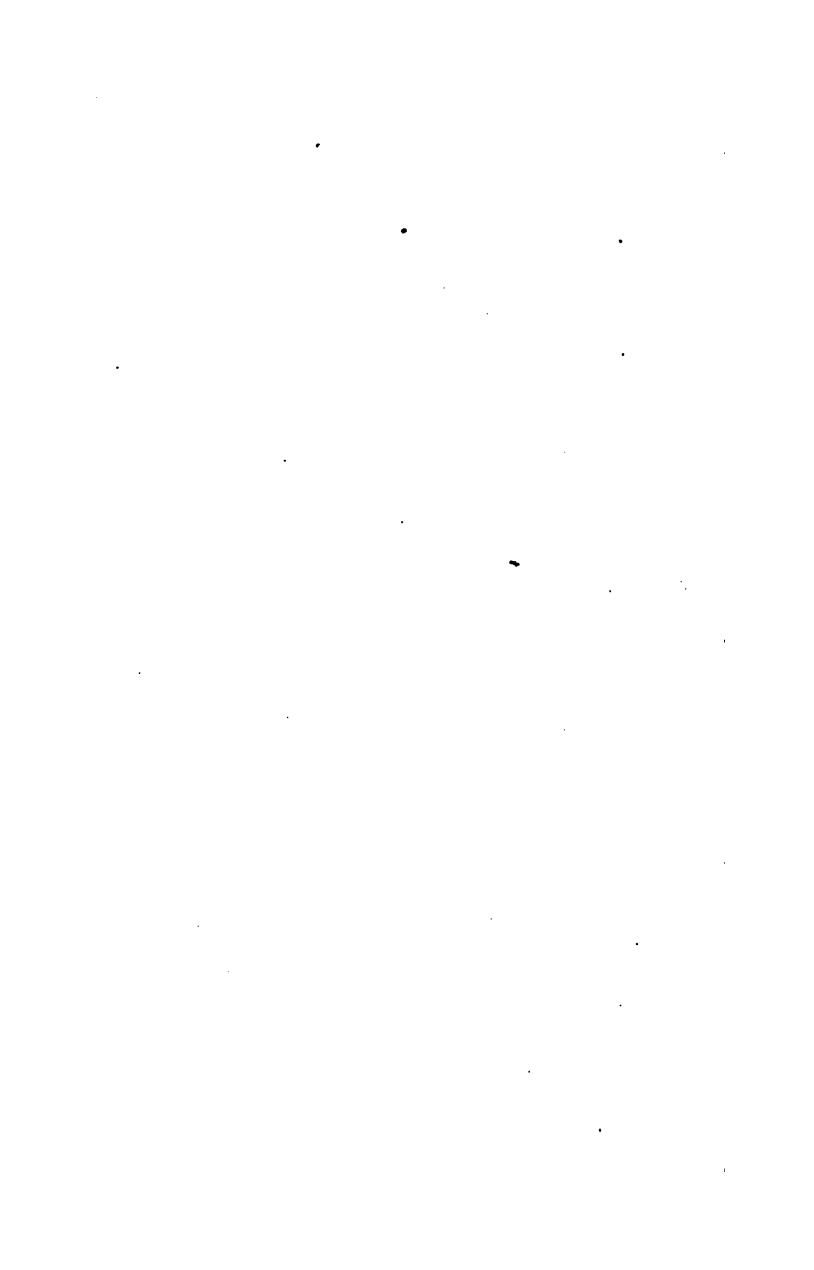
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MORNING AND EVENING  
HYMNS,

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR,

FOR THE FAMILY AND CHURCH,

WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

THE HYMNS SELECTED, REVISED, AND ARRANGED  
BY JOHN SMITH, LL.D.

THE MUSIC COMPILED AND ADAPTED,  
EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,  
BY GEORGE CAMERON.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE first object of the compiler has been to prepare a collection thoroughly Christian in its character. Compositions beautiful in sentiment, lofty in their moral tone, and highly poetical in their structure, are not suitable for worship unless imbued with the Spirit, and marked by the peculiarities of vital Christianity. The early Christians sung hymns to Christ as to God, and believers in every age cannot but desire that the person and work of the Redeemer should constitute the burden of their song. Christianity embraces the nature and duties of man ; but while its range is wide as the universe it baptises everything it touches with its spirit and principles. Many Hymns have been excluded, because there is nothing in them which renders them peculiarly suitable for Christian worship, and nothing which would render it particularly incongruous for them to be sung by the worshippers of false gods. While the Bible embraces a wider range of topics than any other book, sin, atonement, grace, and love are intimately blended with its histories and prophecies as well as with its songs. The "Elohim" of the Old Testament includes the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost of the New, and worship not addressed to the undivided Three is not the worship of the Bible.

Next to a thoroughly Christian collection, it has been the aim of the compiler to provide a thoroughly unsectarian book of sacred song. The sentiments are those about which Christians of every name are fully agreed, and disputed ground has been carefully avoided. In this respect the compiler has some confidence that the collection will have a great advantage over those professedly made to harmonize with the shibboleth of some particular ecclesiastical sect, or some particular set of ecclesiastical or doctrinal tenets. Care has been taken to introduce nothing into the book not clearly taught in the Bible, and, on doctrines about which there is diversity of opinion, the lan-

guage of Scripture has been followed as closely as possible. It is remarkable how much is held in common by all Christians, and how small, in general, are the points which separate them, and these points are more matters of opinion than of devotion. After excluding all doctrinal and ecclesiastical disputed views, the entire of clearly revealed truth remains in all its preciousness and completeness. As a general rule it may be assumed that the more scriptural the sentiment the deeper the devotional feelings, and the more doubtful the matter of song the less profitable the exercise. While sectional collections do something to keep Christians asunder, this collection may do something towards drawing all who love the Lord into closer bonds. This feature of the Hymns, while it may provoke the opposition of those zealous for party, will, no doubt, render them more acceptable to a large class whose Christianity is dearer to them than any ritual.

And, hence, another object has been to exclude compositions that are merely hortatory, historical, and descriptive. It is no doubt quite proper for Christian men to call on all men, and on nature, animate and inanimate, to praise their Lord; but the propriety of Christians singing lines which are addressed to others to come and worship, may be questioned. Praise partakes largely of the character of prayer, and in both exercises God should be the object addressed. It may be profitable, indeed, to use occasionally God's own words in which he addresses man, but that is almost the only warrantable case of departure from the address direct. It is not necessary that the Hymns possess the usual form of address. It is sufficient that the language is such as to allow the mind of the worshipper to rise to heavenly places, where Christ sits at the right hand of God.

There is probably room to hope that this collection contains an unusually large amount of vigorous and healthful sentiment. Care has been taken to address Father, Son, and Holy Ghost according to Scripture example. All undue familiarities on the one hand, and all meaningless abstractions on the other, have been avoided. Jehovah is addressed in all the majesty and grace of his character. The worshipper, while he may intensely love the Saviour, is restrained by correct views of His dignity and glory from irreverent approaches. It is deemed enough that the modern Christian be as the first disciples. Even John, the beloved apostle who leaned on Jesus' bosom, spoke and wrote of his Lord with dignified respect, and profound veneration, while he admired and adored the glory of his condescension and grace. Correct views of the

Saviour forbid those flippancies of conventional intercourse with which not a few well-meaning, but partially informed men, speak and write of the Saviour and Judge. It is no evidence of enlightened piety to talk of the second person of the Trinity as if he possessed only the nature of man. The term 'dear' is applied to Christ only when relationship with the Father is implied, as, "God's dear Son." No disciple ever dared to speak of the Son of God as do some Hymn writers. The Saviour himself when addressing Jehovah instead of familiar appellatives says, "Holy Father," "O Righteous Father," and more frequently "Father." The scripture is the safest guide in this as in other matters.

In regard to the psalms many attempts have been made to recast and adapt them for modern worship. Milton, Montgomery, and many inferior poets, have exercised their gifts in this work, and we may say that their success in this matter has been small. The nearer translations are to the sublime original, the better in every respect will they be found. We have not found it necessary to depart, in many instances, from the authorised version. In some few cases other renderings have been preferred, and a few slight alterations have been made, which it is hoped will render them more suitable for social worship, without departing from their meaning.

Without invariably following the order adopted in the arrangement of this volume, families may find it useful, generally. Circumstances, such as Domestic Affliction, may determine the selection of others, instead of those occurring in the order given. Neither does the arrangement prevent the employment of the selection in public worship. Instead of the days of the week the indexes will direct in such cases.

There are large denominations who have no authorised Hymn Books, and not a few connected with those have expressed a wish to have one which they might use in their families. Some of these may find this collection suitable.

This book does not come into competition with any other existing collection, as none exists on the same principles. The compiler issues it without any recommendation but its own merits. He seeks no patronage but that of the Christian public, being confident, that if it deserves an extensive circulation it will obtain one. The Christians of this country allow no body of men, secular or ecclesiastical, to judge for them; they judge for themselves, and to that judgment the book is committed without the slightest misgiving. Minor defects will not be allowed to neutralise substantial merit.

The compiler needs not say that he has not the slightest

wish to interfere with the opinions of those who prefer denominational Hymn Books, while on the other hand such will, no doubt, allow equal liberty to parties who prefer the unsectarian. This collection is offered to believers in the Lord Jesus, and should it be found a help to the devotion of any number of them, the compiler's labour will have its reward.

The fact that each Hymn may, with almost equal propriety, be classed under a dozen subjects, renders an index of subjects very imperfect. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the one given in this collection embraces all the topics in the book. This index, and also one for the Psalms and Paraphrases, will be found between the Hymns and the Music. We have included as many of the Psalms and Paraphrases as would come under our plan, and we have selected Hymns from all available sources.

There are mistakes in this edition which will be avoided in future issues. A considerable number of the pieces from standard authors have not appeared in any previous collection, and a number of Hymns were written expressly for this collection.

When circumstances may prevent these Hymns from being sung by families or individuals it may be found beneficial to carefully read one morning and evening. An important sentiment often gives character to the thoughts and feelings throughout the day, and may even tranquillize them during the silent hours of night. There may be few able to sing all the particular metres used in the volume, but the more difficult may be passed over.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. Bonar, Kelso; the Rev. Dr. Alexander, Edinburgh; the Rev. P. Mearns, Coldstream; and others, for kindly allowing us to enrich the volume with their productions.

The selection of Tunes, given in the work, furnishes Music for almost all the Hymns (in the next edition the few omitted will be added), and the Directory for each Hymn, which will be found between the Hymns and Music, supplies, where possible, a choice of three or four tunes. These new features, it will be allowed, give the work a completeness for devotional purposes which no other collection possesses.

BREADALBANE TERRACE, GLASGOW,  
1st January, 1857.

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I sing the mighty power of God, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 186
I to the hills will lift mine eyes, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 121, 40
I waited for the Lord my God, ...	" 40, 122
If he the scorn of wicked men, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 59, 384
I'll praise Thy name; e'en for Thy truth, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 138, 278
I'll Thee extol, my God, O King, ...	" 145, 83
I'm but a stranger here, ...	<i>Taylor</i> , 630
I'm going to leave all my sadness, ...	<i>Bonar</i> , 614
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 54, 72
Immortal honour, endless fame, ...	613
In darkness willingly I stray'd ...	610
In evil long I took delight, ...	397
In life's gay morn when sprightly youth, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 16, 305
In the sad day when guilt appears, ...	<i>Dr J. Smith</i> , 294
In thy presence we appear, ...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 673
In vain our fancy strives to paint, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 704
In vain the giddy world inquires, ...	<i>Stennett</i> , 455
Infinite excellence is thine, ...	<i>Fawcett</i> , 525
Israel's shepherd guide me, feed me, ...	<i>Bickersteth</i> , 450
It is the Lord—enthron'd in light, ...	<i>Greene</i> , 36
I've read the wondrous story, ...	718
J	
Jehovah, God, thy gracious pow'r ...	246
Jehovah, hear us in the day, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 20, 117
Jehovah reigns as King of kings, ...	<i>R. Smith</i> , 412
Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 692
Jerusalem, my happy home, ...	<i>Dickson</i> , 393
Joy is a fruit that will not grow, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 331
Joy to the world, the Lord is come, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 670
Joyful in thy house of pray'r, ...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 631
Just as I am, without one plea, ...	232
Jesus, and shall it ever be, ...	<i>Grigg</i> , 108
Jesus died and then arose, ...	647
Jesus full of grace and mercy, ...	221
Jesus, I love thy charming name, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 652
Jesus, I my cross have taken, ...	<i>Gilbert</i> , 544
Jesus, immortal King, arise, ...	679

		HYMN
Jesus is the chiefest good,	... ..	610
Jesus, lead us by the power,	... ..	595
Jesus, Lord, our hearts inspire,	... ..	575
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee,	... ..	Wesley, 302
Jesus, my Saviour, let me be,	... ..	Beddome, 524
Jesus, our Paschal Lamb,	... ..	Wesley, 648
Jesus, our Prophet, will reveal,	... ..	Mrs. Dr. S., 725
Jesus saves from sin and sorrow,	... ..	Dr. J. Smith, 96
Jesus, Saviour of the soul,	... ..	Wesley, 38
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,	... ..	Watts, 71
Jesus, the Son of God, who once,	... ..	Paraphrase 57, 321
Jesus, the spring of joys divine,	... ..	23
Jesus, thou source of light and love,	... ..	701
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,	... ..	Cennick, 607
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me,	... ..	426
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,	... ..	Cowper, 435
K		
Kings shall fall down before Him,	... ..	Montgomery, 645
L		
Lamb of God, we fall before Thee,	... ..	Hart, 8
Lead on, Almighty Lord,	... ..	591
Let all who know the Saviour's love,	... ..	Watts, 562
Let Christian faith and hope dispel,	... ..	Paraphrase 48, 319
Let faith exalt her joyful voice,	... ..	Paraphrase 50, 298
Let heaven and earth unite,	... ..	Wesley, 466
Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts,	... ..	Paraphrase 42, 434
Let party names no more,	... ..	Beddome, 88
Let us below in concert sing,	... ..	Wesley, 589
Let us bow and fall before him,	... ..	661
Let us love and sing and wonder,	... ..	Newton, 699
Let us sing with one accord,	... ..	507
Let Zion lift her raptur'd eye,	... ..	109
Life of the world ! immortal mind,	... ..	119
Lift the eye of faith and see,	... ..	593
Lift up to God the voice of praise,	... ..	Wardlaw, 41
Like angels above,	... ..	Alex. Smith, pub. of Ex., 443
Like as the hart for water brooks,	... ..	Psalms 42, 135
Like the repentant Prodigal,	... ..	Par., alt., 40, 303
Lo! former scenes predicted once,	... ..	Par., alt., 23, 286
Lo! what a glorious sight appears,	... ..	Paraphrase 67, 292
Long I strove the Lord to love,	... ..	Moravian, 546
Long plung'd in sorrow, I resign,	... ..	Cowper, 635
Look up to yonder world,	... ..	698
Lord, for ever at Thy side,	... ..	500

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Lord, for the mercies of the night, ...		569
Lord, from the depths to Thee I cry'd, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 130,	247
Lord, hear my pray'r, attend my cry, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 143,	28
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see, ...	<i>Watts</i> ,	16
Lord, I believe a rest remains, ..	<i>Wesley</i> ,	522
Lord, I my vows to Thee renew, ...		457
Lord, I will Thee extol for Thou, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 30,	54
Lord, I would all forsake ...	<i>Wesley</i> ,	557
Lord, if Thou thy grace impart, ...	<i>Madan</i> ,	439
Lord Jesus, Thy atonement, ...	<i>Moravian</i> ,	717
Lord Jesus, we believing, ...		606
Lord, may my heart by grace renew'd,...	<i>Fawcett</i> ,	405
Lord of my life ! O may thy praise, ...	<i>Mason</i> ,	471
Lord pity the earth; long, long, has man wail'd,	<i>J. B.</i> ,	712
Lord thee, my God, I'll early seek, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 68,	81
Lord, there is none among the gods, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 86,	55
Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place,	<i>Psalm</i> 90,	203
Lord Thou hast search'd and seen me through,	<i>Watts</i> ,	538
Lord, unto us be merciful, . ...	<i>Psalm</i> 67,	162
Lord, we are weak, and have no claim, ...	<i>Mrs. Dr. S.</i> ,	587
Lord, we cannot let Thee go, ...		488
Lord, we come before Thee now, ...		421
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,	<i>Carl</i> ,	423
Love divine all love excelling, ...	<i>Wesley</i> ,	23
Low the infant Jesus lies, ...		281

M

Man of sorrows, and acquainted, ...	<i>Moravian</i> ,	568
May the grace of Christ our Saviour, ...	<i>Newton</i> ,	694
Meet and right it is to sing, ...	<i>Wesley</i> ,	669
Mine hands in innocence, O Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 26,	57
More of Thy presence, Lord, impart, ...		42
Morning breaks upon the tomb, ...	<i>Collyer</i> ,	623
My closed lips, O Lord, by Thee, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 51,	118
My God, how endless is Thy love, ...	<i>Watts</i> ,	485
My God, my King, Thy various praise,	<i>Watts</i> ,	690
My God, the cov'nant of Thy love, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> ,	640
My God, the spring of all my joys, ...	<i>Watts</i> ,	554
My God, who makes the sun to know, ...	<i>Watts</i> ,	223
My hands to Thee I stretch ; my soul, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 143,	286
My heart brings forth a goodly thing, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 45,	206
My heart is fix'd, Lord, I will sing, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 57,	262
My rapid hours pursue the course, ...	<i>Couper</i> ,	686
My Redeemer, dwell in me, ...		474
My soul, repeat His praise, ...	<i>Watts</i> ,	672



## HYMN.

My soul triumphant in the Lord, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 656
My times are in Thy hand, O God, ...	<i>Dr. J. Smith</i> , 121
My times of sorrow and of joy. ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 176

## N

Naked as from the earth we came, ...	<i>Part 3</i> , 235
No trembling penitent to Thee, ...	442
No wider is the gate, ...	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 682
Not all the blood of beasts, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 133
Not seldom clad in radiant vest, ...	233
Not till the summer glow is past, ...	<i>J. B.</i> , 695
Not to the terrors of the Lord, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 5
Not with our eyes of sense, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 125
Nothing know we of the season, ...	<i>Kelly</i> , 178
Now begin the heavenly theme, ...	<i>Longford</i> , 460
Now, from the altar of our hearts, ...	<i>M—</i> , 419
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 66
Now let the righteous be glad, ...	<i>Psalm 68</i> , 209
Now let us raise our cheerful strains, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 428
Now, Lord, we fall before Thy face, ...	<i>W. S and H.B.</i> , 653
Now may He who from the dead, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 341
Now to Him that lov'd us, gave us, ...	361
Now to Thine altar, Lord, ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 517

## O

O, all ye kingdoms of the earth, ...	<i>Psalm 68</i> , 187
O, blessed is the man to whom, ...	<i>Psalm 32</i> , 97
O, come let us sing to the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm 95</i> , 61
O, Father! Thou fountain of love, ...	555
O for a closer walk with God, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 208
O for a heart to praise my God, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 618
O for a thousand tongues to sing, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 151
O for one celestial ray, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 689
O for the eye of faith divine, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 503
O God, afflict not in Thy wrath, ...	<i>Paraphrase 8</i> , 376
O God, at Thy command, ...	<i>Gibbons</i> , 665
O God, how infinite art Thou, ...	95
O God of Bethel, by whose hand, ...	<i>Paraphrase 2</i> , 7
O God of Israel! hear my pray'r, ...	154
O God of our salvation, ...	147
O God, our help in ages past, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 596
O God, our souls for death prepare, ...	259
O God, Thou art my chief delight, ...	<i>D. C.</i> , 551
O God, Thou to Thine heritage, ...	<i>Psalm 68</i> , 161
O God, Thy way most holy is, ...	231
O God, we now would wake our heart, ...	<i>G. Donald</i> , 274

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O God, with wonder and with praise, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 220
O how good the hallow'd union, ...	<i>Wardlaw</i> , 284
O how love I Thy law; it is, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 269
O let my earnest pray'r and cry, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 238
O let Thy hand be still upon, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 80, 195
O Lord, another day is flown, ...	<i>White</i> , 256
O Lord, give ear unto my voice, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 27, 124
O Lord, how are my foes increas'd, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 3, 74
O Lord, in sickness and in health, ...	<i>Bowles</i> , 621
O Lord, my best desire fulfil, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 351
O Lord, our God, arise, ...	86
O Lord, our languid souls inspire, ...	449
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit send, ...	497
O Lord, Thy judgments give the King, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 72, 165
O set ye open unto me, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 118, 43
O sing a new song to the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 98, 172
O sing a new song to the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 96, 198
O that the Lord's salvation, ...	<i>Lyte</i> , 676
O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 103, 11
O thou, my soul, do thou return, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 116, 158
O Thou, Redeemer, dying Lamb, ...	<i>Cennick</i> , 549
O Thou, Redeemer, Thou, my Lord, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 379
O Thou, to whose all searching sight, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 444
O Thou, whose compassionate care, ...	490
O Thou, whose mercy guides my way, ...	<i>Edmeston</i> , 273
O timely happy, timely wise, ...	<i>Keble</i> , 588
O with thy tender mercies, Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 90, 18
O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eye, ...	707
Object of my first desire, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 342
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, ...	<i>Williams</i> , 134
Of corn an handful in the earth, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 72, 168
Oft as I lay me down to rest, ...	528
Oh! had I the wings of a dove, ...	<i>Kelly</i> , 716
Oh! help us, Lord, each hour of need, ...	<i>Milman</i> , 277
On me Thy yoke, my Saviour, lay, ...	581
On mountains and in valleys, ...	588
On the cross 'tis still the same, ...	287
Once more the cheerful sun's withdrawn, ...	306
Once thou camest, pure and holy, ...	836
One there is above all others, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 270
Oppress'd with guilt—a painful load ...	<i>Steele</i> , 811
Our Father, whose eternal sway, ...	427
Our God shall all our wants supply, ...	495
Our God, Thy boundless love we praise, ...	658

## HYMN.

Our God, what gentle cords are Thine, ...	411
Our harps with trembling hands, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 12
Our heavenly Father calls, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 425
Our Lord is risen from the dead, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 710
Our songs shall be of Jesus' love, ...	565
Our souls shall magnify the Lord, ...	410

## P

Palms of glory, raiment bright, ...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 422
Parent of good ! Thy works of might, ...	<i>Fawcett</i> , 20
Parents may err, but He is wise, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 59, 385
Peace be to this habitation, ...	536
People of the living God, ...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 576
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 654
Poor and needy though I be, ...	594
Praise God, for he is good, for still, ...	<i>Psalms</i> 107, 180
Praise God, from heaven praise the Lord, ...	<i>Psalms</i> 148, 250
Praise God, the Lord, praise, O my soul, ...	<i>Psalms</i> 148, 24
Praise the Lord, who reigns above, ...	360
Praise to God ! immortal praise, ...	<i>Barbault</i> , 574
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, ...	<i>Psalms</i> 147, 265
Praise ye the Lord, the man is bless'd, ...	" 112, 248
Praise ye the Lord, unto him sing, ...	" 149, 263
Praise ye the Lord, who do him fear, ...	" 22, 103
Praise ye the Lord, with my whole heart, ...	" 111, 261
Preserv'd, O gracious God, by Thee, ...	282

## Q

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 447
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## R

Raise your triumphant songs, ...	558
Rejoice ! the Lord is King, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 568
Remember Thee ! Remember Christ, ...	<i>Wardlaw</i> , 392
Rise ! exalt our Head and King, ...	<i>Moravian</i> , 571
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 475

## S

Safely through another week, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 86
Salvation, O the joyful sound, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 469
Salvation ! what a glorious plan, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 99
Saviour, bless the world to all, ...	810
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, ...	14
Saviour, give us by faith to claim, ...	597
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, ...	394
Saviour, thro' the desert lead us, ...	199
See, gracious God, before thy throne, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 387
See, Lord, thy willing subjects bow, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 435

## HYMN.

See the Sun of Truth arise, ... ..	<i>Wardlaw</i> , 171
Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 141, 21
Set thou thy trust upon the Lord, ...	" 37, 3
Shew me thy ways, O Lord, ... ..	" 25, 62
Shine, Mighty God, on Britain shine, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 686
Shout, for the Great Redeemer reigns, ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 381
Since life in sorrow must be spent, ...	633
Since we oft here with sinners dwell, ...	470
Sing we now eternal love, ... ..	711
Sion did hear, and joyful was, ... ..	<i>Psalm</i> 97, 188
Sometimes a light surprises, ... ..	<i>Cowper</i> , 632
Son of God, Thy people shield, ... ..	693
Songs of praise the angels sang, ... ..	<i>Montgomery</i> , 224
Soon shall this earthly frame dissolv'd, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 51, 334
Source of life, and light, and blessing, ...	849
Source of love and light of day, ... ..	<i>Cowper</i> , 627
Sov'reign Ruler of the skies, ... ..	<i>Ryland</i> , 150
Spirit of truth come down, ... ..	520
Strangers and pilgrims here below, ...	430
Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r, ... ..	<i>Paraphrase</i> 22, 58
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, ...	<i>Batty</i> , 550
Sweeter sounds than music knows, ... ..	<i>Newton</i> , 218
T	
Take comfort, Christians, &c., ... ..	<i>Paraphrase</i> 53, 325
Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 264
Teach me Thy way, and in Thy truth, ...	" 86, 185
Ten thousand snares beset my way, ...	434
That as the plants our sons may be, ... ..	<i>Psalm</i> 144, 218
That in Thee may thy people joy, ... ..	" 85, 214
That man hath perfect blessedness, ...	" 1, 9
Th' atoning work is done, ... ..	<i>Kelly</i> , 451
That the great meeting place of saints, ...	<i>J. B.</i> , 650
That we may walk with God, ... ..	<i>Beddome</i> , 482
The billows swell, the winds are high, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 297
The Church has waited long, ... ..	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 638
The daily favours of my God, ... ..	684
The day is past and gone, ... ..	370
The days of old to mind I call'd, ... ..	<i>Psalm</i> 77, 461
The earth belongs unto the Lord, ... ..	" 24, 101
The en'my thrust that I might fall, ...	" 118, 216
The evils that beset our path, ... ..	<i>Cowper</i> , 395
The firm foundation of the earth, ... ..	<i>Psalm</i> 102, 202
The Gospel comes with welcome news, ...	<i>Kelly</i> , 494
The happy morn is come, ... ..	519

## HYMN.

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 537
The heavens God's glory do declare, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 19, 105
The hill of Sion yields, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 128
The just shall flourish in his days, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 72, 166
The Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is He,	" 93, 64
The Lord is good and gracious, ...	" 25, 94
The Lord is very gracious, ...	" 145, 32
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, ...	<i>Addison</i> , 350
The Lord on princes pours contempt ...	<i>Psalm</i> 107, 258
The Lord our God is merciful, ...	" 103, 31
The Lord the spirit leads, ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 241
The Lord's my light and saving health,	<i>Psalm</i> 27, 65
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, ...	" 23, 22
The Lord's my strength and shield, my heart	<i>Psalm</i> , 181
The man who walks with God in truth, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 21, 356
The name of God I with a song, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 69, 138
The praises of my tongue, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 680
The praises of the Lord our God, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 78, 145
The praises of Thy wonders, Lord, ...	" 89, 183
The race that long in darkness pin'd, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 19, 354
The righteous cry unto the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 34, 106
The rolling sun, the changing light, ...	453
The Saviour died, but rose again, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 48, 320
The Saviour—what a noble flame, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 338
The serpent's brood increase, ...	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 639
The spacious firmament on high, ...	<i>Addison</i> , 290
The Spirit breathes upon the word, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 84
The storm is chang'd into a calm, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 107, 257
The sun shall sink and rise no more, ...	<i>J. B.</i> , 649
The time draws nigh when from the clouds, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 53, 326
The universal King, ...	590
The whole works of the Lord our God, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 111, 68
The wonders of that love, ...	401
The world and its deceits, ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 545
Thee, Lord our grateful, ...	<i>Altered from Dryden by G. D.</i> , 723
Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 18, 19
There in peace his dust is laid, ...	700
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 87
There is a happy land, ...	240
There is a land of pure delight, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 29
There is a track of glory down, ...	<i>J. B.</i> , 722
There is but one who ne'er rebell'd, ...	<i>Chr. Smart</i> , 726
Th' Eternal Lord doth reign as King, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 99, 467
They in the Lord that firmly trust	„ 125, 85

HYMN.

Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 45 143
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, ..	<i>Doddridge</i> , 534
Thine only is the day, O Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 74, 487
Think what spirit dwells within thee, ...	541
This God is the God we adore, ...	<i>Hart</i> , 367
This is not my place of resting, ...	<i>Hart</i> , 616
This is the day the Lord hath made, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 85
This is the day when Christ arose, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 561
Thou all benignant Jesus, ...	715
Thou art, O God, the life and light, ...	<i>Moore</i> , 112
Thou art the God that wonders dost, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 77, 480
Thou Comforter divine, ...	512
Thou God of power, and God, of Love, ...	698
Thou hast an arm that's full of power, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 89, 174
Thou hast no lightnings, O Thou just, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 619
Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious ...	<i>Psalm</i> 68, 69
Thou, Lord, ev'n Thou, art He that should,	" 76, 16
Thou refuge of my weary soul, ...	543
Thou Saviour, Christ &c., <i>altered from Dryden by G. D.</i>	724
Thou shalt arise and mercy have, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 102, 201
Thou Sov'reign, let my evening song, ...	<i>Dryden</i> , 76
Thou who art enthron'd above, ...	<i>Sandys</i> , 452
Thou who didst command the light, ...	<i>Gilbert</i> , 809
Thou, with Thy counsel, while I live, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 73, 52
Though trouble springs not from the dust,	<i>Paraphrase</i> 5, 318
Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright,	<i>Newton</i> , 598
Three score and ten years do sum up, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 90, 205
Thro' all the dangers of the night, ...	275
Through all the changing scenes of life,	<i>Tate</i> , 216
Thro' error's maze, thro' folly's night, ...	120
Through the day Thy love hath spar'd us,	398
Thus speaks the high and lofty One, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 27, 869
Thus spoke the Saviour of the world, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 34, 364
Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 36, 70
Thy name, O Lord, shall still endure, ...	" 135, 329
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow, ...	<i>Rev. P. Mearns</i> , 578
Thy statutes, Lord, are wonderful, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 244
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design, ...	<i>Serle</i> , 513
Thy word for ever is, O Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 252
Thy works, not mine, O Christ, ...	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 676
Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, ...	" 677
'Tis a point I long to know, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 407
'Tis He who at the birth of time,	<i>R. Watson, Paisley</i> , 4
'Tis my happiness below, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 148

## HYMN.

'Tis Sabbath morn, another week, ...	<i>E.</i> , 729
'Tis sad to die ! weak nature says, ...	<i>J. B.</i> , 691
To bless Thy chosen race, ...	<i>Tate</i> , 668
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*Omitted in proper place—*

Hallelujah! note of gladness, ...	<i>Dr. Alexander</i> , 24
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Eight of the pieces ascribed to Cowper are translations from the French of Madame De La Mothe Guion.

At page 10 of Index, for "Does the Land," read "Does the Lord," &c.

FIRST WEEK.

1

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **B**LEST morning! whose first dawning rays  
Beheld the Son of God  
Arise triumphant from the grave,  
And leave His dark abode.
- 2 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord!  
We sacred honours pay,  
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim  
The triumphs of the day.
- 3 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King!  
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,  
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, and is,  
And shall be evermore.

2

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, love divine;  
Let Thy light within me shine;  
All my guilty fears remove.  
Fill my soul with heav'nly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me.  
Set the burden'd sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Enter Thou within my breast,  
Earnest of eternal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

FIRST WEEK.

3

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ET thou thy trust upon the Lord,  
And be thou doing good;  
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,  
And verily have food.
- 2 Delight thyself in God; he'll give  
Thine heart's desire to thee,  
Thy way to God commit, him trust,  
It bring to pass shall he.
- 3 And, like unto the light, he shall  
Thy righteousness display;  
And he thy judgment shall bring forth  
Like noon-tide of the day.

4

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **'T**IS He who at the birth of time,  
A life etern had past;  
Who fram'd the universe sublime,  
And all its wonders vast:
- 2 Who man created with a breath,  
And with a breath destroys;  
He is our Lord, and in that faith,  
We trustingly rejoice.
- 3 'Tis He who through unbounded space,  
Unnumbered systems hurled;  
Who from his heavenly dwelling place,  
Sheds light on every world;
- 4 Who scans His works with watchful eye,  
Upholds with constant aim;  
He is our Lord, let us with joy  
His goodness great proclaim.
- 5 'Tis He who though the Lord on high,  
In majesty secure,  
Came down from heaven for man to die,  
And make his ransom sure;
- 6 'Tis He who triumphed on the rood,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell;  
He is our Lord, let gratitude  
Our hearts for ever swell.

FIRST WEEK.

5

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke,  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 To an innumerable host  
Of angels cloth'd in light!  
And to the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 5 In such society as this,  
My weary soul would rest:  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever bless'd.

6

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**IVE ear unto me when I call,  
God of my righteousness:  
Have mercy, hear my pray'r; thou hast  
Enlarg'd me in distress.
- 2 O who will show us any good?  
Is that which many say:  
But of thy countenance the light,  
Lord lift on us alway.
- 3 Upon my heart, bestow'd by thee,  
More gladness I have found  
Than they, ev'n then, when corn and wine  
Did most with them abound.
- 4 I will both lay me down in peace,  
And quiet sleep will take;  
Because thou only me to dwell,  
In safety, Lord dost make.

FIRST WEEK.

7

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,  
Our humble pray'rs implore;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore,

8

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, we fall before Thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross;  
That alone be all our glory;  
All things else we count but loss.
- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good:  
Every grace and every favour  
Comes to us through Jesus blood.
- 3 All our prayers and all our praises,  
Humbly offered in his name—  
He that dictates them is Jesus;  
He that answers is the same.
- 4 Every grace and every favour,  
Great or good whate'er we call  
Have we only in the Saviour:  
Jesus Christ is all in all.

FIRST WEEK.

9

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HAT man hath perfect blessedness  
Who walketh not astray  
In counsel of ungodly men,  
Nor stands in sinners' way,
- 2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;  
But placeth his delight  
Upon God's law, and meditates  
On his law day and night.
- 3 He shall be like a tree that grows  
Near planted by a river,  
Which in his season yields his fruit,  
And his leaf fadeth never:
- 4 And all he doth shall prosper well,  
The wicked are not so;  
But like they are unto the chaff,  
Which wind drives to and fro.

10

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
Resume the glorious theme.
- 4 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For, oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

FIRST WEEK.

11

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;  
And all that in me is  
Be stirred up, his holy name  
To magnify and bless.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,  
And not forgetful be  
Of all his gracious benefits  
He hath bestow'd on thee.
- 3 All thine iniquities who doth  
Most graciously forgive:  
Who thy diseases all and pains  
Doth heal, and thee relieve.
- 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou  
To death may'st not go down;  
Who thee with loving-kindness doth  
And tender mercies crown.
- 5 Who with abundance of good things  
Doth satisfy thy mouth;  
So that, even as the eagles age,  
Renewed is thy youth.

12

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** UR harps with trembling hands,  
We'll from the willows take;  
And to the praise of love divine  
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home,  
And nearer to the house above  
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee!  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

13

'SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigour on,  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey,  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice  
That calls thee from on high,  
'Tis he presents the glorious prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 The joys and pleasures of a day  
Then cheerfully resign,  
Rich in the large immortal store, ;  
Secur'd by grace divine.

14

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing,—  
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel-guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
Thou art he who never weary,  
Walkest where thy people be.
- 4 Should disease or death o'ertake us,  
Should our couch become our tomb;  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.



SECOND WEEK.

15 .

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E'LL go into his tabernacles,  
And at his footstool bow.  
Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,  
Thy people's strength be thou.
- 2 O let thy priests be clothed, Lord,  
With truth and righteousness;  
And let all those that are thy saints  
Shout loud for joyfulness.
- 3 For God of Sion hath made choice;  
There he desires to dwell,  
This is my rest, here still I'll stay,  
For I do like it well.
- 4 Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor  
With bread will satisfy;  
Her priests I'll clothe with health; her saints  
Shall shout forth joyfully.

16

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee!  
At once they sing, at once they pray!  
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;  
'Tis like a little heaven below:  
Not all thine enemies can say  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;  
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

SECOND WEEK.

17

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **U**NSPOTTED is the fear of God,  
And doth endure for ever;  
The judgments of the Lord are true  
And righteous altogether.
- 2 Moreover, they thy servant warn  
How he his life should frame:  
A great reward provided is  
For them that keep the same.
- 3 Who can his errors understand?  
O cleanse thou me within  
From secret faults. Thy servant keep  
From all presumptuous sin:
- 4 And do not suffer them to have  
Dominion over me;  
Then, righteous and innocent,  
I from much sin shall be.
- 5 The words which from my mouth proceed,  
The thoughts sent from my heart,  
Accept, O Lord, for thou my Strength  
And my Redeemer art.

18

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** WITH thy tender mercies, Lord,  
Us early satisfy;  
So we rejoice shall all our days,  
And still be glad in thee.
- 2 According as the days have been,  
Wherein we grief have had,  
And years wherein we ill have seen,  
So do thou make us glad.
- 3 O let thy work and power appear  
Thy servants' face before;  
And shew unto their children dear  
Thy glory evermore.
- 4 And let the beauty of the Lord  
Our God be us upon:  
Our handy works establish thou,  
Establish them each one.

SECOND WEEK.

19

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
My fortress is the Lord,  
My rock, and he that doth to me  
Deliverance afford:
- 2 My God, my strength, whom I will trust,  
A buckler unto me,  
The horn of my salvation  
And my high tow'r, is he.
- 3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is  
Of praises, will I cry;  
And then shall I preserved be  
Safe from mine enemy.
- 4 In my distress I call'd on God,  
Cry to my God did I,  
He from his temple heard my voice,  
To his ears came my cry.

20

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**ARENT of good! thy works of might  
I trace with wonder and delight;  
In them thy glories shine:  
There's naught in earth, or sea, or air,  
Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,  
But what is wholly thine.
- 2 The riches of thy matchless grace,  
Display'd in the Redeemer's face,  
Still more attract my mind;  
Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,  
In all their dignity complete,  
With truth and justice join'd.
- 3 Thy glories here immensely rise,  
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,  
And heav'nly pleasure yield;  
An ocean vast, without a bound,  
Where ev'ry noble wish is crown'd,  
And ev'ry want is fill'd.

SECOND WEEK.

21

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ET, Lord, a watch before my mouth,  
Keep of my lips the door;  
Let not my heart incline unto  
The ills I should abhor.
- 2 To practice wicked works with men  
That work iniquity;  
And with their delicacies my taste  
Let me not satisfy.
- 3 Let him that righteous is me smite,  
It shall a kindness be;  
Let him reprove, I shall it count,  
A precious oil to me.

22

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill:  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me:  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

SECOND WEEK.

23

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling;  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus! Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart!
- 3 Breathe, O breathe, Thy living spirit,  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest.

24

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH! note of gladness  
Which the choirs above prolong!  
There no sense of sin or sadness  
Mars the music of their song;  
Strains of triumph  
Burst from all that blessed throng.
- 2 Hallelujah! here in sorrow  
Oft our notes of triumph die,  
And from earth our spirits borrow  
Clouds which darken all our sky;  
But the dawning  
Of a griefless day is nigh.
- 3 Hallelujah! thro' our dwelling  
Here 'mid Kedar's tents is found,  
Let our voices, gladly swelling,  
Echo back to heav'n the sound,  
Till the anthem  
Roll the universe around.
- 4 Hallelujah! realms of glory!  
Ye shall hear our worthier strains,  
When we sing redemption's story  
Where redemption's Author reigns;  
There for ever  
Free from sins, and fears, and pains.

SECOND WEEK.

25

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESSED are they that undefil'd,  
And straight are in the way;  
Who in the Lord's most holy law  
Do walk and do not stray.
- 2 Blessed are they who to observe  
His statutes are inclin'd;  
And who do seek the living God  
With their whole heart and mind.
- 3 Such in his ways do walk, and they  
Do no iniquity.  
Thou hast commanded us to keep  
Thy precepts carefully,
- 4 O that thy statutes to observe  
Thou wouldst my ways direct!  
Then shall I not be sham'd when I  
Thy precepts all respect.

26

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,  
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,  
Jesus, no other name but thine  
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 No other name will heaven approve :  
Thou art the true, the living way,  
Ordain'd by everlasting love,  
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 3 Here let our constant feet abide,  
Nor from the heavenly path depart :  
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide !  
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 4 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,  
And bring us to the blissful plains,—  
The regions of unclouded light,  
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **U**NTO the upright light doth rise,  
Though he in darkness be;  
Compassionate, and merciful,  
And righteous, is he.
- 2 A good man doth his favour show,  
And doth to others lend:  
He with discretion his affairs  
Will guide unto the end.
- 3 Surely there is not any thing  
That ever shall him move:  
The righteous man's memorial  
Shall everlasting prove.
- 4 When he shall evil tidings hear,  
He shall not be afraid:  
His heart is fix'd, his confidence  
Upon the Lord is stayed.

SATURDAY EVENING

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, attend my cry;  
And in thy faithfulness  
Give thou an answer unto me,  
Now in thy righteousness.
- 2 My hands to thee I stretch, my soul  
Thirsts, as dry land, for thee.  
Haste Lord, to hear, my spirit fails:  
Hide not thy face from me;
- 3 Lest like to them I should become  
That go down to the dust;  
At morn let me thy kindness hear;  
For in thee do I trust.
- 4 Because thou art my God, to do  
Thy will do me instruct:  
Thy Spirit is good, me to the land  
Of uprightness, conduct.
- 5 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,  
Even for thine own name's sake;  
And do thou, for thy righteousness,  
My soul from trouble take.

THIRD WEEK.

29

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flowers;  
Death like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand drest in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but make those doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And view the Cannan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

30

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love!  
We own thy pow'r to save,  
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead though brought'st again,  
When by his sacred blood,  
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,  
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,  
And mould them to thy will,  
That our weak hearts no more may stray,  
But keep thy precepts still;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height  
We nearer still may rise,  
And all we think, and all we do,  
Be pleasing in thine eyes.



THIRD WEEK.

31

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is merciful,  
And he is gracious,  
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,  
In mercy plenteous.
- 2 He will not chide continually,  
Nor keep his anger still.  
With us he dealt not as we sinn'd  
Nor did requite our ill.
- 3 For as the heaven in its height  
The earth surmounteth far ;  
So great to those that do him fear  
His tender mercies are:
- 4 As far as east is distant from  
The west, so far hath he  
From us removed, in his love,  
All our iniquity.

32

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is very gracious,  
In him compassions flow;  
In mercy he is very great,  
And is to anger slow.
- 2 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all  
His goodness doth declare;  
And over all his other works  
His tender mercies are.
- 3 The eyes of all things wait on thee,  
The giver of all good;  
And thou in time convenient,  
Bestow'st on them their food:
- 4 Thine hand thou op'nest lib'rally,  
And of thy bounty gives  
Enough to satisfy the need:  
Of every thing that lives.

THIRD WEEK.

33

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**'LL thee extol, my God, O King;  
I'll bless thy name always.  
Thee will I bless each day, and will  
Thy name for ever praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd;  
His greatness search exceeds.  
Race unto race shall praise thy works,  
And shew thy mighty deeds.
- 3 I of thy glorious majesty  
The honour will record; '  
I'll speak of all thy mighty works,  
Which wondrous are, O Lord.
- 4 Thee all thy works shall praise, O Lord, '  
And thee thy saints shall bless;  
They shall thy kingdom's glory show,  
Thy power by speech express.

34

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,  
Though vines their fruit deny;  
The labours of the olive fail,  
And fields no meat supply!
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,  
My flocks cut off I see;  
Though famine pine in empty stalls.  
Where herds were wont to be!
- 3 Yet in the Lord I will be glad,  
And glory in his love;  
In him I'll joy, who will the God,  
Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,  
The source of lasting joy;  
A joy, which want shall not impair,  
Nor death itself destroy.

THIRD WEEK.

35

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HEY in the Lord that firmly trust  
Shall be like Sion hill,  
Which at no time can be remov'd,  
But standeth ever still.
- 2 As round about Jerusalem  
The mountains stand alway,  
The Lord his folk doth compass so,  
From henceforth and for aye.
- 3 For ill men's rod upon the lot  
Of just men shall not lie:  
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands  
unto iniquity.
- 4 Do thou to all those that be good  
Thy goodness, Lord, impart;  
And do thou good to those that are  
Upright, within their heart.

36

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,  
Whose claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will?  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,  
My wealth, my friends, my ease;  
And of his bounties may recal  
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain,  
To tread the thorny road.

THIRD WEEK.

37

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**OD shall endure for aye; he doth  
For judgment set his throne;  
In righteousness to judge the world,  
Justice to give each one.
- 2 God also will a refuge be  
For those that are oppress'd;  
A refuge will he be in times  
Of trouble to distress'd.
- 3 And they that know thy name, in thee  
Their confidence will place:  
For thou hast not forsaken them  
That truly seek thy face.
- 4 O sing ye praises to the Lord  
That dwells in Sion hill;  
And all the nations among  
His deeds record ye still.

38

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour of the soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high!
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within,

39

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**RANSGRESSORS' arms shall broken be;  
But God the just sustains:  
God knows the just man's days, and still  
Their heritage remains.
- 2 They shall not be ashamed when they  
The evil time do see;  
And when the days of famine are  
They satisfy'd shall be.
- 3 A good man's footsteps by the Lord  
Are ordered aright;  
And in the way wherein he walks  
He greatly doth delight.
- 4 Although he fall, yet shall he not  
Be cast down utterly;  
Because the Lord with his own hand  
Upholds him mightily.

40

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** TO the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid,  
My safety cometh from the Lord,  
Who heav'n and earth hath made.
- 2 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will  
He slumber that thee keeps:  
Behold, he that keeps Israel,  
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
- 3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade  
On thy right hand doth stay:  
The moon by night thee shall not smite,  
Nor yet the sun by day.
- 4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall  
Preserve thee from all ill.  
Henceforth thy going out and in  
God keep for ever will.

THIRD WEEK.

41

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspir'd;  
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,  
With grateful ardour fir'd!
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose tender care sustains  
Our feeble frame, encompass'd round  
With death's unnumber'd pains.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
From whom salvation flows;  
Who sent his Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes!
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray,  
That lights through darkest shades of death  
To realms of endless day.

42

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**ORE of thy presence, Lord impart,  
More of thine image let us bear:  
Erect thy throne within our hearts,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Give us to read our pardon seal'd,  
And from thy joy to draw our strength;  
To have thy boundless love reveal'd  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 3 Grant these requests, we ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign;  
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,  
All shall be well if we are Thine.

FOURTH WEEK.

43

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** SET ye open unto me  
The gates of righteousness;  
Then will I enter into them,  
And I the Lord will bless.
- 2 This is the gate of God, by it  
The just shall enter in.  
Thee will I praise, for thou me heard'st  
And hast my safety been.
- 3 That stone is made head corner-stone,  
Which builders did despise:  
This is the doing of the Lord,  
And wondrous in our eyes.
- 4 This is the day God made, in it  
We'll joy triumphantly.  
Save now, I pray thee Lord; I pray,  
Send now prosperity.

44

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW lovely is thy dwelling-place,  
O Lord of hosts, to me!  
The tabernacles of thy grace  
How pleasant, Lord, they be!
- 2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently,  
Yea faints, thy courts to see:  
My very heart and flesh cry out,  
O living God, for thee.
- 3 Bless'd are they in thy house that dwell,  
They ever give the praise:  
Bless'd is the man whose strength thou art,  
In whose heart are thy ways:
- 4 They in thy strength unwearied go  
Still forward unto strength,  
Until in Sion they appear  
Before the Lord at length.

FOURTH WEEK.

45

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW manifold, Lord, are thy works!  
In wisdom wonderful,  
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made;  
Earth's of thy riches full.
- 2 The glory of the mighty Lord  
Continue shall for ever:  
The Lord JEHOVAH shall rejoice  
In all his works together.
- 3 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,  
If he on it but look;  
And if the mountains he but touch,  
They presently do smoke.
- 4 I will sing to the Lord most high,  
So long as I shall live;  
And while I being have I shall  
To my God praises give.

46

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his great designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Let fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds they so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on their head.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour,  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet shall be the flow'r;
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.



FOURTH WEEK.

47

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore,  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be,  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to thee.

48

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave;  
And though his arm be strong to smite  
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know him and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As show'rs that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground:
- 5 So shall his presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallow'd morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

FOURTH WEEK.

49

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shews a smiling face,  
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God,  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold,  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

50

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his chosen race  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

FOURTH WEEK.

51

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OLD up my goings, Lord, me guide  
In those thy paths divine,  
So that my footsteps may not slide  
Out of those ways of thine.
- 2 I called have on thee, O God,  
Because thou wilt me hear :  
That thou may'st hearken to my speech  
To me incline thine ear.
- 3 Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,  
Thou that by thy right hand,  
Say'st them that trust in thee from those  
That up against them stand.
- 4 As th' apple of the eye me keep;  
In thy wings shade me close  
From lewd oppressors, compassing  
Me round, as deadly foes.

52

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU, with thy counsel, while I live,  
Wilt me conduct and guide;  
And to thy glory afterward  
Receive me to abide.
- 2 Whom have I in the heavens high  
But thee, O Lord, alone ?  
And in the earth whom I desire  
Besides thee there is none.
- 3 My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,  
But God doth fail me never:  
For of my heart God is the strength,  
And portion for ever.
- 4 Then surely it is good for me  
That I draw near to God:  
In God I trust, that all thy works  
I may declare abroad.

53

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **S**UPREME in wisdom as in pow'r  
The Rock of ages stands;  
Though him we can not see, nor trace  
The working of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease;  
But they who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unweary'd feet shall tread  
The path of life divine;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

54

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will thee extol, for thou  
Hast lifted me on high,  
And over me thou to rejoice  
Mad'st not mine enemy.
- 2 O thou who art the Lord my God,  
I in distress to thee,  
With loud cries lifted up my voice,  
And thou hast healed me.
- 3 O ye that are his holy ones,  
Sing praise unto the Lord;  
And give unto him thanks, when ye  
His holiness record;
- 4 For but a moment lasts his wrath;  
Life in his favour lies:  
Weeping may for a night endure,  
At morn doth joy arise.

FOURTH WEEK.

55

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, there is none among the gods  
That may with thee compare;  
And like the works which thou hast done,  
Not any work is there.
- 2 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come  
And worship rev'rently  
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,  
Thy name shall glorify.
- 3 Because thou art exceeding great,  
And works by thee are done  
Which are to be admir'd; and thou  
Art God thyself alone.
- 4 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,  
O Lord, then walk will I:  
Unite my heart, that I thy name  
may fear continually.

56

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,  
God hath brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On the approaching Sabbath day.  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,  
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;  
Guarded by thy mighty power,  
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand:  
Now from worldly care set free,  
May we rest this night with thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in thy house appear;  
And may all our Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of the joys above.

57

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **M**INE hands in innocence, O Lord,  
I'll wash and purify;  
So to thine holy altar go,  
And compass it will I.
- 2 The habitation of thy house,  
Lord I have loved well;  
Yea, in that place I do delight  
Where doth thine honour dwell.
- 3 With sinners gather not my soul,  
And such as blood would spill;  
Whose hands mischievous plots, right hand  
Corrupting bribes do fill.
- 4 My foot upon an even place  
Doth stand with stedfastness:  
Within the congregations  
Th' Eternal I will bless.

58

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, then, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, the Lord:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love, so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

FIFTH WEEK.

59

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**IVE praise and thanks unto the Lord,  
For bountiful is he;  
His tender mercy doth endure  
Unto eternity.
- 2 God's mighty works who can express?  
Or show forth all his praise?  
Blessed are they that judgment keep,  
And justly do always.
- 3 Remember me, Lord, with that love  
Which thou to thine dost bear;  
With thy salvation, O my God,  
To visit me draw near:
- 4 That I thy chosen's good may see,  
And in their joy rejoice;  
And may with thine inheritance  
Triumph with cheerful voice.

60

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**UIDE me O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me, till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Where the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey thro'.  
Strong deliverer  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praise,  
I will ever give to thee.

FIFTH WEEK.

61

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** COME, let us sing to the Lord:  
Come, let us ev'ry one  
A joyful noise make to the Rock  
Of our salvation.
- 2 Let us before his presence come  
With praise and thankful voice;  
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,  
And make a joyful noise.
- 3 For God, a great God, and great King,  
Above all gods he is.  
Depths of the earth are in his hand,  
The strength of hills is his.
- 4 O come, and let us worship him,  
Let us bow down withal.  
And on our knees before the Lord  
Our Maker let us fall.

62

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**HEW me thy ways, O Lord;  
Thy paths, O teach thou me;  
And do thou lead me in thy truth,  
Therein my teacher be:
- 2 For thou art God that dost  
To me salvation send,  
And I upon thee all the day  
Expecting do attend.
- 3 Thy tender mercies, Lord,  
I pray thee to remember,  
And loving-kindnesses; for they  
Have been of old for ever.
- 4 My sins and faults of youth  
Do thou, O Lord, forget;  
After thy mercy think on me,  
And for thy goodness great.



63

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O render thanks unto the Lord  
It is a comely thing,  
And to thy name, O thou most High,  
Due praise aloud to sing.
- 2 Thy loving-kindness to shew forth  
When shines the morning light;  
And to declare thy faithfulness  
With pleasure ev'ry night.
- 3 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty works  
Hast made my heart right glad;  
And I will triumph in the works  
Which by thine hands were made.

64

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is he  
With majesty most bright;  
His works do shew him cloth'd to be,  
And girt about with might.
- 2 The world is also stablished,  
That it cannot depart;  
Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou  
From everlasting art.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,  
They lifted up their voice;  
The floods have lifted up their waves,  
And made a mighty noise.
- 4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,  
Is more of might by far  
Than noise of many waters is,  
Or great sea-billows are,
- 5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one  
In faithfulness excel;  
And holiness for ever, Lord,  
Thine house becometh well.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my light and saving health,  
Who shall make me dismay'd ?  
My life's strength is the Lord, of whom  
Then shall I be afraid ?
- 2 One thing I of the Lord desir'd,  
And will seek to obtain,  
That all days of my life I may  
within God's house remain.
- 3 That I the beauty of the Lord  
Behold may and admire,  
And that I in his holy place  
May rev'rently enquire.
- 4 For he in his pavilion shall  
Me hide in evil days;  
In secret of his tent me hide,  
And on a rock me raise.
- 5 Therefore unto his tabernacle  
I'll sacrifices bring  
Of joyfulness; I'll sing, yea I  
To God will praises sing.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known;  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone!
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
And plead a Saviour's name;  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free;  
And let the year we now begin,  
Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more;  
And sinners now may learn to love;  
Who never lov'd before.

67

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;  
Each present day, thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;  
Keep conscience, as the noon tide clear;  
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

68

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE whole works of the Lord our God  
Are great above all measure,  
Sought out they are of ev'ry one  
Who doth therein take pleasure.
- 2 His work most honourable is,  
Most glorious and pure,  
And his untainted righteousness  
For ever doth endure.
- 3 His works most wonderful he hath  
Made to be thought upon:  
The Lord is gracious, and he is  
Full of compassion,
- 4 He giveth meat unto all those  
That truly do him fear;  
And evermore his covenant  
He in his mind will bear.

FIFTH WEEK.

69

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU hast, O Lord, most glorious,  
Ascended, up on high;  
And in triumph victorious led  
Captive captivity:
- 2 Thou hast received gifts for men,  
For such as did rebel;  
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord  
In midst of them might dwell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us  
Of our salvation God;  
Who daily with his benefits  
Us plenteously doth load.
- 4 He of salvation is the God,  
Who is our God most strong;  
And unto God the Lord from death  
The issues do belong.

70

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns;  
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;  
Thy justice is like mountains great;  
Thy judgments deep as floods:
- 2 Lord, thou preservest man and beast,  
How precious is thy grace!
- 4 Therefore in shadow of thy wings  
Men's sons their trust shall place;
- 3 They with the fatness of thy house  
Shall be well satisfy'd;  
From rivers of thy pleasures thou  
Wilt drink to them provide.
- 4 Because of life the fountain pure  
Remains alone with thee;  
And in that purest light of thine  
We clearly light shall see.
- 5 Thy loving-kindness unto them  
Continue that thee know;  
And still on men upright in heart,  
Thy righteousness bestow.

71

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
His vast successive course shall run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And ceaseless praises crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms of ev'ry tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

72

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend his cause,  
Maintain the glory of his cross,  
And honour all his laws.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,  
His name is all my boast;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 I know that safe with him remains,  
Protected by his pow'r,  
What I've committed to his trust,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own his servant's name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Wake my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God; ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !!
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Take my heart, Lord, take and seal it, }  
Seal it from thy courts above.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD, how are my foes increased?  
Against me many rise,  
Many say of my soul, For him  
In God no succour lies.
- 2 Yet thou my shield and glory art,  
Th' uplifter of mine head.  
I cry'd, and, from his holy hill,  
The Lord me answer made.
- 3 I laid me down and slept, I wak'd;  
For God sustained me:  
I will not fear though thousands ten  
Set round against me be.
- 4 Salvation sure doth appertain  
Unto the Lord alone;  
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore  
Thy people is upon.

75

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit from above,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Our hearts we feel perversely fond  
On earth to fix their love;  
O send thy grace, to burst the bond,  
And raise our thoughts above.
- 3 Our praises else are formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise,  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, holy Spirit, from above,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

76

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU Sov'reign let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard.  
And still to ward my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Lord, with this sinful heart of mine,  
Now to thy cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.
- 4 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest  
As in the everlasting arms,  
Or on the Saviour's breast.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
To sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 2 It was my guide, my light, my all—  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 3 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The star—the star of Bethlehem !



SIXTH WEEK.

79

THURSDAY MORNING. †

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on the heav'nly way,  
Let ransom'd sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
Ye blessed children, Come;  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.

80

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW excellent in all the earth,  
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!  
Who hast thy glory far advanc'd  
Above the starry frame.
- 2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouth  
Thou didest strength ordain,  
For thy foes cause, that so thou might'st  
th' avenging foe restrain.
- 3 When I look up unto the heav'ns  
Which thine own fingers fram'd,  
Unto the moon and to the stars,  
Which were by thee ordain'd ;
- 4 Then, say I, What is man, that he  
Remember'd is by thee ?  
Or what the son of man, that thou  
So kind to him should'st be ?
- 5 For thou a little lower hast  
Him than the angels made ;  
With glory and with dignity  
Thou crowned hast his head.

SIXTH WEEK.

81

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, thee my God, I'll early seek :  
My soul doth thirst for thee ;  
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,  
Wherein no waters be :
- 2 That I thy power may behold,  
And brightness of thy face,  
As I have seen thee heretofore  
Within thy holy place.
- 3 Since better is thy love than life,  
My lips thee praise shall give.  
I in thy name will lift my hands,  
And bless thee while I live.
- 4 When I do thee upon my bed  
Remember with delight,  
And when on thee I meditate  
In watches of the night.
- 5 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy ;  
For thou mine help hast been,  
My soul thee follows hard ; and me  
Thy right hand doth sustain.

82

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of our heart,  
And cold our warmest thought ;  
But when we see thee as thou art,  
We'll praise thee as we ought.
- 4 Till then we would thy love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh our souls in death.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** SAW the wicked great in power,  
Spread like a green bay-tree :  
He pass'd, yea, was not ; him I sought,  
But found he could not be.
- 2 Mark thou the perfect, and behold  
The man of uprightness ;  
Because that surely of this man  
The latter end is peace.
- 3 For the salvation of the just  
Is from the Lord above ;  
He in the time of their distress  
Their stay and strength doth prove
- 4 The Lord shall help and them deliver :  
He shall them free and save  
From wicked men ; because in him  
Their confidence they have.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun :  
It gives a light to ev'ry age,  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat :  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love ;  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

SEVENTH WEEK.

85

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made  
The day he calls his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace,  
Who comes in God Jehovah's name  
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna ! in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

86

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD our God, arise,  
The cause of truth maintain ;  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,  
Nor let thy glory cease ;  
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand thy quick'ning wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world  
Let Light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise,  
To God the Saviour sing ;  
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n  
Let echoing anthems ring !

SEVENTH WEEK.

87

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Pour'd from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 Thou spotless Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd sons of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, we saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been our theme,  
And shall be till we die.
- 4 Then, in far nobler, sweeter songs,  
We'll sing thy pow'r to save ;  
When our poor lisping stamm'ring tongues  
Are silent in the grave.

88

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more  
The Christain world o'erspread ;  
Gentle and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found,  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With common blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !  
Be banish'd far away :  
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above ;  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And ev'ry heart is love.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides in Jesus our Head,  
And ever abides to answer our need ;  
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store,  
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not now fear,  
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear;  
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies ;  
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.
- 3 Whatever distress awaits us below,  
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow  
As still shall support us, and silence our fear ;  
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.
- 4 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,  
His love will defend, and guard us through life.  
And when we are fainting and ready to die,  
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H** ELP, Lord, because the godly man  
Doth daily fade away ;  
And from among the sons of men  
The faithful do decay.
- 2 Unto his neighbour ev'ry one  
Doth utter vanity :  
They with a double heart do speak,  
And lips of flattery.
- 3 For poor oppress'd and for the sighs  
Of needy, rise will I,  
Saith God, and him in safety set  
From such as him defy.
- 4 The words of God are words most pure ;  
They be like silver try'd  
In earthen furnace, seven times  
That hath been purified.
- 5 Lord, thou'shalt them preserve and keep  
For ever from this race:  
On each side walk the wicked, when  
Vile men are high in place.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESSED be thy name for ever,  
Thou of life the guard and giver!  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;  
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy name for ever!
- 2 Thou, who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,  
Blest are they thou kindly keepest,  
God of evening's parting ray,  
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,  
That rises from the azure sea,  
Like breathing of eternity.  
God of life! that fade shall never,  
Blessed be thy name for ever!

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HATE'ER our illot—where'er we be  
Confess our folly—kiss the rod ;  
And in our chastening sorrow see  
The hand of God.
- 2 A bruised reed he will not break,  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;  
He wounds to heal.
- 3 Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate, his providence adore.  
'Tis done! arise! He bids us stand,  
To fall no more.
- 4 There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
And while the mould'ring ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,
- 5 The soul of origin divine,  
God's glorious image freed from clay,  
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day!

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N the Lord do put my trust;  
How is it then that they  
Say to my soul, flee, as a bird,  
Unto your mountain high?
- 2 If the foundations be destroy'd,  
What hath the righteous done?  
God in his holy temple is,  
In heaven is his throne;
- 3 His eyes do see, his eyelids try  
men's sons. The just he proves;  
But his soul hates the wicked man,  
And him that violence loves.
- 4 Because the Lord most righteous, doth  
In righteousness delight,  
And with a pleasant countenance  
Beholdeth the upright.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is good and gracious,  
He upright is also:  
He therefore sinners will instruct  
In ways that they should go.
- 2 The meek and lowly he will guide  
In judgment just alway:  
To meek and poor afflicted ones  
He'll clearly teach his way.
- 3 The whole paths of the Lord our God  
Are truth and mercy sure,  
To such as keep his covenant,  
And testimonies pure.
- 4 Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord,  
I humbly thee entreat  
To pardon mine iniquity;  
For it is very great.
- 5 Towards the Lord my waiting eyes  
Continually are set;  
For he it is that shall bring forth  
My feet out of the net.



FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD! how infinite art thou  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie ;  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky  
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears—  
Thou God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares;  
While thine eternal thoughts move on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS saves from sin and sorrow;  
Lifts the shade from dark to-morrow;  
Shows a father wise bestowing,  
Light and life in full streams flowing.
- 2 He who feeds the fowls of air,  
Bids us on him cast our care;  
He who clothes the grass and flowers  
On us richest blessings showers.
- 3 Those who know the God of love,  
Seek the things which are above!  
Earthly good they know will come,  
When the heart finds heaven its home.
- 4 Morrow's ills we'll bid away,  
Heavenly peace enjoy this day;  
Power in heaven and means below  
Will the good each day bestow.

SATURDAY MORNING. ' 1

- 1 **O** BLESSED is the man to whom  
Is freely pardoned  
All the transgressions he hath done,  
Whose sin is covered.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputeth not his sin,  
And in whose spirit there is no guile,  
Nor fraud is found therein.
- 3 I thereupon have unto thee  
My sin acknowledged,  
And likewise mine iniquity,  
I have not covered :
- 4 I will confess unto the Lord  
My trespasses said I ;  
And of my sin thou freely didst  
Forgive th' iniquity.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?  
Shall it for ever be ?  
O how long shall it be that thou  
Wilt hide thy face from me ?
- 2 How long take counsel in my soul,  
Still sad in heart shall I ?  
How long exalted over me  
Shall be mine enemy ?
- 3 But I have all my confidence  
Thy mercy set upon;  
My heart within me shall rejoice  
In thy salvation.
- 4 I will unto the Lord my God  
Sing praises cheerfully,  
Because he hath his bounty shown  
To me abundantly.

EIGHTH WEEK.

99

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! what a glorious plan!  
How suited to our need!  
The grace that raises fallen man  
Is wonderful indeed!
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design  
To ransom us when lost:  
And love's unfathomable mine  
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice with approving look,  
The holy cov'nant seal'd;  
And truth and power undertook  
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r, and love,  
Are equally displayed,  
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,  
Our Advocate and Head.
- 5 Now sin appears deserving death,  
Most hateful and abhorr'd;  
And yet the sinner lives by faith,  
And dares approach the Lord.

100

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL ends of th' earth remember shall,  
And turn the Lord unto ;  
All kindreds of the nations  
To him shall homage do :
- 2 Because the kingdom to the Lord  
Doth appertain as his ;  
Likewise among the nations  
The Governor he is.
- 3 A seed shall service do to him ;  
Unto the Lord it shall  
Be for a generation  
Reckoned in ages all.
- 4 They shall come, and they shall declare  
His truth and righteousness  
Unto a people yet unborn,  
And that he hath done this.

EIGHTH WEEK.

101

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE earth belongs unto the Lord,  
And all that it contains ;  
The world that is inhabited  
And all that there remains.
- 2 For the foundations thereof  
He on the seas did lay,  
And he hath it established  
Upon the floods to stay.
- 3 Who is the man that shall ascend  
Into the hill of God.  
Or who within his holy place  
Shall have a firm abode ?
- 4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,  
And unto vanity  
Who hath not lifted up his soul,  
Nor sworn deceitfully.
- 5 He from th' Eternal shall receive  
The blessing him upon,  
And righteousness. Even from the God  
Of his salvation.

102

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall ;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

EIGHTH WEEK.

103

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord who do him fear,  
Him glorify all ye  
The seed of Jacob, fear him all  
That Israel's children be.
- 2 For he despis'd not nor abhorr'd  
Th' afflicted's misery ;  
Nor from him hid his face, but heard  
When he to him did cry.
- 3 Within the congregation great  
My praise shall be of thee ;  
My vows before them that him fear  
Shall be performed by me.
- 4 The meek shall eat, and shall be fill'd ;  
They also praise shall give  
Unto the Lord that do him seek :  
Your heart shall ever live.

104

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**OUND upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of cruel thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierc'd,  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the drooping death-dewed brow  
Son of Man ! 'tis thou, 'tis thou.
- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He ?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
The ghost given up in agony ;  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chambers of the dead ;  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;  
Crucified ! we know thee now,  
Son of Man ! 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

EIGHTH WEEK.

105

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns God's glory do declare,  
The skies his hand-works preach :  
Day utters speech to day, and night  
To night doth knowledge teach.
- 2 There is no speech nor tongue to which  
Their voice doth not extend :  
Their line is gone through all the earth,  
Their words to the world's end.
- 3 God's law is perfect, and converts  
The soul in sin that lies :  
God's testimony is most sure,  
And makes the simple wise.
- 4 The statutes of the Lord are right,  
And do rejoice the heart :  
The Lord's command is pure, and doth  
Light to the eyes impart.

106

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE righteous cry unto the Lord,  
He unto them gives ear ;  
And they out of their troubles all  
By him delivered are.
- 2 The Lord is ever nigh to them  
That be of broken sp'rit ;  
To them he safety doth afford  
That are in heart contrite.
- 3 The troubles that afflict the just  
In number many be ;  
But yet at length out of them all  
The Lord doth set him free.
- 4 He carefully his bones doth keep  
Whatever can befall ;  
That not so much as one of them  
Can broken be at all.
- 5 Ill shall the wicked slay ; laid waste  
Shall be who hate the just.  
The Lord redeems his servants' souls ;  
None perish that him trust.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME and behold what wondrous works  
Have by the Lord been wrought;  
Come, see what desolations  
He on the earth hath brought.
- 2 Unto the ends of all the earth  
Wars into peace he turns:  
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,  
In fire the chariot burns.
- 3 Be still, and know that I am God ;  
Among the heathen I  
Will be exalted ; I on earth  
Will be exalted high.
- 4 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts  
Is still upon our side ;  
The God of Jacob our refuge  
For ever will abide.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A sinful man asham'd of thee !  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;  
He shed the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
'Twas midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

EIGHTH WEEK.

109

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET Zion lift her raptured eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 2 See, Mercy from her golden urn  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
Behold she binds with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 3 He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart ;  
Bids Satan and his host depart :  
Again the day star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.
- 4 Come Zion ! lift thy raptured eye, !  
The long expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign. !

110

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the daughter of the King  
All glorious is within ;  
And with embroideries of gold  
Her garments wrought have been.
- 2 She shall be brought unto the King  
In robes with needle wrought ;  
Her fellow-virgins following  
Shall unto thee be brought.
- 3 They shall be brought with gladness great,  
And mirth on ev'ry side,  
Into the palace of the King,  
And there they shall abide.
- 4 Instead of those thy fathers dear,  
Thy children thou may'st take,  
And in all places of the earth  
Them noble princes make.
- 5 Thy name remember'd will be made  
Through ages all to be :  
The people therefore evermore,  
Shall praises give to thee.



EIGHTH WEEK.

111

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell  
What he did for my soul.  
I with my mouth unto him cry'd,  
My tongue did him extol.
- 2 If in my heart I sin regard,  
The Lord me will not hear :  
But surely God me heard, and to  
My prayer's voice gave ear.
- 3 O let the Lord, our gracious God,  
For ever blessed be,  
Who turned not my pray'r from him,  
Nor yet his grace from me.

112

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee!  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven ;  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of stormy gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower the summer wreaths,  
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

113

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,  
Who shall abide with thee?  
And in thy high and holy hill  
Who shall a dweller be?
- 2 The man that walketh uprightly,  
And worketh righteousness,  
And as he thinketh in his heart,  
So doth he truth express.
- 3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,  
Nor to his friend doth hurt;  
Nor yet against his neighbour doth  
Take up an ill report.
- 4 In whose eyes vile men are despis'd:  
But those that God do fear  
He honoureth; and changeth not  
Though to his hurt he swear.

114

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL on the earth shall worship thee;  
They shall thy praise proclaim  
In songs: they shall sing cheerfully,  
Unto thy holy name.
- 2 Come, and the works that God hath wrought  
With admiration see:  
In's working to the sons of men  
Most terrible is he.
- 3 He ruleth ever by his power;  
His eyes the nations see:  
O let not the rebellious ones  
Lift up themselves on high.
- 4 Ye people, bless our God; aloud  
The voice speak of his praise:  
Our soul in life who safe preserves,  
Our foot from sliding stays.
- 5 For thou didst prove and try us, Lord,  
As men do silver try;  
Brought'st us into the net, and mad'st  
Bands on our loins to lie.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge and our strength,  
In straits a present aid ;  
Therefore, although the earth remove  
We will not be afraid :
- 2 Though hills amidst the sea be cast ;  
Though waters roaring make,  
And troubled be ; yea, though the hills  
By swelling seas do shake.
- 3 A river is whose streams do glad  
The city of our God ;  
The holy place, wherein the Lord  
Most high hath his abode.
- 4 God in the midst of her doth dwell ;  
Nothing shall her remove :  
The Lord to her an helper will,  
And that right early prove.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
Grace, from its dawn to perfect day,  
Reveal'd the glorious plan.
- 3 Grace turn'd our wand'ring feet  
To tread the heav'nly road ;  
And new supplies each hour we meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.
- 5 O let thy grace inspire  
Our soul with strength divine,  
May all our pow'rs to thee aspire ;  
And all our days be thine !

NINTH WEEK.

117

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH hear us in the day  
When trouble he doth send ;  
And let the name of Jacob's God  
Us from all ill defend.
- 2 O let him send help from above,  
Out of his sanctuary ;  
From Sion his own holy hill,  
Let him give strength and joy.
- 3 Let him remember all our gifts,  
Accept our sacrifice :  
Grant us our heart's wish, and fulfil  
Our thoughts and counsel wise.
- 4 In thy salvation we will joy :  
In our God's name we will  
Display our banners : and the Lord  
Our prayers all fulfil.

118

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y closed lips, O Lord, by thee  
Let them be opened ;  
Then shall thy praises by my mouth  
Abroad be published.
- 2 For thou desir'st not sacrifice,  
Else would I give it thee :  
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering  
At all delighted be.
- 3 A broken spirit is to God  
A pleasing sacrifice ;  
A broken and a contrite heart,  
Lord, thou wilt not despise.
- 4 Shew kindness, and do good, O Lord,  
To Sion, thine own hill :  
The walls of thy Jerusalem  
Build up of thy good will.
- 5 Then righteous off'rings shall thee please,  
And off'rings burnt, which they  
With whole burnt-off rings, and with calves,  
Shall on thine altar lay.

NINTH WEEK.

119

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IFE of the world, immortal mind !  
Father of all the human kind,  
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,  
Intent on nature's ample breast,  
Explores the space of earth and skies,  
And sees eternal incense rise !  
To thee my humble voice I raise ;  
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
- 2 Though short the life thy goodness gave,  
Tho' soon descending to the grave ;  
Yet 'twas thy bounty still to give  
A being that can think and live ;  
In all thy works thy wisdom see,  
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee !  
To thee my humble voice I raise ;  
Forgive while I presume to praise.

120

WEDNESDAY EVENING.  
SECOND PART.

- 1 Through error's maze, through folly's night,  
The lamp of reason lends me light ;  
When stern affliction waves the rod,  
My heart confides in thee, my God !  
When nature sinks, oppressed with woes,  
Even then she finds in thee repose.  
To thee my humble voice I raise ;  
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
- 2 O may I still thy favour prove !  
Still grant me gratitude and love.  
Let truth and virtue guide my heart ;  
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.  
But yet whate'er my life may be,  
My heart shall still repose on thee !  
To thee my humble voice I raise ;  
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

121

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**Y times are in thy hand, O God,  
Nor could in better be ;  
I'll praise thy grace, I'll kiss the rod,  
Because arranged by thee.
- 2 Were I to have all that I chose,  
If left to creature's will,  
Each step in life would me expose  
To countless forms of ill.
- 3 My time of birth, my time of death,  
And every change between,  
The eternal plan lie underneath  
For thou didst them ordain.
- 4 Thy wise design provides that I  
Am free, while drawn by love,  
I freest act when earnestly  
I seek the things above.

122

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** WAITED for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear ;  
At length to me he did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the miry clay,  
And on a rock he set my feet,  
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God to magnify :  
Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O Lord my God, full many are  
The wonders thou hast done ;  
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far  
Above all thoughts are gone :
- 5 In order none can reckon them  
To thee : if them declare,  
And speak of them I would, they more  
Than can be number'd are.

123

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **T**O thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock;  
Hold not thy peace to me:  
Lest like those that to pit descend  
I by thy silence be.
- 2 The voice hear of my humble prayers  
When unto thee I cry;  
When to thine holy oracle  
I lift my hands on high.
- 3 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
For graciously he heard  
The voice of my petitions,  
And prayers did regard.

124

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD, give ear unto my voice,  
When I do cry to thee;  
Upon me also mercy have,  
And do thou answer me.
- 2 When thou didst say, Seek ye my face,  
Then unto thee reply  
Thus did my heart, above all things  
Thy face Lord seek will I.
- 3 Far from me hide not thou thy face;  
Put not away from thee  
Thy servant in thy wrath: thou hast  
An helper been to me.
- 4 O God of my salvation,  
Leave me not, nor forsake:  
Though me my parents both should leave,  
The Lord will me up take.
- 5 O Lord instruct me in thy way,  
To me a leader be  
In a plain path, because of those  
That hatred bear to me,
- 6 I fainted had, unless that I  
Believed had to see  
The Lord's own goodness in the land  
Of them that living be.

NINTH WEEK.

125

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT with our eyes of sense  
Have we beheld the Lord;  
Yet we, to hear his name, rejoice,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow,  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heav'n begins below.

126

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK! how angels sound his praise,  
Fill'd with transport while they gaze!  
"Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,  
These are thine for evermore!"
- 2 Crown Him, then, whom angels sing,  
Crown Him everlasting King!  
Jesus fills the throne above,  
Jesus came on wings of love.
- 3 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop;  
This is now thy people's hope:  
Thou wast poor that they might be  
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee!
- 4 Whet we think of love like this,  
Joy and shame our hearts possess;  
Joy that thou didst pity thus,  
Shame for such returns from us.
- 5 Yet we hope the day to see,  
When from earth we shall be free,  
Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,  
There to praise thee as we ought.
- 6 While we still continue here;  
Let this hope our spirits cheer;  
Till in heav'n thy face we see,  
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.



SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME all that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known:  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place!  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God:  
But children of the heav'nly king  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,  
Whose thunder rends the clouds,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky  
And calms the raging floods,
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father rich in love;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 2 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.
- 3 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

129

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, and greatly he  
Is to be praised still,  
Within the city of our God,  
Upon his holy hill.
- 2 O Lord according to thy name,  
Through all the earth's thy praise ;  
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full  
Of righteousness always.
- 3 Because thy judgments are made known  
Let Sion mount rejoice ;  
Of Judah let the daughters all  
Send forth a cheerful voice.

130

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW great's the goodness thou for them  
That fear thee keep'st in store.  
And wrought'st for them that trust in thee  
The sons of men before !
- 2 In secret of thy presence thou  
Shalt hide them from man's pride ;  
From strife of tongues thou closely shalt,  
As in a tent, them hide.
- 3 All praise and thanks be to the Lord :  
For he hath magnified  
His wondrous love to me within  
A city fortified.
- 4 For from thine eyes cut off I am,  
I in my haste had said ;  
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to thee  
With cries my moan I made.
- 5 O love the Lord, all ye his saints ;  
Because the Lord doth guard  
The faithful, and he plenteously  
Proud doers doth reward.
- 6 Be of good courage, and he strength  
Unto your heart shall send,  
All ye whose hope and confidence  
Doth on the Lord depend.

131

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my strength and shield ; my heart  
Upon him did rely ;  
And I am helped ; hence my heart  
Doth joy exceedingly,
- 2 And with my song I will him praise ;  
Their strength is God alone :  
He also is the saving strength  
Of his anointed one.
- 3 O thine own people do thou save,  
Bless thine inheritance ;  
Them also do thou feed, and them  
For evermore advance.

132

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders,  
Hark! the trumpets awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
All who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea,  
All the pow'rs of nature shaken,  
By his look prepare to flee,  
Saints with shouting,  
Their descending Lord shall see.
- 4 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
Let this thought our courage raise  
Swiftly God's great day approaches ;  
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:  
We shall triumph  
When the world is in a blaze.

TENTH WEEK.

133

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the Lamb of God,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of richer blood,  
And nobler name than they.
- 3 Believing we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

134

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look my soul, be still and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace.  
Blessed jub'lee,  
Let thy joyous morning dawn!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude Barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
Let the Gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the gladd'ning light;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase:  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour all the world around.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IKE as the hart for water brooks  
With thirst doth pant and bray ;  
So pants my longing soul, O God,  
That come to thee I may.
- 2 My soul for God, the living God,  
Doth thirst : when shall I near  
Unto thy countenance approach,  
And in God's sight appear ?
- 3 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?  
Why in me so dismay'd ?  
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,  
His count'nance is mine aid.
- 4 His loving-kindness yet the Lord  
Command will in the day,  
His songs with me by night ; to God,  
By whom I live, I'll pray.
- 5 O why art thou cast down my soul ?  
Why, thus with grief oppress'd,  
Art thou disquieted in me ?  
In God still hope and rest :
- 6 For yet I know I shall him praise,  
Who graciously to me  
The health is of my countenance,  
Yea, mine own God is he.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ROM men, which are thy hand, O Lord,  
From worldly men me save,  
Which only in this present life  
Their part and portion have,
- 2 But as for me, I thine own face  
In righteousness will see;  
And with thy likeness, when I wake,  
I satisfy'd shall be.

137

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** ALL ye kingdoms of the earth,  
Sing praises to this King ;  
For he is Lord that ruleth all,  
Unto him praises sing.
- 2 To him that rides on heav'n of heav'ns  
Which he of old did found ;  
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice  
In might that doth abound.
- 3 Strength unto God do ye ascribe ;  
For his excellency  
Is over Israel, his strength  
Is in the clouds most high.
- 4 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful, Lord ;  
Isr'el's own God is he,  
Who gives his people strength and pow'r :  
O let God blessed be.

138

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE name of God I with a song  
Most cheerfully will praise ;  
And I in giving thanks to him,  
His name shall highly raise.
- 2 When this the humble men shall see,  
It joy to them shall give:  
O all ye that do seek the Lord,  
Your hearts shall ever live.
- 3 For God the poor hears, and will not  
His prisoners condemn ;  
Let heav'n, and earth, and seas, him praise,  
And all that move in them.
- 4 For God will Judah's cities build,  
And he will Sion save,  
That they may dwell therein, and it  
in sure possession have.
- 5 And they that are his servants' seed :  
Inherit shall the same ;  
So shall they have their dwelling there.  
That love his blessed name.

139

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part :  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
We wait his will to know,  
That we in all his steps may tread,  
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside ;  
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace ;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

140

SATURDAY EVENING

- 1 **F**OR this shall ev'ry godly one  
His prayer make to thee ;  
In such a time he shall thee seek,  
As found thou mayest be.
- 2 Surely when floods of waters great  
Do swell up to the brim,  
They shall not overwhelm his soul,  
Nor once come near to him.
- 3 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt  
From trouble keep me free :  
Thou with songs of deliverance  
About shall compass me.
- 4 Thou wilt instruct us and us teach  
The way that we should go ;  
And with thine eye upon us set,  
Thou wilt direction show.

141

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**HIO hath our report believed ?  
Shiloh come is not received,  
Not received by his own :  
Promised branch from root of Jesse,  
David's offspring sent to bless you,  
Comes too lowly to be known.
- 2 Lo ! Messiah, unrespected,  
Man of griefs, despised, rejected,  
Wounds his form disfiguring :  
Marr'd his visage more than any,  
For he bears the sins of many,  
All our sorrows carrying.
- 3 No deceit his mouth had spoken,  
Blameless, he no law had broken,  
Yet was numbered with the worst :  
For because the Lord would grieve him,  
Ye who saw it did believe him  
For his own offences curs'd.

142

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HEN, while him our thoughts accused,  
He for us alone was bruised ;  
Yea, for us the victim bled !  
With his stripes our wounds are cured,  
By his pains our peace secured,  
Purchas'd with the blood he shed.
- 2 Love amazing ! so to mind us !  
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,  
Wandering sheep all gone astray ;  
Lost, undone, by our transgressions,  
Worse than stript of all possessions,  
Debtors without hope to pay.
- 3 Glory be to him who gave us—  
Freely gave his son to save us ;  
Glory to the son who came :  
Honour, blessing, adoration,  
Ever, from the whole creation,  
Be to God, and to the Lamb !



ELEVENTH WEEK.

143

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HINE arrows sharply pierce the heart  
Of th' en'mies of the King ;  
And under thy subjection  
The people down do bring.
- 2 For ever and for ever is,  
O God, thy throne of might ;  
The sceptre of thy kingdom is  
A sceptre that is right.
- 3 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill ;  
For God, thy God, most high,  
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil  
Of joy anointed thee.
- 4 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,  
A smell thy garments had,  
Out of the iv'ry palaces,  
Whereby they made thee glad.

144

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD is of mine inheritance  
And cup the portion :  
The lot that fallen is to me  
Thou dost maintain alone.
- 2 Unto me happily the lines  
In pleasant places fell ;  
Yea, the inheritance I got  
In beauty doth excel.
- 3 I bless the Lord because he doth  
By counsel me conduct ;  
And in the seasons of the night  
My reins do me instruct.
- 4 Before me still the Lord I set :  
Since it is so that he  
Doth ever stand at my right hand,  
I shall not moved be.
- 5 Because of this my heart is glad,  
And joy shall be exprest  
Ev'n by my glory ; and my flesh  
In confidence shall rest.

ELEVENTH WEEK.

145

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE praises of the Lord our God,  
And his almighty strength,  
The wondrous work that he hath done,  
We will show forth at length.
- 2 His testimony and his law  
In Israel he did place,  
And charg'd our fathers it to show  
To their succeeding race.
- 3 That so the race which was to come  
Might well them learn and know ;  
And sons unborn, who should arise,  
Might to their sons them show.
- 4 That they might set their hope in God,  
And suffer not to fall  
His mighty works out of their mind,  
But keep his precepts all.

146

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,  
Which God's right hand sustains,  
There, in the boundless world of light,  
Our great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At his right hand with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.
- 3 While from the sons of men on earth  
He suffer'd rude disdain,  
They threw their honours at his feet,  
And waited in his train.
- 4 Through all his travels here below  
They did his steps attend ;  
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where, at length,  
This scene of love would end.
- 5 They saw him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before ;  
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,  
To stoop to death no more.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD of our salvation,  
Thou in thy righteousness,  
By fearful works unto our pray'rs  
Thine answer dost express :
- 2 Therefore the ends of all the earth,  
And those afar that be  
Upon the sea, their confidence,  
O Lord, will place in thee.
- 3 Who, being girt with pow'r, sets fast  
By his great strength the hills  
Who noise of seas, noise of their waves,  
And people's tumult, stills.
- 4 Those in the utmost parts that dwell  
Are at thy signs afraid :  
Th' outgoings of the morn and ev'n  
By thee are joyful made.
- 5 The earth thou visit'st, wat'ring it ;  
Thou mak'st it rich to grow  
With God's full flood ; thou corn prepar'st,  
When thou provid'st it so.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall,  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,  
No correction by the way ;  
Might I not with reason fear  
I might prove a cast-away ?

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord, because my voice  
And prayers he did hear.  
I, while I live, will call on him,  
Who bow'd to me his ear.
- 2 Of death the cords and sorrows did  
About me compass round;  
The pains of hell took hold on me,  
I grief and trouble found.
- 3 Upon the name of God the Lord  
Then did I call, and say,  
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,  
I do thee humbly pray.
- 4 God merciful and righteous is,  
Yea, gracious is our Lord.  
God saves the meek: I was brought low,  
He did me help afford.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb:  
All my times shall ever be  
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;  
Times of penury and wealth;  
Times of trial, fear and grief;  
Times of triumph and relief;
- 4 Plagues and deaths may round me fly;  
Till he bids, I cannot die;  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 5 May I always own thy hand  
Still to thy surrender stand;  
Know that thou art God alone,  
I and mine are all thine own.

ELEVENTH WEEK.

151

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Saviour, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ners free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me.

152

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD unto us be merciful,  
Do thou us also bless ;  
And graciously cause shine on us  
The brightness of thy face :
- 2 That so thy way upon the earth  
To all men may be known ;  
Also among the nations all  
Thy saving health be shown.  
O let the people praise thee, Lord,  
Let people all thee praise ;  
O let the nations be glad,  
And sing for joy always.
- 4 For rightly thou shalt people judge,  
And nations rule on earth ;  
Let people praise thee, Lord, let all  
The folk praise thee with mirth.
- 5 Then shall the earth yield her increase ;  
God, our God, bless us shall,  
God shall us bless ; and of the earth  
The ends shall fear him all.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, do thou return  
Unto thy quiet rest;  
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee  
His bounty hath exprest.
- 2 For my distressed soul from death  
Deliver'd was by thee:  
Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears,  
My feet from falling, free.
- 3 I in the land of those that live  
Will walk the Lord before.  
I did believe, therefore I speak:  
I was afflicted sore.
- 4 I'll of salvation take the cup,  
On God's name will I call:  
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord  
Before his people all.
- 5 Within the courts of God's own house,  
Within the midst of thee,  
O city of Jerusalem,  
Praise to the Lord give ye.

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SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** GOD of Israel hear my pray'r!  
Let me thy richest blessing share;  
Thy blessing shall my portion be;  
Oh! let that blessing rest on me!
- 2 If shining suns my path attend,  
And all their cheering influence lend;  
Thy blessing still I'll most desire,  
To that my highest hopes aspire.
- 3 Or if affliction's storm should low'r,  
I'll trust thee in the darkest hour;  
On thee I'll rest my anxious mind,  
And in thy blessing comfort find.
- 4 Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
And ever keep my conscience clean;  
Till all the cares of life shall cease,  
And blessing thee, I die in peace!

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;  
By the broken law convicted,  
Through the Cross behold the crown !  
Look to Jesus—  
Mercy flows through him alone.
- 2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,  
Love will make obedience sweet,  
Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
While his wisdom guides your feet,  
Safe to glory—  
Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
Light to newly open'd eyes,  
Water-springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies :  
All who taste it—  
Shall to rest immortal rise.

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HILE the wounds of woe are healing,  
While the heart is all resign'd,  
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,  
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.  
None but Jesus—  
Can the broken heart upbind.
- 2 Blessed are the eyes that see him,  
Bless'd the ears that hear his voice:  
Blessed are the souls that trust him,  
And in him alone rejoice ;  
His commandments—  
Then become their happy choice.
- 3 But to sing the rest of glory,  
Mortal tongues far short must fall,  
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,  
But it soars beyond them all ;  
Faith believes it—Hope expects it—Love  
desires it—  
But it overwhelms them all.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HENCE the sounds of plaintiff wail  
As from one whose heart is failing,  
Laden with a weight of woe?  
'Tis the voice of Zion's anguish:  
Sunk in grief her spirits languish;  
And her tears of sorrow flow.
- 2 Me, Jehovah hath forsaken,  
All my prayers no pity waken,  
Still his hand upon me lies:  
Why this night of gloom allot me?  
Ah! my God hath sure forgot me,  
Nor regards my bitter cries!
- 3 Zion, cease thy sad complaining;  
All my tender love retaining,  
I correct my children dear;  
Be not faithless but believing,  
I am thine, 'mid all thy grieving;  
Vain and sinful is thy fear.

MONDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **C**AN a mother's warm affection  
Cease its care and fond protection  
Of the helpless babe she bore?  
Yes:—a parent's heart belying,  
All her nature's claims denying,  
She may pity feel no more.
- 2 But my love is love unchanging,  
Naught from thee my heart estranging,  
Midst thine ever-varying lot;  
Zion, on my hands I've traced thee,  
Full before my view I've placed thee:  
Never shalt thou be forgot,
- 3 Voice of love!—how sweetly soothing!  
As a calm, the ocean smoothing,  
Lulls its foaming waves to rest;  
So that voice, our griefs consoling,  
Ev'ry anxious fear controlling,  
Still the faithless troubled breast.



TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for ever-more,  
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 “**G**OD with us !” O glorious name !  
Let it shine in endless fame ;  
God and man in Christ unite,  
O mysterious depth and height !
- 2 “ God with us !” eternal love  
Brought him from his courts above ;  
Now let us his grace admire,  
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 “ God with us !” all pure within,  
Free from every taint of sin ;  
Yet did he our guilt sustain,  
Bear the shame, the curse, the pain.
- 4 “ God with us !” O blissful theme !  
Let not impious men blaspheme ;  
He whom they refuse to own,  
Soon as Judge shall fill the throne.
- 5 “ God with us !” O wondrous grace !  
May we see him face to face :  
Then Immanuel shall we sing,  
As we ought, our God and King.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD, thou to thine heritage  
Didst send a plenteous rain,  
Whereby thou, when it weary was,  
Didst it refresh again.
- 2 Thy congregation then did make  
Their habitation there:  
Of thine own goodness for the poor,  
O God, thou didst prepare.
- 3 The Lord himself did give the word,  
The word abroad did spread;  
Great was the company of them  
The same who published.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking;  
Joyful times are near at hand:  
God, the mighty God, is speaking.  
By his word, in ev'ry land:  
When he wills it,  
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season;  
Gladly hail the rising ray:  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day:  
At his presence  
Grossest darkness speeds away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God, the Saviour, is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad:—  
Ev'ry language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 O! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
To our hearts, to hear each day,  
Joyful news from far arriving,  
How the gospel wins its way;  
Those enlight'ning,  
Who in death and darkness lay.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, ev'n thou, art he that should  
Be feared; and who is he  
That may stand up before thy sight,  
If once thou angry be?
- 2 From heav'n thou judgment cans'd be heard,  
The earth was still with fear,  
When God to judgment rose, to save  
All meek on earth that were.
- 3 Surely the very wrath of man  
Unto thy praise redounds:  
Thou to the remnant of his wrath  
Wilt set restraining bounds.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 “ **H**IMSELF he cannot save”:—  
Insulting foe, 'tis true:  
The words a gracious meaning have,  
Tho' meant in scorn by you.
- 2 “ Himself he cannot save.”  
This is his highest praise:  
Himself for others' sake he gave,  
And suffers in their place.
- 3 It were an easy part  
For him the cross to fly;  
But love to sinners fills his heart;  
And makes him choose to die.
- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,  
The deep mysterious cause,  
Why he, who all the world upholds,  
Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,  
And worldly wisdom mock;  
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,  
And Christ himself my Rock.
- 6 I leave the world for this;  
Let others share its toys;  
I envy not their fancied bliss;  
The cross yields purer joys.

TWELFTH WEEK.

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FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy judgments give the king,  
His son thy righteousness.  
With right he shall thy people judge,  
Thy poor with uprightness.
- 2 The lofty mountains shall bring forth  
Unto the people peace;  
Likewise the little hills the same  
Shall do by righteousness.
- 3 The people's poor ones he shall judge,  
The needy's children save;  
And those shall he in pieces break  
Who them oppressed have.
- 4 They shall thee fear, while sun and moon  
Do last through ages all,  
Like rain on mown grass he shall drop,  
Or show'rs on earth that fall.

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FRIDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE just shall flourish in his days,  
And prosper in his reign:  
He shall, while doth the moon endure,  
Abundant peace maintain.
- 2 His large and great dominion shall  
From sea to sea extend:  
It from the river shall reach forth  
Unto earth's utmost end.
- 3 They in the wilderness that dwell  
Bow down before him must;  
And they that are his enemies  
Shall lick the very dust.
- 4 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles  
To him shall presents bring;  
And unto him shall offer gifts  
Sheba's and Seba's king.

SATURDAY MORNING.—THIRD PART.

- 1 **Y**EA all the mighty kings on earth  
Before him down shall fall ;  
And all the nations of the world  
Do service to him shall.
- 2 For he the needy shall preserve,  
When he to him doth call ;  
The poor also, and him that hath  
No help of man at all.
- 3 The poor man and the indigent  
In mercy he shall spare ;  
He shall preserve alive the souls  
Of those that needy are.
- 4 Both from deceit and violence  
Their soul he shall set free ;  
And in his sight right precious,  
And dear their blood shall be.

SATURDAY EVENING.—FOURTH PART.

- 1 **O**F corn an handful in the earth  
On tops of mountains high,  
With prosp'rous fruit shall shake, like trees  
On Lebanon that be.
- 2 The city shall be flourishing,  
Her citizens abound  
In number shall, like to the grass  
That grows upon the ground.
- 3 His name for ever shall endure;  
Last like the sun it shall:  
Men shall be bless'd in him, and bless'd  
All nations shall him call.
- 4 Now blessed be the Lord our God,  
The God of Israel,  
For he alone doth wondrous works,  
In glory that excel.
- 5 And blessed be his glorious name  
To all eternity;  
The whole earth let his glory fill.  
Amen, so let it be.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,  
Come all before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto:  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure,  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **G**IVE us, by faith in Christ, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be,
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears,  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and griefs, and fears.
- 3 We ask them, whence their vict'ry came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trode,  
His zeal inspir'd their breast;  
And foll'wing the incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his example giv'n,  
While all the saints whose race is run,  
Show the same path to heav'n.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**EE the Sun of truth arise,  
Light, and life, and joy diffusing !  
Angels gaze, with glad surprise,  
Rapt delight and holy musing.
- 2 Sons of men, awake ! behold,  
Light so pure, so sweet, so glorious ;  
O'er the darkness round you roll'd,  
See his piercing beams victorious.
- 3 Light, that drives our fears away,  
Light, that cheers the heart in sorrow,—  
Dawn of Heaven's unclouded day,  
Blessed day that knows no morrow !
- 4 Welcome, welcome, " Holy Light,"  
Streams of day on darkness pouring,  
And to eye-balls quench'd in night  
Sight's ecstatic joys restoring.
- 5 Bless'd to whom this sight is given !  
New and glorious views revealing :  
Visions bright of God and heav'n  
All the soul with transport filling !

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** SING a new song to the Lord,  
For wonders he hath done:  
His right hand and his holy arm  
Him victory hath won.
- 2 The Lord God his salvation  
Hath caused to be known:  
His justice in the heathen's sight  
He openly hath shown.
- 3 He mindful of his grace and truth  
To Israel's house hath been:  
And the salvation of our God  
All ends of th' earth have seen.
- 4 Let all the earth unto the Lord  
Send forth a joyful noise:  
Lift up your voice aloud to him,  
Sing praises, and rejoice.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he formed anew ;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

TUESDAY EVENING. 1

- 1 **T**HOU hast an arm that's full of pow'r,  
Thy hand is great in might ;  
And thy right hand exceedingly  
Exalted is in height.
- 2 Justice and judgment of thy throne  
Are made the dwelling-place ;  
Mercy, accompany'd with truth,  
Shall go before thy face.
- 3 O greatly bless'd the people are,  
The joyful sound that know ;  
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,  
They ever on shall go.
- 4 They in thy name shall all the day  
Rejoice exceedingly ;  
And in thy righteousness shall they  
Exalted be on high.
- 5 Because the glory of their strength  
Doth only stand in thee ;  
And in thy favour shall our horn  
And pow'r exalted be.
- 6 For God is our defence ; and he  
To us doth safety bring ;  
The Holy One of Israel  
Is our almighty King.



WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**UT like the palm-tree flourishing  
Shall be the righteous one;  
He shall like to the cedar grow  
That is in Lebanon.
- 2 Those that within the house of God  
Are planted by his grace,  
They shall grow up, and flourish all  
In our God's holy place.
- 3 And in old age, when others fade,  
They fruit still forth shall bring;  
They shall be fat, and full of sap,  
And aye be flourishing.
- 4 To shew that upright is the Lord:  
He is a rock to me;  
And he from all unrighteousness  
Is altogether free.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,  
O God, are in thy hand;  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possess'd by me,  
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmur'ing word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?  
'Tis but a bitter sweet;  
When I attempt to pluck the rose,  
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
The honey's mix'd with gall;  
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
Be thou my all in all.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**AD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,  
And build on him alone;  
For no foundation is there giv'n,  
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,  
But Christ the corner-stone.
- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,  
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,  
And sanctity complete:  
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh  
Before the Ruler of the sky,  
And all his justice meet.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OTHING know we of the season  
When the world shall pass away;  
But the saints we know, have reason  
To expect a glorious day;  
When the Saviour will return,  
And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 O what sacred joys await them,  
They shall see their Saviour then:  
Those who now oppose and hate them,  
Never can oppose again:  
Ever let us think of this;  
All is ours, if we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
Be it ours his word to keep;  
Let our lamps be always burning;  
Let us watch while others sleep:  
We're no longer of the night;  
We are children of the light.
- 4 If among the happy number,  
Whom the Saviour calls his own,  
Tis not meet that we should slumber  
We to whom his grace is known:  
This should be his people's aim—  
Still to glorify his name.

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **H**OLY Bible! Book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine to tell me whence I came,  
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove,  
Mine to show a Saviour's love,  
Mine to guide my erring feet,  
Pointing to the mercy-seat.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith,  
How to triumph over death.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE God, for he is good: for still  
His mercies lasting be.  
Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he  
From th' en'my's hand did free;
- 2 And gather'd them out of the lands,  
From north, south, east, and west.  
They stray'd in desert's pathless way,  
No city found to rest.
- 3 For thirst and hunger in them fairs  
Their soul. When straits them press,  
They cry unto the Lord, and he  
Them frees from their distress.
- 4 Them also in a way to walk  
That right is he did guide,  
That they might to a city go,  
Wherein they might abide.
- 5 O that men to the Lord would give  
Praise for his goodness then,  
And for his works of wonder done  
Unto the sons of men!
- 6 For he the soul that longing is  
Doth fully satisfy;  
With goodness he the hungry soul  
Doth fill abundantly.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
 "Glory to the new born king!  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconcil'd!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the heav'nly host proclaim  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
 Christ the everlasting Lord,  
 Lowly lays his glory by;  
 Born for men, for men to die.
- 4 Hail! thou glorious Prince of Peace;  
 Hail thou Sun of righteousness,  
 Ris'n with healing in thy wings,  
 Light and life thy rising brings.

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SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**E lives, the Great Redeemer lives,  
 What joy the blest assurance gives!  
 And now before the throne of God,  
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Our countless sins awake our fears,  
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face  
 Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye sad despairing tears;  
 Above our crimes above our fears  
 His powerful intercessions rise;  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their pow'r:  
 Let this blest hope repel the dart,  
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—  
 On him our humble hopes depend:  
 Our cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE praises of thy wonders, Lord,  
The heavens shall express ;  
And in the congregation  
Of saints thy faithfulness.
- 2 For who in heaven with the Lord  
May once himself compare ?  
Who is like God among the sons  
Of those that mighty are ?
- 3 Great fear in meeting of the saints  
Is due unto the Lord ;  
And he of all about him should  
With rev'rence be ador'd.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :  
Jesus speaks and speaks to thee ;  
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And when wounded heal'd thy wound.  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
Quit the helpless child she bare ?  
Yes ; she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above ;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done.  
Partner of my throne shalt be :—  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee and adore :  
O for grace to love thee more !

FOURTEENTH WEEK.

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MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**EACH me thy way, and in thy truth,  
O Lord, then walk will I ;  
Unite my heart, that I thy name  
May fear continually.
- 2 O Lord my God, with all my heart  
To thee I will give praise ;  
And I the glory will ascribe  
Unto thy name always.
- 3 Because thy mercy toward me  
In greatness doth excel ;  
And thou deliver'd hast my soul  
Out from the lowest hell.
- 4 But thou art full of pity, Lord,  
A God most gracious,  
Long-suffering and in thy truth  
And mercy plenteous.

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MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** SING the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains high,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad  
And framed the lofty sky.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines forth at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
Who form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant nor flower below,  
But makes his glories known ;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from his throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord  
Who is for ever nigh ?

FOURTEENTH WEEK.

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TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise,  
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the King of kings renown,  
The Lord of life with glory crown ;  
His praise through ages shall endure  
When kings and lords are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
He fix'd the starry lights on high,  
He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night.
- 4 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, from darkness, and the grave,  
Such love and grace to God belong  
As claims from us our sweetest song.

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TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**ION did hear, and joyful was,  
Glad Judah's daughters were ;  
They much rejoice'd, O Lord, because  
Thy judgments did appear.
- 2 For thou, O Lord, art high above  
All things on earth that are ;  
Above all other gods thou art  
Exalted very far.
- 3 Hate ill, all those that love the Lord :  
His saints' souls keepeth he ;  
And from the hands of wicked men  
He sets them safe and free.
- 4 For all those that be righteous  
Sown is a joyful light,  
And gladness sown is for all those  
That are in heart upright.
- 5 The righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;  
Express their thankfulness,  
When they into their memory  
Do call his holiness.

## WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** IN distress call'd on the Lord;  
The Lord did answer me:  
He in a large place did me set,  
From trouble made me free.
- 2 The mighty Lord is on my side,  
I will not be afraid;  
For anything that man can do  
I shall not be dismay'd.
- 3 The Lord doth take my part with them  
That help to succour me:  
Therefore on those that do me hate  
I my desire shall see.
- 4 Better it is to trust in God  
Than trust in man's defence;  
Better to trust in God than make  
Princes our confidence.

## WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**E that doth in the secret place  
Of the most High reside  
Under the shade of him that is  
Th' Almighty shall abide.
- 2 I of the Lord my God will say,  
He is my refuge still,  
He is my fortress, and my God,  
And in him trust I will.
- 3 His feathers shall me hide : my trust  
Under his wings shall be :  
His faithfulness shall be a shield  
And buckler unto me.
- 4 I shall not need to be afraid  
For terrors of the night ;  
Nor for the arrow that doth fly  
By day, while it is light ;
- 5 Nor for the pestilence, that walks  
In darkness secretly;  
Nor for destruction, that doth waste  
At noon-day openly.



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THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** GAINST us mind not former sins;  
Thy tender mercies show,  
Let them prevent us speedily;  
For we're brought very low.
- 2 For thy name's glory, help us Lord,  
Who hast our Saviour been:  
Deliver us; for thy name's sake,  
O purge away our sin.

192

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary:  
Rending rocks, the words attesting,  
Shaking earth, and veiled sky;  
"It is finish'd!"  
Was the Saviour's dying cry.
- 2 That which prophets long predicted,  
That which legal sacrifice  
Only shadow'd, not effected,  
That which justice satisfies,  
Now is finished:  
So the dying Saviour cries.
- 3 Now redemption is completed,  
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd,  
Satan, death, and hell defeated,  
As his rising fully proved;  
All is finish'd.  
Here our hopes do rest unmoved.
- 4 O the life, the peace, the pleasure,  
Which these charming words afford!  
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us through Christ the Lord;  
"It is finish'd!"  
Let our joyful songs record.
- 5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,  
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame:  
All creation swell the chorus,  
These delightful words proclaim,  
"It is finish'd!"  
Glory to h's worthy name!

FOURTEENTH WEEK.

193

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,  
Tumultuous passions, all be still !  
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise,  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals :  
But though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne
- 3 Wait then my soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat,  
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

194

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**HRIST—of all my hopes the ground,  
Christ—the spring of all my joy,  
Still in thee may I be found,  
Still for thee my pow'rs employ !
- 2 Let thy love my heart inflame;  
Keep thy fear before my sight;  
Be thy praise my highest aim;  
Be thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 When affliction clouds my sky,  
And the wint'ry tempests blow,  
Let thy mercy-beaming eye  
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.
- 4 When new triumphs of thy name  
Swell the raptur'd songs above,  
May I feel the kindred flame—  
Full of zeal, and full of love.
- 5 Life's best joy, to see thy praise  
Fly on wings of gospel light,  
Leading on millennial days,  
Scatt'ring all the shades of night.
- 6 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from thy fulness give;  
Till I close my earthly race,  
May I prove it " Christ to live."

## SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** LET thy hand be still upon  
The man of thy right hand ;  
The Son of man whom for thyself  
Thou madest strong to stand.
- 2 So henceforth we will not go back,  
Nor turn from thee at all:  
O do thou quicken us, and we  
Upon thy name will call.
- 3 Turn us again Lord God of hosts,  
And upon us vouchsafe  
To make thy countenance to shine  
And so we shall be safe.

## SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From sin's accursed load:
- 2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash away its stains ;  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.
- 3 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in *Him*;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:
- 4 I lay my grief on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.
- 5 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline.
- 6 I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is pour'd.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun :  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
This is the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heav'n,  
And gives this day the food of sev'n.
- 3 O may our pray'rs and praises rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies ;  
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose  
Which none, but they who feel it, knows.
- 4 In holy duties may the day,  
In sacred pleasures pass away ;  
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O**SING a new song to the Lord,  
Sing all the earth to God.  
To God sing, bless his name ; show still  
His saving health abroad.
- 2 For great's the Lord, and greatly he  
Is to be magnify'd:  
Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he  
Above all gods beside.
- 3 Great honour is before his face,  
And majesty divine :  
Strength is within his holy place,  
And there doth beauty shine.
- 4 Give ye the glory to the Lord  
That to his name is due:  
Come ye into his courts, and bring  
An offering with you.
- 5 In beauty of his holiness  
O do the Lord adore:  
Likewise let all the earth throughout  
Tremble his face before.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, thro' the desert lead us;  
Left by thee, we cannot go;  
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us;  
Thou hast laid our tyrant low:  
Let thy presence  
Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 Thro' a desert waste and cheerless  
Tho' our destin'd journey lie;  
Rendered by thy presence fearless,  
We may ev'ry foe defy:  
Naught shall move us  
While we see our Saviour nigh.
- 3 When we halt, (no track discover'ing)  
Fearful lest we go astray.  
O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,  
Fire by night, and cloud by day,  
Still shall guide us:  
Thus we shall not miss our way.

MONDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HEN we hunger, thou wilt feed us;  
Manna shall our camp surround:  
Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us;  
Streams shall from the rock abound.  
Happy Israel!  
What a Saviour thou hast found!
- 2 When our foes in arms assemble,  
Ready to obstruct our way,  
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble;  
Thou wilt strike them with dismay:  
And thy people,  
Led by thee shall win the day.
- 3 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,  
Scatter ev'ry hostile band;  
Be our guide, and our protector.  
Till on Canaan's shores we stand:  
Shouts of vict'ry  
Then shall fill the promis'd land.

FIFTEENTH WEEK.

201

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU shalt arise, and mercy have  
Upon thy Sion yet;  
The time to favour her is come,  
The time that thou hast set.
- 2 For in her rubbish and her stones  
Thy servants pleasure take;  
Yea they the very dust thereof  
Do favour for her sake.
- 3 When Sion by the mighty Lord  
Built up again shall be,  
In glory then and majesty  
To men appear shall he.
- 4 The prayer of the destitute  
He surely will regard;  
Their prayer will he not despise,  
By him it shall be heard.
- 5 For generations yet to come  
This shall be on record:  
So shall the people that shall be  
Created praise the Lord.

202

TUESDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE firm foundation of the earth  
Of old time thou hast laid;  
The heavens also are the work  
Which thine own hands have made.
- 2 Thou shalt for evermore endure,  
But they shall perish all;  
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,  
Like to a garment shall.
- 3 Thou, as a vesture, shalt them change,  
And they shall changed be:  
But thou the same art, and thy years  
Are to eternity.
- 4 The children of thy servants shall  
Continually endure;  
And in thy sight, O Lord, their seed  
Shall be establish'd sure.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **L**ORD thou hast been our dwelling-place  
In generations all ;  
Before thou ever hadst brought forth  
The mountains great or small.
- 2 Ere ever thou had'st form'd the earth,  
And all the world abroad ;  
Even thou from everlasting art  
To everlasting God.
- 3 Thou do'st unto the dust of death  
Man that is mortal turn,  
And unto them thou say'st, Again,  
Ye sons of men return.
- 4 Because a thousand years appear  
No more before thy sight  
Than yesterday, when it is past  
Or than a watch by night.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **A**S with an overflowing flood  
Thou carry'st them away:  
They like a sleep are, like the grass  
That grows at morn are they.
- 2 At morn it flourishes and grows,  
Cut down at ev'n doth fade.  
For by thine anger we're consum'd  
Thy wrath makes us afraid.
- 3 Our sins thou and iniquities  
Dost in thy presence place,  
And sett'st our secret faults before  
The brightness of thy face.
- 4 For, in thine anger, all our days  
Do pass on to an end ;  
And as a tale that hath been told  
So we our years do spend.

THURSDAY MORNING—PART THIRD.

- 1 **T**HREESCORE and ten years do sum up  
Our days and years we see ;  
Or if, by reason of more strength,  
In some fourscore they be :
- 2 Yet doth the strength of such old men  
But grief and labour prove ;  
For it is soon cut off, and we  
Fly hence, and soon remove.
- 3 Who knows the power of thy wrath ?  
According to thy fear  
So is thy wrath : Lord, teach thou us  
Our end in mind to bear ;
- 4 And so to count our days that we  
Our hearts may still apply  
To learn thy wisdom and thy truth,  
That we may live thereby.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y heart brings forth a goodly thing ;  
My words that I indite  
Concern the King : my tongue's a pen  
Of one that swift doth write.
- 2 Thou fairer art than sons of men :  
Into thy lips is store  
Of grace infus'd : God therefore thee  
Hath blest for evermore.
- 3 O thou that art the mighty One,  
Thy sword gird on thy thigh ;  
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,  
And with thy Majesty.
- 4 For meekness, truth, and righteousness,  
In state ride prosp'rously ;  
And thy right hand shall thee instruct  
In things that fearful be.
- 5 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart  
Of th' en'mies of the King ;  
And under thy subjection  
The people down do bring.



FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OR thou art gracious, O Lord,  
And ready to forgive ;  
And rich in mercy, all that call  
Upon thee to relieve.
- 2 Hear, Lord, my pray'r ; unto the voice  
Of my request attend :  
In troublous times I'll call on thee ;  
For thou wilt answer send.
- 3 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come  
And worship rev'rently  
Before thy face ; and they, O Lord,  
Thy name shall glorify.
- 4 Because thou art exceeding great,  
And works by thee are done  
Which are to be admir'd, and thou  
Art God thyself alone.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW let the righteous be glad :  
Let them before God's sight  
By very joyful ; yea, let them  
Rejoice with all their might.
- 2 To God sing, to his name sing praise ;  
Extol him with your voice,  
That rides on heav'n, by his name JAH,  
Before his name rejoice.
- 3 Because the Lord a father is  
Unto the fatherless ;  
God is the widow's judge, within  
His place of holiness.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise  
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;  
With a grateful heart I own,  
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,  
Well I know concerns me not ;  
This should set my heart at rest,  
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign ;  
Father let thy will be mine ;  
May but all thy dealings prove  
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,  
Guard me in the trying hour ;  
I et thy unremitting care  
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days  
Be directed to thy praise ;  
So the last, the closing scene,  
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,  
Grant me but this one request,  
Both in life and death to prove  
Tokens of thy special love:

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SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL lands to God in joyful sounds  
Aloft your voices raise,  
Sing forth the honour of his name;  
And glorious make his praise.
- 2 Say unto God, how terrible  
In all thy works art thou ?  
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to thee  
Shall be constrain'd to bow.
- 3 All on the earth shall worship thee,  
They shall thy praise proclaim  
In songs; they shall sing cheerfully  
Unto thy holy name.

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SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself out-brave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns  
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Thou, Jesus, every smile of thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring,  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to thy bless'd abode,  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour, and my God.

213

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HAT as the plants our sons may be  
In youth grown up that are;  
Our daughters like to corner-stones  
Carv'd like a palace fair:
- 2 That to afford all kind of store,  
Our garners may be fill'd;  
That our sheep thousands, in our streets  
Ten thousands they may yield:
- 3 That strong our oxen be for work;  
That no in-breaking be,  
Nor going out; and that our streets  
May from complaints be free.
- 4 Those people blessed are who be  
In such a case as this:  
Yea, blessed all those people are,  
Whose God JEHOVAH is.

214

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HAT in thee may thy people joy,  
Wilt thou not us revive?  
Shew us thy mercy, Lord to us  
Do thy salvation give.
- 2 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak:  
To his folk he'll speak peace,  
And to his saints: but let them not  
Return to foolishness.
- 3 To them that fear him, surely near  
Is his salvation;  
That glory in our land may have  
Her habitation.
- 4 Truth met with mercy, righteousness  
And peace kiss'd mutually.  
Truth springs from earth, and right'ousness  
Looks down from heaven high.
- 5 Yea, what is good the Lord shall give:  
Our land shall yield increase.  
Justice, to set us in his steps  
Shall go before his face.

SIXTEENTH WEEK.

215

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE en'my thrust, that I might fall,  
But my Lord helped me.  
God my salvation is become,  
My strength and song is he.
- 2 In dwellings of the righteous  
Is heard the melody  
Of joy and health: the Lord's right hand  
Doth ever valiantly.
- 3 The right hand of the mighty Lord  
Exalted is on high;  
The right hand of the mighty Lord  
Doth ever valiantly.
- 4 I shall not die, but live, and shall  
The works of God discover.  
The Lord hath me chastised sore,  
But not to death giv'n over.

216

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just:  
Protection he affords to all  
Who make his name their trust.
- 3 Who make a trial of his love,  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 While hungry lions lack their prey,  
The Lord will food provide  
For such as put their trust in him,  
And see their need supplied.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
- 3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor;

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name:  
All its hopes my spirit owes  
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angel's sung  
'Glory be to God on high;'  
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue:  
Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become  
That he might the law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room—  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.  
O my SAVIOUR! Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend—  
Ev'ry precious name in One!  
I will love Thee without end.

SIXTEENTH WEEK.

THURSDAY MORNING.

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- 1 **A** SWEET, but solitary beam  
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain stream,  
An emanation from above,  
We hail that beam and call it Love,
- 2 But fainter than the pale star's ray  
Before the noontide blaze of day,  
And lighter than the viewless sand  
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
- 3 Is all of love that man can know,  
All that in angel-breasts can flow,  
Compared, O Lord of Hosts! with thine—  
Eternal, fathomless, divine!
- 4 That Love, where praise with quenchless fire,  
Inflames the blest seraphic choir;  
Where perfect rapture reigns above,  
And Love is all, for Thou art Love!

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THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** GOD, with wonder and with praise,  
On all thy works I look;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given;  
But thy good word informs my soul,  
How I may climb to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;  
Here my best comfort lies;  
Here my desires are satisfied;  
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord make me understand thy law;  
Shew what my faults have been;  
And from the gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

221

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of grace and mercy,  
Listen to our humble cry;  
From thy throne in heavenly glory,  
Turn on us thy gracious eye.
- 2 We are poor, but thou art mighty,  
Help for all on thee is laid,  
Come, thou Jesus! God of mercy!  
Bless us in our time of need,
- 3 Low we bend 'neath sin's dark burden,  
But thy power can make us clean;  
Saviour, hear us! hear and pardon,—  
Wash us from all guilt and sin.
- 4 Purify our souls and spirits,  
Cleanse us in thy precious blood;  
Make us joy and peace inherit,  
Saved and blest by thee our God.

222

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise;  
And to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest  
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.



SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
As they journey sweetly sing:  
Sing their blessed Saviour's praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Soon, for ever safe and blest,  
We in Jesus' home shall rest;  
There our home is now prepar'd,  
There our kingdom and reward.
- 4 Onward then we gladly press  
Through this earthly wilderness;  
Only, Lord, our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and, it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,—  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heav'ns and earth,—  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death:  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW dear to me the Sabbath hour,  
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!  
To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word.
- 2 In secret I have often prayed,  
And still the anxious tear would fall;  
But, on the sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends and dries them all.
- 3 Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,  
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,  
And sets my spirit loose again.
- 4 Let men of pleasure strike the lyre,  
Of broken Sabbath's sing the charms,  
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **D**ELIGHTFUL hour! a world at rest,  
A God all love, no grief no fear,  
A heavenly hope a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsullied by a tear.
- 2 If heaven be ever felt below,  
A time so heavenly sure as this  
May cause a heart on earth to know  
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
- 3 Delightful hour! soon will the night  
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;  
And morrow's quick returning light  
Must call us to the world again.
- 4 Yet will there dawn at last a day—  
A sun that never sets shall rise;  
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray—  
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

SEVENTEENTH WEEK.

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MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW precious also are thy thoughts,  
O gracious God, to me!  
And in their sum how passing great,  
And numberless they be!
- 2 If I should count them, than the sand  
They more in number be:  
What time soever I awake,  
I ever am with thee.
- 3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,  
My thoughts unfold, try me.  
And in thine everlasting way  
To me a leader be.

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MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EING, whose all-pervading might  
The laws of countless worlds disposes;  
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light,  
Their beauty to the blushing roses.
- 2 Thou, Ruler of our destiny,  
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us,  
Hid from our view futurity,  
Unveiling all the past to guide us.
- 3 Though dark may be earth's vale, and damp,  
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,  
And immortality's pure lamp  
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.
- 4 The silent tear, the deep fetched sigh,,  
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,  
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,  
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot.
- 5 Smiles from a conscience purified,  
Are lovelier than the fleeting glory  
Conferred in all a monarch's pride,  
Embalmed in all the light of story.
- 6 This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll,  
And let them roll, our bark is driven  
Safe to its harbour, and our soul  
Awakening, shall be safe in Heaven.

'TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HY name, O Lord, shall still endure,  
And thy memorial  
With honour shall continued be  
To generations all.
- 2 For why? the righteous God will judge  
His people righteously;  
Concerning those that do him serve,  
Himself repent will he.
- 3 Now blessed be the Lord our God  
From Sion's holy hill,  
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem,  
The Lord O praise ye still.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few;  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;  
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 And, O! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last;  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed—for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tears away.

231

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD, thy way most holy is  
     Within thy sanctuary;  
     And what God is so great in power  
     As is our God most high?
- 2 Thou art the God that wonders dost  
     By thy right hand most strong:  
     Thy mighty pow'r thou hast declared  
     The nations among.
- 3 Thy way is in the sea, and in  
     The waters great thy path;  
     Yet are thy footsteps hid, O Lord;  
     None knowledge thereof hath.

232

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,  
     But that thy blood was shed for me,  
     And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—  
         O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and Thou hast seen  
     How vile and wicked I have been;  
     To Thee, for thou can'st make me clean—  
         O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about  
     With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
     With fears within and foes without—  
         O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
     In Thee, the riches of the mind—  
     Light, health, and gladness, all to find—  
         O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
     And wilt me pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
     Because thy promise I believe—  
         O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love divine  
     Has won this rebel heart of mine;  
     Now, to be thine, for ever thine—  
         O Lamb of God, I come!

233

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;  
Not seldom, evening, in the west,  
Sinks smilingly foresworn,
- 2 The smoothest seas will sometimes prove  
To the confiding bark untrue;  
And if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treach'rous too.
- 3 But Thou art true, incarnate Lord!  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify.
- 4 I bend before thy gracious throne,  
And ask for peace with suppliant knee;  
Thy peace is given, nor peace alone,  
But faith and hope and ecstasy.

234

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul. O Lord my God,  
Thou art exceeding great.  
With honour and with majesty  
Thou clothed art in state.
- 2 With light, as with a robe, thyself  
Thou coverest about;  
And, like unto a curtain, thou  
The heavens stretchest out.
- 3 God from his chambers watereth  
The hills when they are dry'd:  
With fruit and increase of thy works  
The earth is satisfy'd.
- 4 For cattle he makes grass to grow,  
He makes the herbs to spring  
For th' use of man, that food to him  
He from the earth may bring.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And enter'd life at first ;  
Naked we to the earth return,  
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own  
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;  
The blessings lent us for a day  
Are soon to be restor'd.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave:  
He gives; and, when he takes away,  
He takes but what he gave,
- 4 Then, ever blessed be his name!  
His goodness swell'd our store;  
His justice but resumes its own;  
'Tis ours still to adore.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y hands to thee I stretch; my soul  
Thirsts as dry land, for thee.  
Haste, Lord, to hear, my spirit fails  
Hide not thy face from me.
- 2 Lest like to them I do become  
That go down to the dust.  
At morn let me thy kindness hear,  
For in thee do I trust.
- 3 Teach me the way that I should walk;  
I lift my soul to thee.  
Lord free me from my foes; I flee  
To thee to cover me.
- 4 Because thou art my God, to do  
Thy will do me instruct:  
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land  
Of uprightness conduct.
- 5 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,  
Ev'n for thine own name's sake;  
And do thou, for thy righteousness,  
My soul from trouble take.

237

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is each one that fears the Lord,  
And walketh in his ways;  
For of his labour he shall eat,  
And happy be always.
- 2 Behold, the man that fears the Lord,  
Aye blessed shall he be :  
The Lord shall out of Sion give  
His blessing constantly.

238

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LET my earnest pray'r and cry  
come near before thee, Lord :  
Give understanding unto me,  
According to thy word.
- 2 Let my request before thee come;  
After thy word me free ;  
My lips shall utter praise, when thou  
Hast taught thy laws to me.
- 3 My tongue of thy most blessed word  
Shall speak and it confess;  
Because all thy commandments are  
Most perfect righteousness.
- 4 Let thy strong hand make help to me :  
Thy precepts are my choice:  
I long'd for thy salvation, Lord,  
And in thy law rejoice.
- 5 O let my soul live, and it shall  
Give praises unto thee;  
And let thy judgments gracious  
Be helpful unto me.
- 6 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;  
Thy servant seek, and find :  
For thy commands I suffer'd not  
To slip out of my mind.



EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

239

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **U**PON the hills of holiness  
He his foundation sets,  
God, more than Jacob's dwellings all,  
Delights in Sion's gates.
- 2 And it of Sion shall be said,  
This man and that man there  
Was born; and he that is most High  
Himself shall stablish her.
- 3 When God the people writes, he'll count  
That this man born was there:  
There be that sing and play; and all  
My well-springs in thee are.

240

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a happy land  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.  
O, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King;  
Loud let his praises ring—  
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand,—  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free!  
Lord, we shall live with thee!  
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye,  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On then to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye.

241

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Spirit leads  
In paths before unknown ;  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,  
We still pursue our way ;  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,—  
His be the glory too !

242

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **U**NFEIGNEDLY thee have I sought  
With all my soul and heart :  
O let me not from the right path  
Of thy commands depart.
- 2 Thy word I in my heart have hid,  
That I offend not thee.  
O Lord, thou ever blessed art,  
Thy statutes teach thou me.
- 3 The judgments of thy mouth each one  
My lips declared have :  
More joy thy testimonies' ways  
Than riches all me gave.
- 4 I will thy holy precepts make  
My meditation ;  
And carefully I'll have respect  
Unto thy ways each one.
- 5 Upon thy statutes my delight  
Shall constantly be set :  
And, by thy grace, I never will  
Thy holy word forget.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord been on our side,  
    May Israel now say;  
Had not the Lord been on our side,  
    When men rose us to slay,
- 2 Then had the waters, swelling high,  
    Over our soul, made way;  
Bless'd be the Lord who to their teeth  
    Us gave not for a prey.
- 3 Our souls escaped, as a bird  
    Out of the fowler's snare;  
The snare asunder broken is,  
    And we escaped are.
- 4 Our sure and all-sufficient help  
    Is in Jehovah's name;  
His name who did the heav'ns create,  
    And who the earth did frame.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY statutes, Lord, are wonderful,  
    My soul them keeps with care;  
The entrance of thy words gives light,  
    Makes wise who simple are.
- 2 Look on me, Lord, and merciful  
    Do thou unto me prove,  
As thou art wont to do to those  
    Thy name who truly love.
- 3 O let my footsteps in thy word  
    Aright still order'd be:  
Let no iniquity obtain  
    Dominion over me.
- 4 From man's oppression save thou me;  
    So keep thy laws I will;  
Thy face make on thy servant shine,  
    Teach me thy statutes still.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

245

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry earthly treasure,  
Our wishes upward tend,  
From every earthly pleasure,  
To joys that never end.
- 2 On wings of faith ascending,  
We view the land of light,  
And see our sorrows ending  
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers  
And pilgrims here below,  
And countless snares and dangers  
Surround the path we go.
- 4 Though painful and distressing,  
Yet there's a rest above;  
And onward still we're pressing,  
To reach that land of love.

246

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, God ! thy gracious power  
On every hand we see ;  
O, may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,  
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
The hand of God we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive,  
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend ;  
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,  
Our Father and our Friend.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

THURSDAY MORNING

247

- 1 **L**ORD, from the depths to thee I cry'd.  
My voice, Lord, do thou hear :  
Unto my supplication's voice  
Give an attentive ear.
- 2 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O, Lord,  
Should'st mark iniquity ?  
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,  
That fear'd thou mayest be.
- 3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,  
My hope is in his word,  
More than they that for morning watch,  
My soul waits for the Lord,
- 4 I say, more than they that do watch  
The morning light to see.  
Let Israel hope in the Lord,  
For with him mercies be ;
- 5 And plentious redemption  
Is ever found with him ;  
And from all his iniquities  
He Iſr'el shall redeem.

248

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord. The man is bless'd  
That fears the Lord aright,  
He who in his commandments all  
Doth greatly take delight.
- 2 A good man doth his favour shew,  
And doth to others lend :  
He with discretion his affairs  
Will guide unto the end.
- 3 Surely there is not any thing  
That ever shall him move :  
The righteous man's memorial  
Shall everlasting prove.
- 4 When he shall evil tidings hear,  
He shall not be afraid ;  
His heart is fix'd, his confidence  
Upon the Lord is stay'd.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

FRIDAY MORNING,

249

- 1 **W**ITH me thy servant in thy grace,  
Deal bountifully, Lord,  
That by thy favour I may live,  
And duly keep thy word.
- 2 Open mine eyes, that of thy law  
The wonders I may see;  
I am a stranger on this earth,  
Hide not thy laws from me.
- 3 My soul within me breaks, and doth  
Much fainting still endure,  
Through longing that it hath all times  
Unto thy judgments pure.
- 4 Thou hast rebuk'd the cursed proud,  
Who from thy precepts swerve:  
Reproach and shame remove from me,  
For I thy laws observe.
- 5 My comfort, and my heart's delight,  
Thy testimonies be;  
And they, in all my doubts and fears,  
Are councillors to me.

250

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE God. From heaven praise the Lord,  
In heights praise to him be.  
All ye his angels, praise ye him;  
His hosts all, praise him ye.
- 2 Let all the creatures praise the name  
Of our almighty Lord:  
For he commanded, and they were  
Created by his word.
- 3 Let them God's name praise; for his name  
Alone is excellent:  
His glory reacheth far above  
The earth and firmament.
- 4 His people's power the praise of all  
His saint's, exalteth he;  
Even Isr'el's seed, a people near  
To him. The Lord praise ye.

251

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**E this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 2 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live,  
And reign with Thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

SATURDAY EVENING.

252

- 1 **T**HY word for ever is, O Lord,  
In heaven settled fast;  
Unto all generations,  
Thy faithfulness doth last.
  - 2 The earth thou hast established,  
And it abides by thee,  
This day they stand as thou ordain'dst;  
For all thy servants be.
  - 3 Unless in thy most perfect law  
My soul delights had found,  
I should have perished, when as  
My troubles did abound.
  - 4 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;  
They quick'ning to me brought.  
Lord, I am thine; O save thou me:  
Thy precepts I have sought.
- An end of all perfection  
Here have I seen, O God:  
But as for thy commandment,  
It is exceeding broad.

253

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E know that our Redeemer lives;  
What joy the sweet assurance gives!  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead  
He lives, our everlasting head!
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,  
He lives eternally to save,  
He lives all glorious, in the sky,  
He lives and fills the throne on high.
- 3 He lives to bless us with his love,  
He lives to plead for us above;  
He lives our hungry souls to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant us rich supply,  
He lives to guide us with his eye;  
He lives to comfort us when faint,  
He lives to hear our soul's complaint.

254

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E lives to silence all our fears,  
He lives to stop and wipe our tears;  
He lives to calm our troubled heart,  
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 2 He lives our kind and faithful friend,  
He lives, and loves us to the end;  
He lives, and, while he lives we'll sing,  
He lives our prophet, priest, and king.
- 3 He lives and grants us daily breath,  
He lives, and we shall conquer death;  
He lives, our mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring us safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name!  
He lives, our Saviour, still the same;  
O the rich joy this sentence gives,  
I know that our Redeemer lives!



NINETEENTH WEEK.

MONDAY MORNING.

255

- 1 **G**OD of mercy, throned on high,  
Listen from thy lofty seat;  
Hear, O hear! our feeble cry,  
Guide, oh, guide our wandering feet.
- 2 When perplexed in danger's snare,  
Thou alone our guide canst be;  
When oppressed with woe and care,  
Whom have we to trust but thee?
- 3 Let us ever hear thy voice,  
Ask thy counsels every day;  
Saints and angels will rejoice  
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on every soul;  
Hope, till time shall be no more,  
Love while endless ages roll.

256

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD! another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And will thou bend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours?  
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,  
As we before thee pray;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease;  
And shed abroad on every heart  
Thine everlasting peace.
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,  
A flock by Jesus led,  
The Sun of Holiness shall shine  
In glory on our head.

257

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE storm is chang'd into a calm  
At his command and will;  
So that the waves, which rag'd before,  
Now quiet are and still,
- 2 Then are they glad, because at rest  
And quiet now they be;  
So to the haven he them brings,  
Which they desir'd to see.
- 3 O that men to the Lord would give  
Praise for his goodness then,  
And for his works of wonder done  
Unto the sons of men!
- 4 Among the people gathered  
Let them exalt his name;  
Among assembled elders spread  
His most renowned fame.

258

TUESDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART

- 1 **T**HE Lord on princes pours contempt,  
And causeth them to stray,  
And wander in a wilderness,  
Wherein there is no way.
- 2 Yet setteth he the poor on high  
From all his miseries,  
And he, much like unto a flock,  
Doth make him families.
- 3 They that are righteous shall rejoice,  
When they the same shall see;  
And, as ashamed, stop her mouth  
Shall all iniquity.
- 4 Whoso is wise, and will these things  
Observe, and them record,  
Ev'n they shall understand the love  
And kindness of the Lord.

259

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD our souls for death prepare,  
To us that wisdom give,  
To spend each day as though it were  
The last we had to live.
- 2 We would familiarize the theme,  
And daily learn to die;  
Let earth be mean in our esteem,  
And heaven be in our eye.
- 3 We would be active in the path  
Of duty still below;  
While steadfast hope, and living faith  
Support and bear us through.
- 4 May we in ready posture stand,  
To leave the world in peace,  
When death with a deliverer's hand  
Our souls at last release.

260

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts always,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
Forgetful of the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay;  
They fade upon the sight,  
And quietly will their brightest day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 O could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 4 Those joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever blooming prospects rise,  
Unconscious of decay.

261

THURSDAY MORNING. 7

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; with my whole heart  
I will God's praise declare,  
Where the assemblies of the just  
And congregations are.
- 2 The whole works of the Lord our God  
Are great above all measure;  
Sought out they are of every one  
That doth therein take pleasure,
- 3 His work most honourable is,  
Most glorious and pure;  
And his untainted right'ousness  
For ever doth endure.
- 4 His works most wonderful he hath  
Made to be thought upon:  
The Lord is gracious, and he is  
Full of compassion.
- 5 He giveth meat unto all those  
That truly do him fear;  
And evermore his covenant  
He in his mind will bear.

262

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y heart is fix'd, Lord; I will sing,  
And with my glory praise.  
Awake up psaltery and harp;  
Myself I'll early raise.
- 2 I'll praise thee 'mongst the people, Lord;  
'Mong nations sing will I;  
For above heav'n thy mercy's great,  
Thy truth doth reach the sky.
- 3 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,  
Exalted gloriously;  
Thy glory all the earth above  
Be lifted up on high.
- 4 That those who thy beloved are  
Deliver'd all may be,  
O do thou save with thy right hand,  
And answer give to me.

FRIDAY MORNING.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord; unto him sing  
A new song, and his praise,  
In the assembly of his saints  
In sweet psalms do ye raise.

- 2 Let Isra'l in his maker joy,  
And to him praises sing:  
Let all that Zion's children are  
Be joyful in their King.  
For God doth pleasure take in those  
That his own people be,  
And he with his salvation  
The meek will beautify.
- 4 And in his glory excellent  
Let all his saints rejoice:  
Let them to him upon their beds  
Aloud lift up their voice.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**EACH me, O Lord, the perfect way  
Of thy precepts divine,  
And to observe it to the end  
I shall my heart incline.
- 2 Give understanding unto me,  
So keep thy law shall I;  
Yea ev'n with my whole heart I shall  
Observe it carefully.
- 3 In thy law's path make me to go,  
For I delight therein,  
My heart unto thy testimonies, .  
And not to greed incline.
- 4 Turn thou away my mind and eyes  
From viewing vanity;  
And in thy good and holy way  
Be pleas'd to quicken me.
- 5 Confirm to me thy gracious word,  
Which I did gladly hear,  
Ev'n to thy servant, Lord, who is  
Devoted to thy fear.

NINETEENTH WEEK.

265

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HILE all the angel-throng  
Give thanks to God on high;  
Let earth repeat the joyful song,  
And echo to the sky.
- 2 Father! in whom we live,  
In whom we are, and move,  
The glory, power, and praise receive  
Of thine eternal love.
- 3 Jesus, our only plea,  
Let all the ransom'd race  
Render in thanks their lives to thee  
For thy redeeming grace.

266

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; for it is good  
Praise to our God to sing!  
For it is pleasant, and to praise  
It is a comely thing.
- 2 God doth build up Jerusalem;  
And he it is alone  
That the dispers'd of Israel  
Doth gather into one.
- 3 Those that are broken in their hearts,  
And grieved in their minds,  
He healeth, and their painful wounds  
He tenderly upbinds.
- 4 He counts the number of the stars:  
He names them ev'ry one.  
Great is our Lord, and of great pow'r:  
His wisdom search can none.
- 5 The Lord lifts up the meek, and casts  
The wicked to the ground.  
Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks;  
On harp his praises sound;
- 6 Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,  
Who for the earth below  
Prepareth rain, who maketh grass  
Upon the mountains grow.

267

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise;  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Celestial land! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blessful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair!  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no dull, dreary night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sick'ning ray:  
But glory from the sacred throne,  
Spreads everlasting day.

268

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **C**HRIST—of all our hopes the ground,  
Christ—the spring of all our joy,  
Still in thee may we be found,  
Still for thee our powers employ!
- 2 Let thy love our hearts inflame;  
Keep thy fear before our sight;  
Be thy praise our highest aim;  
Be thy smile our chief delight.
- 3 When new triumphs of thy name  
Swell the raptur'd songs above,  
May we feel the kindred flame—  
Full of zeal, and full of love.
- 4 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from thy fulness give;  
Till we close our earthly course,  
May we prove it; "Christ to live."

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** HOW love I thy law! it is  
     My study all the day:  
     It makes me wiser than my foes;  
     For it doth with me stay.
- 2 My feet from each ill way I stay'd,  
     That I may keep thy word.  
     I from thy judgments have not swerv'd;  
     For thou hast taught me, Lord.
- 3 How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,  
     Are all thy words of truth!  
     Yea I do find them sweeter far  
     Than honey to my mouth.
- 4 I through thy precepts, that are pure,  
     Do understanding get,  
     I therefore ev'ry way that's false  
     With all my heart will hate.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** NE there is above all others,  
     Well deserves the name of Friend;  
     His is love beyond a brother's,  
     Costly, free, and knows no end!  
     They who once his kindness prove  
     Find it everlasting love.
- 2 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
     'Friend of sinners' was his name;  
     Now, above all glory raised,  
     He rejoices in the same:  
     Still, he calls them brethren, friends,  
     And to all their wants attends.
- 3 O, for grace our hearts to soften!  
     Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
     We, alas! forget too often  
     What a Friend we have above;  
     But, when home our souls are brought,  
     We will love thee as we ought.



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THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the dangers of the night,  
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,  
Again we hail the cheerful light,  
Again we bow the knee.
- 2 O! may the beams of truth divine,  
With clear convincing light,  
In all our understandings shine,  
And chase our mental night.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,  
And guide us by thine arm;  
For they are safe, and only they,  
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.
- 4 Let all our words, and all our ways,  
Declare that we are thine,  
That so the light of truth and grace  
Before the world may shine.

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THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER, thy will be done!  
To thee I all resign,  
The sole disposer of thine own,  
Dispose of me, and mine.
- 2 Father, I here abide,  
Thy pleasure to fulfil;  
My soul and all its motions guide  
By thy most holy will.
- 3 The counsels of thy love,  
Be on my heart imprest;  
It then shall at thy bidding move,  
And at thy bidding rest.
- 4 Whate'er my God ordain,  
Contented and resigned,  
I wait, I watch, in ease, in pain,  
The tokens of thy mind.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- O**H, help us, Lord! each hour of need  
 Thy heav'nly succour give;  
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh, help us, when our spirits bleed,  
 With contrite anguish sore;  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,  
 More firmly to believe;  
 For still the more the servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh, help us, Father! from on high;  
 We know no help but thee:  
 Oh! help us so to live and die,  
 As thine in heav'n to be.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- I**'LL praise thy name, ev'n for thy truth  
 And kindness of thy love;  
 For thou thy word hast magnify'd  
 All thy great name above.
- 2 Thou didst me answer in the day  
 When I to thee did cry;  
 And thou my fainting soul with strength  
 Didst strengthen inwardly.
- 3 Though God be high, yet he respects  
 All those that lowly be;  
 Whereas the proud and lofty ones  
 Afar off knoweth he.
- 4 Though I in midst of trouble walk,  
 I life from thee shall have:  
 'Gainst my foes' wrath thou'lt stretch thine hand  
 Thy right hand shall me save.
- 5 Surely that which concerneth me  
 The Lord will perfect make:  
 Lord, still thy mercy lasts; do not  
 Thine own hands' works forsake.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**ND shall we then go on to sin,  
That grace may more abound ?  
O God, forbid that such a thought  
Should in our breast be found !
- 2 With Christ the Lord we c'y'd to sin ;  
With him to life we rise,  
To life, which now begun on earth,  
Is perfect in the skies.
- 3 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's away,  
We now are slaves no more ;  
For Christ hath vanquished death and sin,  
Our freedom to restore.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD, thou hast me search'd and known.  
Thou know's't my sitting down,  
And rising up ; yea, all my thoughts  
Afar to thee are known.
- 2 My footsteps, and my lying down  
Thou compasses't always ;  
Thou also most entirely art  
Acquaint with all my ways.
- 3 For in my tongue, before I speak,  
Not any word can be,  
But altogether, lo, O Lord,  
It is well known to thee.
- 4 Behind, before, thou hast beset,  
And laid on me thine hand.  
Such knowledge is too strange for me,  
Too high to understand.
- 5 From thy Sp'rit whether shall I go ?  
Or from thy presence fly ?  
Ascend I heav'n, lo, thou art there ;  
There, if in hell I lie.
- 6 Take I the morning wings, and dwell  
In utmost parts of sea ;  
Ev'n there, Lord, shall thy hand me lead,  
Thy right hand hold shall me.

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SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art;  
Dear desire of ev'ry nation  
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

282

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 PRESERV'D, O gracious God, by thee,  
Our eyes another Sabbath see,  
O may our pray'rs accepted rise  
To thee, the holy, just, and wise!
- 2 This day, thy saints together meet,  
To worship at thy sacred feet;  
For Jesus' sake, accept their pray'r,  
And let them find that God is there.
- 3 In mercy, now to all impart  
The hearing ear, the humble heart;  
With holy fear our souls possess,  
And every careless thought repress.
- 4 May each returning Sabbath prove  
A foretaste of the joys above;  
And may we all when life shall end,  
A bless'd eternal Sabbath spend.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin ;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Gracious Saviour, hear !
- 2 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;  
Though the sins were not thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;  
Gracious Saviour, hear !
- 3 When our eyes grow dim in death ;  
When we heave the parting breath ;  
When our solemn doom is near,  
Gracious Saviour, hear !

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** HOW good the hallow'd union—  
O how sweet the pure communion  
Of the family of God !  
When in peace together dwelling,  
Kindred love each bosom swelling,  
This is pleasure's bless'd abode.
- 2 Rich the sweetness, far transcending  
All the costly spices, blending  
On the head with mitre crown'd ;  
Down the sacred vestments flowing,  
O'er their rich embroid'ry glowing,  
Breathing balmy fragrance round.
- 3 Lovely, as the dews of morning,  
Hermon's sacred mount adorning  
All in fresh and sparkling pride  
Soft on Zion hills distilling,  
Every sense with pleasure filling,  
Spreading joy on every side.
- 4 Zion!—'Tis Jehovah's dwelling:  
There from purest fountains welling,  
Flow the streams of peace and love ;  
Israel's wants and woes redressing,  
There the Lord commands the blessing,  
Everlasting life above.

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TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E would rejoice in thee, O Lord,  
Who mak'st our cause thine own;  
The hope that's built upon thy word,  
Can ne'er be overthrown,
- 2 Weak as we are, we shall not faint,  
Or fainting shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,  
Will aid us from on high.
- 3 Tho' He is unperceiv'd by sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;  
Then what have we to fear?
- 4 As surely as He overcame,  
And triumph'd once for us,  
So surely we, that love his name,  
Shall triumph in His cross.

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TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, Hely Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The gracious love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,  
And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**N the cross 'tis still the same;  
His is still the mighty name;  
O'er His title to the words—  
"King of kings, and Lord of Lords!"
- 2 Past the conflict of His love;  
See! He takes His place above;  
On His vesture shines the words—  
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HO is this that comes from Edom,  
All his raiment stain'd with blood;  
To the slave proclaiming freedom;  
Bringing and bestowing good:  
Glorious in the dress He wears,  
Glorious in the spoils He bears?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Trav'ling onward in his might:  
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious  
To his people is the sight!  
Jesus now is strong to save;  
Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?  
'Tis the blood of many slain;  
Of his foes there's none remaining;  
None, the contest to maintain;  
Fallen now, no more to rise,  
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 This the Saviour has effected,  
By his mighty arm alone;  
See the throne for him erected,  
'Tis an everlasting throne.  
'Tis the great reward he gains,  
Glorious fruit of all his pains.
- 5 Mighty Victor! reign for ever;  
Wear the crown so dearly won;  
Never shall thy people, never  
Cease to sing what thou hast done;  
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;  
Thou hast fought thy people's woes.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**OW the infant Saviour lies!  
He appears in humble guise;  
Yet by faith we read the words—  
“King of kings, and Lord of lords!”
- 2 See! He stands despised, forlorn,  
Object there of wrath and scorn;  
Still to Him belong the words—  
“King of kings, and Lord of lords!”
- 3 He who wears the thorny crown,  
He on whom His foes look down,  
Yet demands of right the words—  
“King of kings, and Lord of lords!”

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice, nor sound,  
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
“The hand that made us is divine.”



FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the amazing gift of love  
The Father hath bestowed  
On us, the sinful sons of men,  
To call us sons of God!
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,  
By this dark world unknown,  
A world that knew not when he came,  
Ev'n God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess;  
But higher we shall rise;  
Though what we shall hereafter be  
Is hid from mortal eyes.
- 4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,  
Shall bear his image bright;  
For all his glory, full disclos'd,  
Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great, and so divine,  
May trials well endure;  
And purge the soul from sense and sin,  
As Christ himself is pure.

FRIDAY EVENING—FIRST PART.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears  
To our admiring eyes!  
The former seas have pass'd away,  
The former earth and skies.
- 2 From heaven the New Jerus'lem comes,  
All worthy of its Lord;  
See all things now at last renew'd,  
And paradise restor'd!
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing:  
Mortals! behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King!
- 4 The God of glory down to men  
Removes his bless'd abode;  
He dwells with men; his people they,  
And he his people's God.

SATURDAY MORNING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**IS gracious hand shall wipe the tears  
From ev'ry weeping eye:  
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.
- 2 Behold, I change all human things!  
Saith he, whose words are true;  
Lo! what was old is passed away,  
And all things are made new!
- 3 I am the First, and I the Last,  
Through endless years the same;  
I AM, is my memorial still,  
And my eternal name.
- 4 Should we but thirst to us this grace  
Shall hidden streams disclose,  
And open full the sacred spring,  
Whence life for ever flows.
- 5 Bless'd is the man that overcomes;  
He'll own him for a son;  
A rich inheritance rewards  
The conquests he hath won.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**N the sad day when guilt appears,  
When broken hearts cause bitter tears,  
The "fountain open'd" full and free,  
Avails for all—avails for me.
- 2 O Lamb of God!—Thou Fountain pure,  
The merits of thy blood endure;  
Thy wounded side full streams supply  
To wash out stains of deepest dye.
- 3 Millions have wash'd their guilt away,  
And walk in white in endless day;  
And millions more their power will prove,  
Being drawn by everlasting love.
- 4 All other streams for me are vain,  
This blood alone makes conscience clean;  
This fits to dwell with spirits just,  
Made perfect in their heav'nly rest.

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SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
To feast his saints to-day,  
And we may sit and see him here,  
And praise his name and pray.
- 3 One day within the place,  
Where Zion's God is seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Amidst the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this;  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

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SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **A**S when the Hebrew prophet rais'd  
The brazen serpent high,  
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd.  
The people ceas'd to die.
- 2 So from the Saviour on the cross  
A healing virtue flows:  
Who looks to him with lively faith  
Is sav'd from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up his Son to death,  
So gen'rous was his love,  
That all the faithful might enjoy  
Eternal life above.
- 4 Not to condemn the sons of men  
The Son of God appear'd,  
No weapons in his hand are seen,  
Nor voice of terror heard.
- 5 He came to raise our fallen state,  
And our lost hopes restore;  
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,  
And bids us fear no more.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to thee I call:  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform.  
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill.  
Control the waves, say, "Peace be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee:  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek:  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And thus begin to sing;  
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?  
And where, O Death! thy sting?
- 2 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,  
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart;  
The law gave sin its strength and force  
To pierce the sinner's heart;
- 3 But God, whose name be ever bless'd!  
Disarms that foe we dread,  
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,  
Through Christ our living head.
- 4 Then stedfast let us still remain,  
Though dangers rise around,  
And in the work prescrib'd by God  
Yet more and more abound;
- 5 Assured that though we labour now,  
We labour not in vain,  
But through the grace of heav'n's great Lord,  
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
 Amidst his Father's throne;  
 Prepare new honours for his name,  
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Lo! elders worship at his feet;  
 The church adores around,  
 With vials full of odours rich,  
 And harps of sweetest sound.
- 3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,  
 These sounds the hymns they raise;  
 God bends his ear to their requests,  
 He loves to hear their praise.
- 4 Who shall the Father's record search,  
 And hidden things reveal?  
 Behold the Son that record takes,  
 And opens ev'ry seal!

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 5 **H**ARK how th' adoring hosts above  
 With songs surround the throne!  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;  
 But all their hearts are one.
- 6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
 To be exalted thus;  
 Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,  
 For he was slain for us.
- 7 To him be pow'r divine ascribed,  
 And endless blessings paid;  
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
 For ever on his head!
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,  
 And set the pris'ners free;  
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with Thee.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 FROM every kindred, every tongue,  
Thou brought'st thy chosen race;  
And distant lands and isles have shar'd  
The riches of thy grace.
- 2 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
Or on the earth below,  
With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores,  
To Thee their homage show.
- 3 To Him who sits upon the throne,  
The God whom we adore,  
And to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be glory evermore.

302

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in thy name agree:  
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid our strifes for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,  
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;  
Each to each, unite, endear;  
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us one in heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
To the world a pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove  
To thy family above,  
On the wings of angels fly,  
Show how true believers die.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IKE the repentant prodigal  
     I've lived estranged from home,  
 But now with deep contrition filled,  
     I'll to my Father come.
- 2 In tears, and with a mourning voice,  
     I'll fall before thy face:  
 Father! I've sinn'd 'gainst heav'n and thee,  
     Nor can deserve thy grace.
- 3 No more, my Father, can I hope  
     To find paternal grace;  
 My utmost wish is to obtain  
     A servant's humble place.
- 4 "Bring forth the fairest robe for him,"  
     The joyful father said;  
 "To him each mark of grace be shown,  
     And ev'ry honour paid."
- 5 Thus joy abounds in paradise  
     Among the hosts of heav'n,  
 Soon as the sinner quits his sins,  
     Repents and is forgiv'n.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**S when the night-wrapp'd thief who lurks  
     To seize the expected prize,  
 Thus steals the hour when Christ shall come,  
     And thunder rend the skies.
- 2 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,  
     The heav'ns shall burst away;  
 The elements shall melt in flame  
     At Nature's final day.
- 3 Since all this frame of things must end,  
     As Heav'n has so decreed,  
 How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,  
     And watch o'er ev'ry deed;
- 4 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,  
     when, Nature's conflict o'er,  
 A new and better world shall rise,  
     Where sin is known no more.

305

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N life's gay morn, when sprightly youth  
With vital ardour glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
Which beauty can disclose;
- 2 Deep on our souls, before their pow'rs  
Are yet by vice enslav'd,  
Be our Creator's glorious name  
And character engrav'd.
- 3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud  
The sunshine of our days;  
And cares, and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all our ways.
- 4 Soon shall our hearts the woes of age  
In mournful groans deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more!

306

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**NCE more the cheerful sun's withdrawn,  
And darkness comes again ;  
How many since the morning dawn  
Have left th' abodes of men !
- 2 We bless the Lord that yet we live  
To close another day;  
Our many trespasses forgive,  
And keep us in thy way.
- 3 When we shall close our eyes in sleep  
Preserve us safe from harm,  
From nightly foes our dwellings keep  
And guard us with thine arm.
- 4 And should we sleep to wake no more,  
Till the last trumpet sound ;  
May we in that decisive hour,  
Among thy friends be found.



SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtain'd the prize;  
And, on the heavenly wings of love,  
To joy celestial rise;
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In heav'n end earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him;  
One church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,—  
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God.  
To his command we bow:  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood.  
And part are crossing now.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving light,  
To cheer our souls arise.
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n;  
But in his righteousness array'd,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways;  
'Tis his th' infected heart to cure  
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks their cursed chain.  
Lord we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God,  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU who didst command the light  
First upon the world to shine ;  
Put the shadows now to flight,  
By the beams of truth divine:  
Let the sinner turn to thee ;  
Let him now thy glory see.
- 2 Darkness reigns till thou art known ;  
Darkness can no longer reign :  
Vain delusive hope is gone,  
When the joyful truth is seen :  
Sweet the hope the gospel gives ;  
Blest the sinner who believes.
- 3 Saviour, all our pray'r fulfill ;  
Let thy people too be blest :  
On their hearts more deeply still  
Let the truth be now imprest :  
Let them go from strength to strength,  
Till they come to heav'n at length.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless the word to all ;  
Quick and pow'rful let it prove:  
O let sinners hear thy call !  
And thy people grow in love.
- 2 What this day's been spoken bless ;  
Follow it with pow'r divine:  
Give thy gospel great success ;  
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,  
Send, O! send thy truth abroad ;  
Let the nations hear thy voice,  
Hear it, and return to God.

311

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**PPRESS'D with guilt, a painful load,  
We come, and spread our woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the pressing load remove.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse our guilt, and heal our woes;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 3 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come;—believing, we rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 4 O Saviour! let thy pow'rful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;  
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast  
And guide us to eternal rest.

312

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave!  
Where, life's vain tumults past,  
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,  
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,  
Their passions rage no more;  
And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd  
From slav'ry's sad abode;  
No more they hear th' oppressor' voice,  
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,  
Partake the same repose;  
And there in peace, the ashes mix  
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of Death,  
Lie sleeping in the tomb;  
Till God in judgment calls them forth,  
To meet their final doom.

313

TUESDAY MORNING. !

- 1 **C**OME and let us praise our King!  
He is worthy to be praised:  
Should his saints refuse to sing,  
How would angels stand amaz'd!  
O! exalt the sinners's friend,  
Let his praises never end.
- 2 There He dwells whom angels sing;  
Once he bore the cross below;  
Jesus, heav'n's eternal King,  
Liv'd on earth a man of woe.  
Now he reigns, and reigns above:  
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
- 3 Hail, immortal king of heaven!  
Endless praise surrounds thy throne;  
Lamb of God, for sinners giv'n,  
"Thou art worthy," thou alone;  
Thee we serve, and thee we sing:  
Jesus, hail, eternal King!

314

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
Upon their works have built;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
Their actions full of guilt.
- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,  
Without one vaunting word;  
And humbled low, confess their guilt  
Before heav'n's righteous Lord.
- 3 No hope can on the law be built  
Of justifying grace;  
The law that shows the sinner's guilt,  
Condemns him to his face.
- 4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**ITH filial boldness I draw nigh,  
A mercy-seat is now thy throne;  
No more thy storms and thunders fly,  
At thy right hand behold thy Son.
- 2 He pleads my cause who once was slain  
And shed for sin his precious blood;  
Through faith thy favour I obtain,  
Made clean in this all-cleansing flood.
- 3 Then rouse, my soul, each passion move;  
Strain ev'ry power thy God to praise,  
To celebrate redeeming love,  
Forbearing and forgiving grace.
- 4 Oh! let my thoughts with pleasure dwell,  
Dwell long on this delightful theme,  
Till my whole heart its power shall feel,  
And my glad tongue its praise proclaim.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell,  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.
- 2 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice  
That thy dominion never ends.
- 3 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom, and by love;  
Worthy to rule, with sov'reign pow'r  
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 4 For ever reign, victorious King!  
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimar praises near thy throne.

317

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **Y**OU now must hear my voice no more ;  
My Father calls me home;  
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,  
Your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heavenly Teacher, sent from God,  
Shall your whole heart inspire;  
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,  
Your hearts with sacred fire.
- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you ;  
My peace to you bequeath ;  
Peace that shall comfort you through life,  
And cheer your souls in death.
- 4 I give not as the world bestows,  
With promise false and vain;  
Nor cares nor fears, shall wound the heart  
In which my words remain.

318

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOUGH trouble springs not from the dust,  
Nor sorrow from the ground;  
Yet ills, on ills, by Heavn's decree,  
In man's estate are found.
- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,  
So man, the child of woe,  
Is doomed to endless cares and toils  
Through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause;  
From him I seek relief;  
To him in confidence of pray'r,  
Unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,  
Unsearchable his ways;  
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,  
The bow'd down to raise.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET Christian faith and hope dispel  
The fears of guilt and woe;  
The Lord Almighty is our friend,  
And who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,  
Gave up for us to die,  
Shall he not all things freely give  
That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,  
Of everlasting love !  
Behold the pledge of peace below,  
And perfect bliss above !
- 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,  
Since God, hath justify'd ?  
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime  
For whom the Saviour died ?

FRIDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour dy'd, but rose again  
Triumphant from the grave;  
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,  
Omnipotent to save.
- 2 Who then can e'er divide us more  
From Jesus and his love,  
Or break the sacred chain that binds  
The earth to heav'n abode ?
- 3 Let troubles rise and terrors frown,  
And days of darkness fall ;  
Through him all dangers we'll defy,  
And more than conquer all.
- 4 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,  
Nor time's destroying sway,  
Can e'er efface us from his heart,  
Or make his love decay.
- 5 Each future period that will bless  
As it has blest the past;  
He lov'd us from the first of time,  
He loves us to the last.

321

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Son of God, who once  
For us his life resign'd,  
Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest,  
And never-dying friend.
- 2 Through life, through death, let us to him  
With constancy adhere ;  
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope  
Shall banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 To human weakness not severe  
Is our High Priest above ;  
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations are,  
For He has felt the same.

322

SATURDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **B**UT though he felt temptation's pow'r,  
Unconquer'd he remain'd  
Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,  
By sin was ever stain'd.
- 2 As in the days of feeble flesh,  
He pour'd forth cries and tears ;  
So, though exalted, still he feels  
What every Christian bears.
- 3 Then let us with a filial heart,  
Come boldly to the throne  
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,  
And all our wants make known :
- 4 That mercy we may here obtain  
For sins and errors past,  
And grace to help in time of need,  
While days of trial last.



323

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **I** JOY'D when to the house of God,  
Go up, they said to me;  
Jerusalem, within thy gates  
Our feet shall standing be.
- 2 Jerus'lem, as a city, is  
Compactly built together:  
Unto that place the tribes go up,  
The tribes of God go thither.
- 3 Pray that Jerusalem may have  
Peace and felicity;  
Let them that love thee and thy peace  
Have still prosperity.
- 4 Therefore I wish that peace may still  
Within thy walls remain,  
And ever may thy palaces  
Prosperity retain.

324

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**O him that loved the sons of men,  
And wash'd us in his blood,  
To royal honours rais'd our head,  
And made us priests to God;
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise, }  
And every heart be love!  
All grateful honours paid on earth,  
And nobler songs above!
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!  
His saints shall bless the day;  
While they that pierced him sadly mourn  
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last; }  
Time centres all in thee;  
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,  
And evermore shall be.

325

MONDAY MORNING:

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, Christians, when our friends  
In Jesus fall asleep ;  
Their better being never ends ;  
Why then dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those  
To whom no hope is giv'n ?  
Death is the messenger of peace,  
And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 3 As Jesus dy'd, and rose again  
Victorious from the dead ;  
So his disciples rise and reign  
With their triumphant Head.

326

MONDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE time draws nigh, when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend,  
And the last trumpets awful voice  
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.
- 2 Then they who live shall changed be,  
And they who sleep shall wake ;  
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,  
And earth's foundations shake.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud  
Shall meet them in the sky,
- 4 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go ;  
And dwell for ever with the Lord  
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 5 A few short years of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death divided friends at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,  
Our daily labour to pursue ;  
Thee only thee, resolv'd to know,  
In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd  
O may we cheerfully fulfil !  
In all our works thy presence find,  
And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may we set at our right hand,  
Whose eyes our inmost substance see:  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all our works to thee.
- 4 Give us to bear the easy yoke,  
And ev'ry moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day ;
- 5 For thee delightfully employ,  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath giv'n;  
And run our course with holy joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heav'n.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS catch the sound,  
Redeemed by Him from hell ;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which they dwell ;  
Transported cry,  
" Jesus who bled  
" Hath left the dead  
" No more to die."
- 2 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'd us with thy blood,  
Wide be thy name ador'd,  
Thou rising, reigning God.  
With thee we rise,  
With thee we reign,  
And honours gain  
Beyond the skies.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **W**HY pour we forth such anxious plaint  
     Despairing of relief,  
 As if the Lord o'erlooked our cause,  
     And did not heed our grief?
- 2 Have we not known, have we not heard,  
     That firm remains on high  
 The everlasting throne of Him  
     Who formed the earth and sky?
- 3 Are we afraid his pow'r shall fail  
     When comes the evil day!  
 And can an all-creating arm  
     Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r  
     The Rock of ages stands;  
 Though Him we cannot see, nor trace  
     The working of his hands.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E gives the conquest to the weak,  
     Supports the fainting heart;  
 And courage in the evil hour  
     His heav'nly aids impart.
- 2 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,  
     And youthful vigour cease;  
 But they who wait upon the Lord,  
     In strength shall still increase.
- 3 They with unweary'd feet shall tread  
     The path of life divine:  
 With growing ardour onward move,  
     With growing brightness shine.  
 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,  
     Their wings are faith and love,  
 Till, past the cloudy regions here,  
     They rise to heaven above.

TWENTYFOURTH WEEK.

331

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil :  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 3 To look by faith within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail  
Unspeakable! divine!
- 4 These are the joys which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind;  
Which make the Spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.

332

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **V**AIN and presumptuous is the trust  
Which in our works we place,  
Salvation from a higher source  
Flows to the human race.
- 2 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin :  
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,  
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 3 His Spirit through the Saviour shed,  
Its sacred fire imparts,  
Refines our dross, and love divine  
Rekindles in our hearts :
- 4 Thence rais'd from death we live anew;  
And justified by grace,  
We hope in glory to appear,  
And see our Father's face.
- 5 Let all who hold this faith and hope  
In holy deeds abound;  
Thus faith approves itself sincere,  
By active virtue crown'd.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN, with wasting sickness worn,  
Sinking to the grave I lie,  
Or by sudden anguish torn,  
Startled nature dreads to die.
- 2 Jesus, my redeeming Lord,  
Bethou then in mercy near;  
Let thy smile of love afford  
Full relief from all my fear.
- 3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound;  
Safely shall I pass the flood,  
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blessed shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll;  
Death's dark stream shall never more  
Part from thee my ravish'd soul.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**OON shall this earthly frame dissolv'd  
In death and ruins lie;  
But better mansions wait the just,  
Prepar'd above the sky.
- 2 A house eternal, built by God,  
Shall lodge the holy mind,  
When once these prison-walls have fall'n  
By which 'tis now confin'd.
- 3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay,  
We groan beneath the load,  
Waiting the hour which sets us free  
And brings us home to God.
- 4 We know that when the soul, unclothed  
Shall from this body fly,  
'Twill animate a purer frame  
With life that cannot die.
- 5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just:  
These hopes their God hath giv'n;  
His Spirit is the earnest now,  
That seals their souls for heav'n.

SATURDAY MORNING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**E walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith grounded on his word :  
But while this body is our home,  
We mourn an absent Lord ;
- 2 What faith rejoices to believe,  
We long and pant to see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord! with thee.
- 3 But still, or here, or going hence,  
To this our labours tend,  
That in his service spent, our life  
May in his favour end.
- 4 For lo! before the Son, as judge,  
Th' assembled world shall stand,  
To take the punishment or prize  
From his unerring hand.
- 5 Impartial retribution then  
Our diff'rent lives await ;  
Our present actions, good or bad,  
Shall fix our future state.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**NCE Thou camest, pure and holy,  
Moved by pity for our race;  
Died'st the just for the unholy,  
Took'st the helpless sinner's place.  
Thou Redeemer!  
Shed upon our souls Thy grace.
- 2 Where the saints and angels bending,  
Bless Thee on Thy throne on high,  
Hear our feeble voices blending  
With their lofty minstrelsy.  
Safely keep us.  
By thine ever-watchful eye.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE our languid souls,  
Shake off each slothful band;  
The wonders of this day  
Our noblest songs demand:  
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays  
We hail in grateful songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,  
The Prince of life arose;  
He burst death's feeble bands,  
And spoil'd our cruel foes:  
And now he reigns with pow'r complete,  
To crush them all beneath his feet.
- 3 "All hail! triumphant Lord,"  
Heav'n with hosannahs rings;  
While earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings,  
"Worthy art thou who once was slain,  
"Through endless years to live and reign,"

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour—what a noble flame  
Was kindled in his breast,  
When, hast'ning to Jerusalem,  
He walk'd before the rest!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,  
His every thought engross;  
He longs to be baptis'd with blood,  
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,  
And woes to us unknown,  
Forth to the task his spirit flew;  
'Twas love that urged him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can;  
Our hearts shall sound abroad  
Salvation to the dying man,  
And to the rising God!
- 5 And while thy matchless suff'rings here  
Engage our wond'ring eyes,  
We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
And hasten to the skies.



MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**RIGHT and blessed Three in One,  
Unity supreme, alone,  
Whilst from us the daylight parts,  
Pour thy light into our hearts.
- 2 Thee when breaks the morning ray—  
Thee when evening shuts the day—  
Thee we call on suppliant knee,  
Offering endless thanks to Thee.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL who the name of Jesus bear,  
His sacred steps pursue ;  
And let that mind which was in him  
Be also found in you.
- 2 Though in the form of God he was,  
His only Son declar'd,  
Nor to be equally ador'd  
As robb'ry did regard.
- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,  
For us his glory vail'd ;  
In human likeness dwelt on earth,  
His majesty conceal'd.
- 4 Nor only as a man appears,  
But stoops a servant low ;  
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross  
In all its shame and woe.
- 5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men  
With honours just hath crown'd,  
And rais'd the name of Jesus far  
Above all names renown'd :
- 6 That at His name, with sacred awe,  
Each humble knee should bow,  
Of hosts immortal in the skies,  
And nations spread below.
- 7 That all the prostrate powers of hell  
Might tremble at his word,  
And every tribe and every tongue,  
Confess that he is Lord.

TWENTYFIFTH WEEK.

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TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW may He, who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and head.  
All our souls in safety keep!
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night!
- 3 Thou Redeemer! Thee we praise,  
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood;  
While our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings unto God.

342

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**BJECT of my first desire,  
Jesus crucified for me,  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee:  
Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below;  
Thee to see, and thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.
- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny;  
Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die:  
Source and giver of repose,  
Singly from thy smile it flows;  
Peace and happiness are thine,  
Mine they are, if thou art mine.
- 3 Whilst I feel thy love to me,  
Ev'ry object teems with joy.  
Here, O! may I walk with thee;  
Then, into thy presence die!  
Let me but thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness,  
Real bliss I then shall prove,  
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

343

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LORY be to Him who gave us,—  
 Freely gave his Son to us!  
 Glory to the Son who came!  
 Honour, blessing, adoration,  
 Ever, from the whole creation,  
 Be to God and to the Lamb!

344

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!  
 whence all their white array?  
 How came they to the blissful seats  
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great  
 Who came to realms of light,  
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd  
 Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand  
 Before the throne on high,  
 And serve the God they love, amidst  
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy.  
 Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:  
 By day, by night, the sacred courts  
 With glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
 Nor suns with scorching ray;  
 God is their sun, whose cheering beams  
 Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne  
 Shall o'er them still preside;  
 Feed them with nourishment divine,  
 And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,  
 Where living streams appear;  
 And God the Lord from ev'ry eye  
 Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

TWENTYFIFTH WEEK.

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THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day;  
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame  
Hear and obey his word:  
Then let us triumph in his name,  
Our Saviour is the Lord.

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THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Sav'our comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long;  
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,  
And ev'ry voice be song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield,
- 4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of vice  
To clear the inward sight;  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,  
The bleeding souls to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heav'n's exalted arches ring  
With thy most honour'd name.

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FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;  
Let my religious hours alone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:  
I wait a visit Lord from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire:  
Come, gracious Saviour, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!  
How sweet the entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above,  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

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FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD my servant! see him rise  
Exalted in my might!  
Him have I chosen, and in him  
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him in rich effusion pour'd,  
My Spirit shall descend;  
My truths and judgments he shall show  
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,  
No threats from him proceed;  
The smoking flax he shall not quench,  
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;  
The weak will not despise;  
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,  
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r  
Shall never know decline,  
Till foreign lands and distant isles  
Receive the law divine.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**OURCE of life, and light, and blessing;  
 Raise our hearts to Thee above;  
 And be with us while expressing  
 Grateful praises to thy love.  
 Hear us, Father!  
 Darkness from our minds remove.
- 2 Thou hast given us souls immortal,  
 Minds to know, and hearts to feel;  
 Open thou to us the portal,  
 And Thy power and grace reveal.  
 Hear us, Mightiest!  
 Treasures of Thine own reveal.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye;  
 My noonday-walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry hour I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant:  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray;  
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to Thee;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey thro',  
Thou art engag'd to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW glorious Sion's courts appear,  
The city of our God!  
His throne he hath establish'd here,  
Here fix'd his lov'd abode.
- 2 Its wall defended by his grace,  
No pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,  
Salvation is its bulwark sure  
Against th' assailing foe.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations, who obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall we taste unmingled joys,  
And dwell in perfect peace,  
All who have known Jehovah's name,  
And trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all our fears;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells  
Eternal as his years.

353

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines,  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies
- 2 But when we view thy grand design  
To save rebellious men,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
Sublimest forms within.
- 3 Here each divine perfection joins;  
And thoughts can never trace,  
Which of the glories brightest shines,  
The justice, or the grace.
- 4 Though language fails, we must proclaim  
Jehovah's wondrous ways;  
And through eternity the same  
Shall be our theme of praise.

354

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd  
Have seen a glorious light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!  
The gath'ring nations come.  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace;  
For evermore ador'd,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His pow'r increasing still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.



355

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** LAS! by nature how deprav'd,  
How prone to ev'ry ill;  
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd  
How obstinate our will!
- 2 Jesus for sinners undertakes,  
And dies that we may live;  
His blood a full atonement makes  
And cries aloud, "Forgive!"
- 3 Yet one thing more must grace provide,  
To bring us home to God,  
Or we shall slight the Lord who died,  
And trample on his blood.
- 4 The Holy Spirit must reveal  
The Saviour's work and worth:  
Then the hard heart begins to feel  
A new and heav'nly birth.
- 5 Thus bought with blood, and born again,  
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace  
Rebels in God's own house obtain  
A son's and daughter's place.

356

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE man who walks with God in truth,  
And ev'ry guile disdains;  
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,  
And scorns its shameful gains;
- 2 Whose soul abhors the impious bribe  
That tempts from truth to stray,  
And from th'entic'ing snares of vice  
Who turns his eyes away:
- 3 His dwelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,  
Shall every stand secure;  
His Father will provide his bread;  
His water shall be sure.
- 4 For him the kingdom of the just  
Afar doth glorious shine;  
And he the King of kings shall see  
In majesty divine.

357

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attend thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

358

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,  
A spectacle of woe!  
See from his agonising wounds  
The blood incessant flow;
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek  
And trembling lips were spread;  
Till light forsook his closing eyes,  
And life his drooping head!
- 3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;  
These sacred accents o'er,  
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,  
And suffered pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies  
For sins, but not his own;  
The great redemption is complete,  
And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past;  
His blood, his pain, and toils,  
Have fully vanquished our foes,  
And crown'd him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,  
And gospel ages run;  
All old things now are past away,  
And a new world begun.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HAT a grand and awful sight!  
Jesus comes with all his saints:  
Nothing eye has seen so bright:  
Nothing equal fancy paints.
- 2 Great the change from what was here;  
They who were despis'd on earth  
Now the Sons of God appear,  
Subjects of a heav'nly birth.
- 3 Rich their portion, high their place,  
Full their cup of blessing is:  
Now they see the Saviour's face;  
All is their's, since they are his.
- 4 Henceforth they shall never be  
Separate from him they love;  
All his glory they shall see;  
All his goodness they shall prove.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps his courts below;  
Praise the holy God of love,  
And all his greatness show.
- 2 Praise him for his noble deeds,  
Praise him for his matchless pow'r;  
Him from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 3 Publish, spread to all around  
The great Immanuel's name;  
Let the trumpet's loudest sound  
Him Lord of hosts proclaim.
- 4 Him in whom they move and live,  
Let ev'ry creature sing;  
Glory to their Maker give,  
And homage to their King.

361

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW to Him that lov'd us, gave us  
 Ev'ry pledge that love could give,—  
 Freely shed his blood to save us,  
 Gave his life that we might live,  
 Be the kingdom  
 And dominion,  
 And the glory evermore.

362

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! we bow to thee,  
 Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;  
 But present still through all thy works,  
 The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name  
 By all beneath the skies ;  
 And may thy kingdom still advance,  
 Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,  
 With hearts resign'd to thee ;  
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,  
 On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own  
 The hand that feeds us still :  
 Give us our bread, and teach to rest  
 Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;  
 O, may they be forgiv'n !  
 As we to others mercy show,  
 We mercy beg from Heav'n.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct ;  
 From evil guard our way ;  
 And in temptation's fatal path  
 Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine ;  
 All glory's due to thee ;  
 Thine from eternity they were,  
 And thine shall ever be.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 When our meetings here are past,  
May we find that death is gain ;  
Lord, receive us all at last,  
Ever with thyself to reign!

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HUS spoke the Saviour of the world,  
And rais'd his eyes to heav'n:  
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,  
Eternal praise be given.
- 2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart  
Hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;  
Which from the self-conceited mind  
Thy wisdom hath conceal'd.
- 3 Ev'n so! thou, Father, hast ordained  
Thy high decree to stand;  
Nor men nor angels may presume  
The reason to demand.
- 4 Thou only know'st the Son: from Thee  
My kingdom I receive;  
And none the Father know but they  
Who in the Son believe.
- 5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,  
With guilt and fears oppress;  
Resign to me the willing heart,  
And I will give you rest.
- 6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me  
The meek and lowly mind;  
And thus your weary troubled souls  
Repose and peace shall find.
- 7 For light and gentle is my yoke;  
The burden I impose  
Shall ease the heart, which groan'd before  
Beneath a load of woes.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **B**E Thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell!
- 2 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the farthest sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When worlds dissolve, and creatures die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell!

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **L**O! former scenes, predicted once,  
Conspicuous rise to view;  
And future scenes, predicted now,  
Shall be accomplish'd too.
- 2 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!  
Let earth his praise resound,  
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,  
And fill the isles around!
- 3 O city of the Lord! begin  
The universal song;  
And let the scatter'd villages  
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar  
Lift up its lonely voice;  
And let the tenants of the rock  
With accents rude rejoice;
- 5 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands  
The islands sound his praise;  
And all combin'd, with one accord,  
JEHOVAH'S glories raise.

367

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as large as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

368

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**T the time by God appointed,  
Seen by holy men of old,  
Down from heav'n the Lord's Anointed  
Came to seek his scatter'd fold.  
Grace amazing !  
Grace, whose praise can ne'er be told !
- 2 View him cradled in the manger,  
Chas'd by en'mies from his birth ;  
Hated as an outcast stranger,  
Crucified, and laid in earth:  
Ev'n while dying,  
Object of unhallow'd mirth !
- 3 View him through the air ascending,  
Born on clouds beyond the sky !  
Hosts of angels round attending,  
Hymning as they mount on high !  
To receive him  
Heav'n's wide portals open fly.
- 4 Honour now to shame succeeding,  
O'er the universe he reigns ;  
Still the friend of sinners, pleading  
For the purchase of his pains;  
Thron'd in glory.  
All his mercy he retains.

369

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HUS speaks the high and lofty One  
     Ye tribes of earth, give ear;  
 The words of your Almighty King  
     With sacred rev'rence hear:
- 2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n  
     My throne is fix'd on high;  
 And through eternity I hear  
     The praises of thy sky:
- 3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft  
     The humble hallow'd cell;  
 And with the penitent who mourn  
     'Tis my delight to dwell;
- 4 The downcast spirit to revive,  
     The sad in soul to cheer;  
 And from the bed of dust the man  
     Of heart contrite to rear.
- 5 With me dwells no relentless wrath  
     Against the human race;  
 The souls which I have form'd shall find  
     A refuge in my grace.

370

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,  
     The evening shades appear—  
 Oh may we all remember well  
     The night of death draws near!
- 2 We lay our garments by  
     Upon our beds we rest,  
 So death will soon disrobe us all  
     Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
     Secure from all our fears;  
 May angels guard us while we sleep  
     Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when our days are past;  
     And we from time remove,  
 Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,  
     The bosom of Thy love.



371

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **H**OW few receive with cordial faith  
The tidings prophets bring?  
How few have seen the arm reveal'd  
Of heav'n's eternal King?
- 2 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp  
Bespeaks his presence nigh;  
No earthly beauty shines in him  
To draw the carnal eye.
- 3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r  
Amidst the desert grows,  
So slighted by a rebel race  
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd of men,  
Behold a man of woe!  
Grief was his close companion still  
Through all his life below.
- 5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,  
Ours were the woes he bore:  
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul  
With bitter anguish tore.

372

WEDNESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**E held him as condemn'd by heav'n,  
An outcast from his God,  
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,  
Beneath his Father's rod.
- 2 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls  
From sin's polluted stain;  
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death  
Reviv'd our souls again.
- 3 We all, like sheep, had gone astray  
In ruin's fatal road;  
On him were our transgressions laid;  
He bore the mighty load.
- 4 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly He  
In patient silence stood!  
Mute, as the peaceful, harmless lamb,  
When brought to shed its blood.

373

THURSDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **F**OR saith the Lord, my pleasure then  
     Shall prosper in his hand;  
     His shall a num'rous offspring be,  
     And still his honours stand.
- 2 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold  
     The purchase of his pain;  
     And all the guilty whom he sav'd  
     Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 3 He with the great shall share the spoil  
     And baffle all his foes;  
     Though ranked with sinners, here He fell,  
     A conqueror he rose.
- 4 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,  
     That sin might be forgiv'n:  
     He lives to bless them and defend,  
     And plead their cause in heav'n.

374

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A** MIDST the mighty, where is He  
     Who saith, and it is done?  
     Each varying scene of changeful life  
     Is from the Lord alone.
- 2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,  
     Or clouds in sorrow's shroud;  
     His hand hath form'd the light, his hand  
     Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.
- 3 Why should a living man complain  
     Beneath the chast'ning rod?  
     Our sins afflict us; and the cross  
     Must bring us back to God.
- 4 O let us then with anxious care  
     Our hearts and ways explore;  
     Return from paths of vice to God:  
     Return, and sin no more.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**EW are the days and full of woe,  
Of all of woman born!  
Their doom is written, "Dust they are,  
And shall to dust return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of our state  
In flow'rs that bloom and die;  
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,  
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Guilty and frail, how shall we stand  
Before our sov'reign Lord?  
Can troubled and polluted springs  
A hallowed stream afford?
- 4 Determin'd are the days that fly  
Successive o'er our head;  
The number'd hour is on the wing  
That lays us with the dead.

FRIDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **O**H! God afflict not in Thy wrath  
The short allotted span,  
That bounds the few and weary days  
Of pilgrimage to man.
- 2 All nature dies and lives again:  
The flow'rs that paint the field,  
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,  
And boughs and blossoms yield.
- 3 But man forsakes this earthly scene,  
Ah! never to return:  
Shall any following spring revive  
The ashes of the urn?
- 4 The mighty flood that rolls along  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again:
- 5 So days, and years, and ages past,  
Descending down to night,  
Can henceforth never more return  
Back to the gates of light.

377

SATURDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **A**ND man when laid in lonesome grave,  
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom  
Until th' eternal morning wake  
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 2 O may the grave become to me  
The bed of peaceful rest,  
When I shall gladly rise at length,  
And mingle with the blest!
- 3 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind  
I'll wait heav'n's high decree,  
Until th' appointed period come  
When death shall set me free.

378

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken:  
O his people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes He builds for you;  
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex our ways;  
We shall name our walls Salvation,  
And our gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow;  
For the Lord, our faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow:  
Still, in undisturb'd possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign,  
Never shall we feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 We no more our suns descending,  
Waning moons no more be dim;  
But our grief for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in Him:  
God shall rise, and, shining o'er us,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord, shall be all glorious,  
God our everlasting light.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU, Redeemer, thou my Lord!  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in Thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such defence to Thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervour of Thy pray'r;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and Thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His Majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine  
He taught our hearts to rise;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
Unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept  
Till the salvation come:  
We walk by faith as strangers here;  
But Christ shall call us home.

381

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,  
Through distant lands his triumphs spread  
And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,  
Own him their Saviour, and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters, from afar,  
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;  
Those who were dead in sin before,  
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,  
And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue!  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories show.

382

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE nature's universal frame  
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,  
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,  
An awful cloud conceals.
- 2 From where the rising day ascends,  
To where it sets in night,  
He compasses the floods with bounds,  
And checks their threat'ning might.
- 3 The pillars that support the sky  
Tremble at his rebuke;  
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,  
As though its centre shook.
- 4 He brings the waters from their beds,  
Although no tempest blows,  
And smites the kingdom of the proud  
Without the hand of foes.
- 5 With bright inhabitants above  
He fills the heav'nly land,  
And all the crooked serpent's breed  
Dismay'd before Him stand.
- 6 Few of his works can we survey;  
These few our skill transcend:  
But the full thunder of his pow'r  
What heart can comprehend?

383

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **B**EHOLD what witnesses unseen  
 Encompass us around;  
 Men, once like us, with suff'ring try'd,  
 But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,  
 Begin the Christian race,  
 And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,  
 Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold, a witness nobler still,  
 Who trod affliction's path,  
 Jesus, at once the Finisher  
 And Author of our faith.
- 4 He for the joy before him set,  
 So gen'rous was his love,  
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,  
 And now he reigns above.

384

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **I**F He the scorn of wicked men  
 With patience did sustain,  
 Becomes it those for whom he dy'd  
 To murmur or complain!
- 2 His children still most dear to Him,  
 Their heav'nly Father trains,  
 Through all the hard experience led  
 Of sorrows and of pains.
- 3 We know He owns us for His sons,  
 When we correction share;  
 Nor wander as a bastard race,  
 Without our Father's care.
- 4 A Father's voice with rev'rence we  
 On earth have often heard;  
 The Father of our spirits now  
 Demands the same regard.

385

WEDNESDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **P**ARENTS my err; but He is wise,  
Nor lifts the rod in vain;  
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul  
By salutary pain.
- 2 Affliction, when it spreads around,  
May seem a field of woe;  
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits  
Of righteousness shall grow.
- 3 Then let our hearts no more despond,  
Our hands be weak no more;  
Still let us trust our Father's love,  
His wisdom still adore.

386

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind guardian of my days,  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought  
From thy exhaustless store;  
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
And ev'ry weakness dies,  
Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
And raise me to the skies.
- 5 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite  
In more exalted lays,  
And join the happy sons of light  
In everlasting praise.



TWENTYEIGHTH WEEK.

THURSDAY MORNING.

387

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before Thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend!  
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand  
Thy dreadful pow'r display:  
Yet mercy spares the guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!  
By Thy resistless grace:  
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,  
And humbly seek Thy face.

388

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD He comes! our leader comes,  
With might and honour crown'd;  
A witness who shall spread His name  
To earth's remotest bound.
- 2 See! nations hasten to His call  
From ev'ry distant shore;  
Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to Him,  
And Isr'els God adore.
- 3 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear  
Is open to your call;  
While offer'd mercy still is near,  
Before His footstool fall.
- 4 Let sinners quit their evil ways,  
Their evil thoughts forego,  
And God, when they to him return,  
Returning grace will show.
- 5 He pardons with o'erflowing love;  
For, hear the voice divine!  
My nature is not like to yours,  
Nor like your ways are mine.
- 6 But far as heav'ns resplendent orbs  
Beyond earth's spot extend,  
As far my thoughts, as far my ways  
Your ways and thoughts transcend.

389

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**ND as the rains from heav'n distil,  
Nor thither mount again,  
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,  
And all its tribes sustain:
- 2 So not a word that flows from Me  
Shall ineffectual fall;  
But universal nature prove  
Obedient to My call.
- 3 With joy and peace shall then be led  
The glad converted lands;  
The lofty mountains then shall sing,  
The forests clap their hands.
- 4 Where briers grew 'midst barren wilds,  
Shall firs and myrtles spring;  
And nature, through its utmost bounds,  
Eternal praises sing.

390

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**O! ye that thirst approach the spring  
Where living waters flow:  
Free to that sacred fountain all  
Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight  
Will ye in crowds repair?  
How long your strength and substance waste  
On trifles, light as air?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies  
That health and pleasure give;  
Incline your ear, and come to me;  
The soul that hears shall live.
- 4 With you a cov'nant I will make,  
That ever shall endure;  
The hope which gladden'd David's heart  
My mercy hath made sure.

391

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the Son  
Of David and of God,  
Who brought the news of pardon down,  
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,  
Be endless blessings given;  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

392

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER thee! remember Christ!  
While mem'ry holds her place,  
Can we forget the Lord of Life  
Who saves us by His grace?
- 2 The Lord of Life, with glory crown'd  
On Heaven's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those, for whom on earth,  
He heav'd His dying groan.
- 3 The promis'd joy He then obtain'd  
When He ascended hence,  
Up from the grave to God's right hand,  
A Saviour and a Prince!
- 4 His glory now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell;  
Yet still the chief of all his joys,  
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 5 For this He came and dwelt on earth;  
For this His life was giv'n  
For this He fought and vanquished death;  
For this He pleads in heav'n.
- 6 Join all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give;  
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,  
Who died that you might live!

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home!  
     Name ever dear to me!  
     When shall my labours have an end,  
     In joy, and peace, in thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,  
     Shall I thy courts ascend,  
     Where congregations ne'er break up,  
     And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
     Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
     Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
     I onward press to you.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
     Around my Saviour stand;  
     And soon shall all my friends below  
     Join with the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
     My soul still pants for thee!  
     Then shall my labours have an end,  
     When I thy joys shall see.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, like a Shepherd, lead us;  
     Still we need Thy tender care;  
     In Thy pleasant pastures feed us  
     For our use Thy folds prepare,  
     Blessed Jesus!  
     Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 Thou hast promis'd to receive us,  
     Poor and sinful though we be;  
     Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
     Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
     Blessed Jesus!  
     Let us early turn to Thee.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE evils that beset our path  
Who can prevent or cure?  
We stand upon the brink of death  
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn;  
Some change may plunge us in distress.  
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds, from which we look for fruit  
Produce us only pain;  
A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 We pity those who seek no more  
Than such a world can give;  
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,  
And dying while they live.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, Thy piercing eye  
Sees thro' the darkest night;  
In deep retirement Thou art nigh;  
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey  
My duteous homage paid,  
With every morning's dawning ray,  
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O let Thy own celestial fires  
The incense still inflame;  
While my warm praise to Thee aspires,  
'Thro' my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of Thy love  
My soul in secret bless;  
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above  
Thy suppliant to confess.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
Till a new object met my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me  
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sin His blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail Him there
- 5 Another look He gave, which said,  
" I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
I die that thou mayst live."
- 6 This while His death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue  
(Such is the mystery of grace),  
It seals my pardon too.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HRO' the day thy love hath spar'd us;  
Wearied we lie down to rest;  
Thro' the silent watches guard us;  
Let no foe our peace molest;  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's sad day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HILE humble shepherds watch'd their  
In Bethlehem's plains by night, [flocks  
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,  
And fill'd the plains with light.
- 2 Fear not he said, (forsudden dread  
Had seiz'd their troubl'd mind):  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign;
- 4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spoke the seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God; and thus  
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will is shown by heav'n to men,  
And never more shall cease.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires;  
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,  
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art Thou not still my living Lord?  
And can my hope, my comfort die,  
Fix'd on Thy everlasting word,  
That word which built the earth and sky.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;  
Immoveable the promise stands:  
Nor all the pow'rs of earth and hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

401

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE wonders of that love  
No human tongue can tell,  
Which brought our Saviour from above  
To ransom us from hell.
- 2 For us He wept and bled,  
And suffer'd all His pain;  
For us was number'd with the dead,  
And rose to life again.
- 3 And still for us He prays,  
And makes our souls His care;  
He loves to hear our feeble praise,  
And listens to our prayer.
- 4 Lord Jesus! grant that we  
May know Thy saving grace;  
On earth Thy humble followers be,  
In heav'n behold Thy face.

402

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**HRIST whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ the true and only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night:  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams we see,  
Lord, thine inward light impart,  
Cheering each benighted heart.
- 3 Visit ev'ry soul of thine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,  
Fill with radiancy divine,  
Scatter all our unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.



403

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,  
God, whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,  
Man, the well-belov'd of Heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King!  
Thee we now presume to sing;  
Glad Thine attributes confess,  
Gracious works, and numberless.
- 3 Hail! by all Thy works adored;  
Hail! Thou everlasting Lord!  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,  
Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own—  
Christ, the Father's only Son;  
Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending men,

404

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears; our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

405

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
Be the Redeemer's throne;  
And be my stubborn will subdued  
His government to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be join'd with godly fear ;  
And all our conversation prove  
Our hearts to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve us from the snares of sin  
Through our remaining days ;  
And in us let each virtue shine  
To our Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope our souls inspire ;  
Let warm affections rise ;  
And may we wait with strong desire,  
For bliss above the skies.

406

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL we who pass by  
To Jesus draw nigh:  
To us is it nothing that Jesus should die ?  
Our ransom and peace,  
Our Surety He is:  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his,
- 2 The Lord, in the day  
Of his anger did lay  
Our sins on the Lamb ; and He bore them away.  
Our ransom, &c., &c.
- 3 With joy we embrace  
The wonderful grace  
Of Him who hath suffer'd and died in our place !  
Our ransom, &c., &c.
- 4 When time is no more,  
We still shall adore  
That ocean of love without bottom or shore,  
Our ransom, &c., &c.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse  
Who have never heard His name.
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case:  
Thou, who art Thy people's Sun,  
Shine upon Thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 4 Let me love Thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

409

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race  
Be pure before their God?  
If He contends in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If He should mark our words and thoughts  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
The least excuse devise?
- 3 Strong is His arm, His heart is wise;  
Who dares with Him contend?  
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end!
- 4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,  
And their old seats forsake;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
And all her pillars shake.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;  
Th' obedient sun forbears:  
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea;  
Flies on the stormy wind:  
None can explore his wondrous way,  
Or his dark footsteps find.

410

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,  
In Him our spirits shall rejoice;  
Around Thy throne with one accord,  
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 May we Thy law of Love fulfil,  
To bear each other's burdens here;  
Suffer and do Thy righteous will,  
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.
- 3 Thus may our union, here begun,  
Endure for ever firm and free;  
At Thy right hand may we be one,  
One with each other, one with Thee.

THIRTIETH WEEK.

411

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** UR God, what gentle cords are thine!  
How soft, and yet how strong!  
While power, and truth, and love combine  
To draw our souls along.
- 2 When we were crushed beneath the yoke  
Of Satan and of sin;  
Thy hand the iron bondage broke  
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 Drawn by such cords we onward move,  
Till round thy throne we meet,  
And captive in thy chains of love  
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

412

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J** EHOVAH reigns as King of kings,  
All things are under His control;  
He governs and preserves all things,  
While systems change and seasons roll.
- 2 Lord, how shall we approach thy throne,  
When holy angels stand in awe,  
For far from Thee astray we've gone,  
And have not kept thy holy law.
- 3 We oft have heard the joyful news,  
That Jesus is the way to God;  
This truth converts the sinner's views,  
And leads him to the heavenly road.
- 4 We feel attracted by thy love;  
We see thy mercy in the cross,  
This lights the way to joys above,  
And saves our souls from endless loss:
- 5 How glorious is the gospel plan!  
How marv'ous is Thy boundless love!  
To save and raise up fallen man,  
To serve Thee here and sing above.

413

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**S ev'ry day Thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials or its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counsellor and friend;  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy good example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labour close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,—  
Jesus, Thine heav'nly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed—  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

414

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,  
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,  
Through the true atoning blood,  
Of the precious Lamb of God.
- 2 Glory be to Christ on high,  
Who for sinners came to die,  
All Jehovah's wrath endur'd,  
Life to guilty men secur'd.
- 3 Now the law's demands are paid,  
All its precepts Christ obeyed:  
Glory to redeeming grace,  
Shines in our Immanuel's face.
- 4 Glory to the sacred Three,  
Who are One, and all agree  
In their record of the Son,  
Declaring that the work is done.

THIRTIETH WEEK.

415

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**ARK! the gospel news is sounding  
Christ hath suffered on the tree;  
Streams of mercy are abounding;  
Grace, for all, is rich and free.
- 2 Grace is flowing, like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied;  
Still it flows as fresh as ever,  
From the Saviour's wounded side.
- 3 Christ alone shall be our portion;  
Soon we hope to meet above,  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love.

416

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **Y**E heav'ns send forth your song of praise!  
Earth, raise your voice below!  
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,  
And joy through nature flow.
- 2 Behold how gracious is our God!  
Hear the consoling strains,  
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,  
And mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease thou, when days of darkness come,  
In sad dismay to mourn,  
As if the Lord could leave his saints  
Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget  
The infant whom she bore?  
And can its plaintive cries be heard,  
Nor move compassion more?
- 5 She may forget, nature may fail  
A parent's heart to move;  
But Sion on my heart shall dwell  
In everlasting love.
- 6 Full in my sight, upon my hands  
I have engraved her name:  
My hands shall build her ruined walls,  
And raise her broken frame.

417

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW tender and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Each morning shall Thy mercies show,—  
Each night Thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
Dawn'd on our early days,  
Ere infant reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 But pleasures more refin'd,  
Awaited that bless'd day,  
When light arose upon our mind,  
And chas'd our sins away.
- 4 And yet we hail a day  
Still brighter far than this,  
When death shall bear our souls away  
To realms of light and bliss.

418

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is—our voices join,  
To praise His gracious name,  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need His helping hand,  
This friend is always near;  
With heav'n and earth at His command,  
He waits to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course;  
Immutably the same, it flows  
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil His face,  
And clouds surrounds his throne,  
He hides the purpose of His grace,  
To make it better known.
- 5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
And measures out our pains;  
The wildest storm his word obeys,  
His word its rage restrains.



SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up,  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,  
Do a new song require;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferers send relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r  
To help us in the evil hour.

421

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,  
At Thy feet we humbly bow;  
O! do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek the Lord in vain?
- 2 In Thy own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from Thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

422

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light;  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne;  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through the cross alone.
- 3 Kings their crowns for harps resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,  
Kings of kings, and Lord of lords!"
- 4 Round the altar all confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And His blood that made them so.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway  
The bright angelic hosts obey,  
O lend a pitying ear!  
When on Thy awful name we call,  
And at Thy feet submissive fall,  
O condescend to hear!
- 2 From Thy kind hand each temp'ral good,  
Our raiment and our daily food,  
In rich abundance come:  
Lord, give us still a fresh supply;  
If Thou withhold Thy hand, we die,  
And sleep in silent tomb.
- 3 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,  
And from the wily tempter's pow'r  
O set our spirits free;  
And if temptation should assail,  
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,  
And lead our hearts to thee.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,  
And join the blissful choir above;  
There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs chant th' immortal song,  
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame;  
And every heart, and every tongue,  
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Were universal nature ours,  
And art, with all her boasted store;  
Nature and art, with all their powers,  
Would still confess the offerer poor.
- 4 Yet tho' for bounty so divine,  
We ne'er can equal honours raise,  
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim Thy praise.

429

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O Thee, let my first offerings rise  
     Whose sun creates the day,  
     Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
     And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day Thy favouring hand be nigh!  
     So oft vouchsaf'd before!  
     Still may it lead, protect, supply!  
     And I that hand adore!
- 3 If bliss Thy providence impart,  
     For which resign'd I pray;  
     Give me to feel the grateful heart!  
     And without guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,  
     As vice or folly's cure;  
     Patient to gain that gracious end,  
     May I the means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future day  
     Still wiser than the past;  
     And, when I all my life survey,  
     May grace sustain at last.

430

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS and pilgrims here below  
     This earth we know is not our place.  
     But hasten thro' this vale of woe,—  
     And restless to behold Thy face  
     Swift to our heavenly country move,  
     Our everlasting home above.
- 2 We have no bidding city here,  
     But seek a city out of sight;  
     Thither our steady course must steer,  
     Aspiring to the plains of light;  
     Jerusalem, the saints abode,  
     Whose founder is the living God.
- 3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
     Freely and generously forgiven,  
     With songs to Zion we return  
     Contending for our native heaven;  
     That palace of our glorious King;  
     We find it nearer while we sing.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HITHER, ah! whither shall I go,  
A frequent wanderer from my Lord?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart,  
On these my fainting spirit lives;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart  
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,  
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;  
Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis more,  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:  
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,  
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion hill  
Shall lighten ev'ry land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge:  
His judgments truth shall guide:  
His sceptre shall protect the just  
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 Come then, O house of Jacob! come  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear:  
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform:  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide:  
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink!  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET not our hearts with anxious thoughts  
Be troubled or dismay'd;  
But trust in Providence divine  
And trust the Saviour's aid.
- 2 He's to His Father's house returned;  
There numerous mansions stand,  
And glory manifold abounds  
Through all the happy land.
- 3 He's gone our entrance to secure,  
And our abode prepare;  
Regions unknown are safe to us,  
When He, our Friend is there.
- 4 Thence shall He come when ages close,  
To take us home that we  
With Him may meet to part no more,  
And still together be.
- 5 He is the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
No son of human race,  
But such as He conducts and guides,  
Shall see His Father's face.

435

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Good Shepherd of Thy chosen race !  
Thy former mercies here we trace.  
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The glory of Thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r.  
To strengthen faith ; and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
Oh rend the heav'n's, come quickly down,  
And wholly make our hearts Thine own.

436

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**EE, Lord, Thy willing subjects bow,  
Adoring low before Thy throne ;  
Accept our humble cheerful vow ;  
Thou art our sov'reign, Thou alone.
- 2 Beneath Thy soul reviving ray,  
Ev'n cold afflictions wint'ry gloom  
Shall brighten into vernal day,  
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls and bid us sing,  
In concert with the choir above,  
The glories of our Saviour King,  
The condescensions of His love,
- 4 He died !—ye seraphs, tune your songs,  
Resound on high the Saviour's name ;  
For nought below immortal tongues  
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

• MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E'LL sing the wonders of His love,  
And praise and glory give,  
To Him who left his throne above,  
And died that we might live.
- 2 We'll sing the wonders of His truth,  
Which shows in ev'ry page,  
The promise made to earliest youth  
Fulfill'd to latest age,
- 3 We'll sing the wonders of His power;  
Who with his own right arm,  
Upholds and keeps us every hour,  
And shields our souls from harm.
- 4 We'll sing the wonders of His name,  
And Jesus Christ adore;  
Him for our Lord and God proclaim,  
And praise Him evermore.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**S strangers here below,  
With various woes oppress,  
We must through tribulation go  
To our eternal rest.
- 2 Thus Christ, our glorious head,  
Ascended to His throne;  
Why should his saints refuse to tread  
The way their Lord has gone?
- 3 The path to glory lies  
Thro' anguish and distress;  
But joyful we at length shall rise,  
The kingdom to possess.
- 4 'Tis needful that we bear  
Our father's rod of love;  
We pass through tribulation here,  
That we may rest above;



439

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **L**ORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
"Clothed with humility."
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Chang'd into a little child;  
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,  
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;  
Ev'ry evil let me flee;  
Nothing want beneath, above,  
Happy in Thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find  
Ev'ry good in Jesus joined!  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

440

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify Thyself in me;  
Meekly beaming in my face,  
May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,  
Poor unfriended, or unknown,  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd  
To Thy will ('Thy will be done!')  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of Thy well-beloved Son;
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path He trod,  
Bear with Him on earth my cross,  
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

THIRTYSECOND WEEK.

441

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**OD, in the Gospel of His Son,  
Makes His eternal counsels known,  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, fill'd with grief and shame,  
May taste His grace, and learn His name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies.  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 O! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!  
To read and mark Thy holy word;  
Its truth with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

442

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**O trembling penitent to Thee  
E'er turn'd and was denied:  
Accept, O Lord, our only plea;—  
For us Thy Son hath died.
- 2 For Him, Thy gift, Thy name we bless:  
To us, for whom He died,  
Through faith impute His righteousness,  
And we are justified.
- 3 Nor rest we here, Thou God of love!  
May we, for whom He died,  
Receive Thy Spirit from above,  
And thus be sanctified.
- 4 At length made holy, just, forgiven,  
Through Christ, who for us died,  
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,  
With Him be glorified.

443

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IKE angels above,  
     'Tis our's to adore  
     The God whom we love,  
     Whose grace we implore.
- 2 He smiles, and we live,  
     He frowns, and we die.  
     Come then, praises give,  
     To Jesus on high.
- 3 He'll blessings impart;  
     He'll doubtings efface  
     From th' penitent heart  
     That trusts in his grace
- 4 He'll grant all below  
     Which goodness can give.  
     Then heaven bestow  
     To all who Him love.

444

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all searching sight,  
     The darkness shineth as the light;  
     Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;  
     O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
     When sinks my heart in waves of woe;  
     Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
     And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 3 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
     Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!  
     O let Thy hand support me still,  
     And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,  
     My strength proportion to my day;  
     Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
     Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One !  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL praise to Thee my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under Thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave, as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this frail body may,  
Rise glorious at the awful day,
- 4 O may my soul in Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

447

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child;  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone:  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

448

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns, eternal God!  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is Thy charge,  
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

449

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here, we trust, Thou art!  
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,  
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Thou, Shepherd of Thy people! hear,  
Thy presence now display;  
As Thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our hope, O do Thou raise;  
On us pour blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our pray'rs;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

450

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **I**SRUEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
Through my pilgrimage below;  
And beside the waters lead me,  
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Could I wander, fear disdaining,  
Could I quit the sheltering fold;  
Heedless of Thy grace constraining,  
In the strength of nature bold?
- 3 No; Thy guardian presence ever,  
Meekly kneeling, I implore;  
I have found Thee, and would never,  
Never wander from Thee more.

451

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**H' atoning work is done,  
The victim's blood is shed;  
And Jesus now is gone,  
His people's cause to plead:  
He stands in heaven their great high priest,  
And bears their name upon His breast
- 2 And, though awhile He be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great high priest again:  
In brightest glory He will come,  
And take His waiting people home.

452

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU who art enthron'd above,  
Thou by whom we live and move,  
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
To resound Thy praise in song!  
When the morning paints the skies,  
When the sparkling stars arise,  
All Thy favours to rehearse,  
And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
When devotion fills the breast,  
When we dwell within 'Thy house,  
Hear Thy word and pay our vows,  
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,  
Fill its courts with joyful praise;  
With repeated hymns proclaim  
Our Jehovah's awful name.
- 3 From Thy works our joys arise,  
O Thou only good and wise!  
Who Thy wonders can declare?  
How profound Thy counsels are!  
Warm our hearts with sacred fire,  
Grateful fervours still inspire;  
All our powers, with all their might,  
Ever in Thy praise unite.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days God's power confess;  
But the blest volume of Thy word  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 3 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy word my guide to heav'n.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME ye, who love the Lord,  
And feel his quick'ning pow'r;  
Unite with one accord,  
His goodness to adore:  
Let heaven and earth aloud proclaim,  
The great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left His throne above,  
His glory laid aside,  
Came down on wings of love,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
The Lord of life resign'd his breath,  
To save us from the second death.
- 3 He burst the grave and rose,  
Victorious from the dead;  
And thence His vanquish'd foes,  
In glorious triumph led:  
He rose to heaven His high abode,  
Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He'll soon in glory come,  
And earth shall flee away;  
He'll take His children home,  
To live in endless day:  
We then shall see Him face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace.



WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,  
 Forgetful of their God,  
 "Who will supply our vast desires,  
 "Or show us any good?"
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth  
 Their eager wishes rove,  
 In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,  
 The phantoms of their love.
- 3 Lord, from this world call off our love,  
 Set our affections right;  
 Bid us aspire to joys above,  
 And walk no more by sight.
- 4 O let the glories of Thy face  
 Upon our bosoms shine;  
 Assur'd of Thy forgiving grace,  
 Our joys will be divine.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **V**AINLY through night's weary hours  
 Keep we watch lest foes alarm;  
 Vain our bulwarks and our towers,  
 But for God's protecting arm.
- 2 Vain were all our toil and labour,  
 Did not God that labour bless;  
 Vain without his Grace and favour;  
 Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of Heaven,  
 That on human strength relies;  
 But to him shall help be given  
 Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we then the Lord's anointed,  
 He shall grant us peace and rest;  
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed  
 Who through Christ his prayer address'd.

457

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 2 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

458

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, from on high,  
Bend on us a pitying eye;  
Animate the drooping heart,  
Bid the power of sin depart:
- 2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our heart's ungodliness;  
Show us every devious way,  
Where our steps have gone astray:
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief  
Humbly to implore relief:  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,  
Sweep those empty hopes away;  
Make us feel that Christ alone  
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Train'd in wisdom, led by love  
Till we reach our rest above.

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **W**HAT secret hand, at morning light,  
Unseen, unseals mine eye,  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And opens earth and sky ?
- 2 'Tis Thine, my God, the same that kept  
My resting hours from harm ;  
No ill came nigh me, for I slept  
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis Thine, my daily bread that brings,  
Like manna scatter'd round,  
And clothes me as the lily springs  
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 O may Thy hand uphold me still,  
Through life's uncertain race,  
To bring me to Thine holy hill,  
And to Thy dwelling place.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 Hither then our music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
Let us join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

461

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE days of old to mind I call'd,  
And oft did think upon  
The times and ages, that are past  
Full many years ago.
- 2 By night my song I call to mind,  
And commune with my heart,  
My sp'rit did carefully enquire  
How I might ease my smart.
- 3 Yea, I remember will the works  
Performed by the Lord:  
The wonders done of old by Thee  
I surely will record.
- 4 I also will of all Thy works  
My meditation make,  
And of Thy doings to discourse  
Great pleasure I will take.
- 5 O God, Thy way most holy is,  
Within Thy sanctuary;  
And what God is so great in pow'r  
As is our God most high?

462

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of the wide creation,  
Light of light, eternal Word!  
Soul and body's preservation  
I commit to Thee, O Lord!
- 2 When I close mine eyes in slumber,  
And my senses are asleep,  
Let my waking heart the number  
Of Thy mercies tell and keep.
- 3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,  
Whether open or unknown;  
Thus removing that oppression  
Under which I else should groan.

463

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **Z**ION, the city of our God,  
How glorious is the place!  
The Saviour there has His abode,  
There sinners see His face!
- 2 Firm, against ev'ry adverse shock,  
Its mighty bulwarks prove;  
'Tis built upon the living Rock,  
And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,  
And joys that never die;  
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come, with our faces Zion-ward,  
The sacred road enquire;  
And let a union to the Lord  
Be henceforth our desire.

464

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close;  
Ere again we seek repose;  
Lord, our thanks ascend to Thee,  
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day;  
For this rest upon our way;  
Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Whilst this devious path we tread,  
May Thy love our footsteps lead;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above;  
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

THIRTYFOURTH WEEK.

465

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O Him that chose us first,  
Before the world began ;  
To Him who bore the curse  
To save rebellious man ;  
To Him that form'd our hearts anew,  
Are endless praise and glory due.
- 2 Let ev'ry saint above,  
And angels round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One :  
The heavens shall raise his honours high ;  
Him all shall praise eternally.

466

MONDAY EVENING.

- L**ET heaven and earth unite ;  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with us  
The Saviour of mankind,—  
To fall before th' atoning Lamb,  
And praise the blessed Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heaven—  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have ;  
But Thou didst come the world to save.
- 3 Thy name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free :  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory :  
New songs of praise his lips employ,  
And leaps his heart with holy joy.
- 4 Oh, unexampled love !  
Oh, rich redeeming grace !  
How swiftly didst Thou move  
To save a fallen race !  
How shall we make the tidings known  
Of what Thy love, Thy grace has done ?

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**H' eternal Lord doth reign as king,  
Let all the people quake;  
He sits between the cherubim,  
Let th' earth be mov'd and shake.
- 2 The Lord in Sion great and high  
Above all people is;  
Thy great and dreadful name (for it  
Is holy) let us bless.
- 3 The Lord our God exalt on high,  
And rev'rently do we  
Before his footstool worship Him:  
The Holy One is He.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **U**NWORTHY, Lord, of all  
Thy mercies, though we be,  
Yet for the greatest we may call,  
The greatest are most free.
- 2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,  
Yet us Thou sparest still;  
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,  
Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3 For such amazing grace,  
What can poor sinners give?  
At Thy command we seek Thy face,  
We meet our Judge and live.
- 4 The world we would forsake,  
Our all to Thee resign;  
Oh save us, for Thy mercies sake!  
Oh save us!—we are Thine.
- 5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,  
Who seek our home above,  
Thee may we serve with holy fear  
And love with child-like love.

469

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears!  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
In death's dark gloom we lay,  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

470

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**INCE we oft here with sinners dwell,  
Who dare Thy truth oppose,  
Help us, O God, by doing well,  
To silence all Thy foes.
- 2 Within our minds inscribe Thy law;  
Direct us in Thy way;  
Our souls to swift obedience draw,  
And guard us lest we stray.
- 3 Let prudence, tenderness, and love  
Thro' all our actions shine;  
Thus shall our conversation prove  
Our faith and hope divine.
- 4 And thus shall they be put to shame  
Who dare reproach Thy cause;  
Sinners shall learn to fear Thy name.  
And love Thy holy laws.



THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life, O may Thy praise  
Employ my highest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by Thy Almighty arm  
I pass'd the shades of night ;  
Serene, and safe, from every harm,  
And see returning light.
- 3 O let the same Almighty care  
My waking hours attend ;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
And let Thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
'Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,  
And discord there shall cease;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace,
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more ;  
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 Lord fit our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire ;  
'Till in thy blissful courts above,  
We join th' angelic choir.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Sion, city of our God!  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for His own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near.
- 4 Thus deriving from our banner  
Light by night and shade by day;  
Safe we feed upon the manna  
Which he give us when we pray.
- 5 Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, whom our souls rely on,  
Makes us kings and priests to God.
- 6 'Tis His love His people raises  
With Himself to reign as kings;  
And as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y Redeemer, dwell in me,  
Let me sleep and wake with Thee,  
And perceive Thy benediction,  
Both in joy, and in affliction.
- 2 Fill me with Thy sacred love,  
That I dream of things above,  
And bestow on me the favour  
Of Thy presence, gracious Saviour!
- 3 I confess the guilt of sin,  
But Thy blood can make me clean.  
Hear, O Lord, my supplication;  
Grant me joy and consolation.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know  
This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save and Thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death ;  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne ;  
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME all that know and fear the Lord,  
And raise our thoughts above :  
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord  
To sing that " God is Love."
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove ;  
Jesus the Gift of gifts, appears,  
To show that " God is Love."
- 3 The work begun is carried on  
By pow'r, from heav'n above,  
And ev'ry step from first to last,  
Declares that " God is Love."
- 4 O may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove ;  
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Proclaim that " God is Love."

THIRTYFIFTH WEEK.

477

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and raise our eyes,  
And raise our voices high;  
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,  
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day!  
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;  
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

478

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, Thou mighty King of kings,  
Rise with healing in Thy wings,  
Bare Thine arm and ride on high,  
Glorious in Thy majesty.
- 2 North and south, and east and west,  
All are waiting to be blest;  
Come and bless them, Prince of Peace,  
Give their fetter'd souls release.
- 3 Thus shall earth's extended frame  
Swell the trophies of Thy name,  
And redeemed souls confess  
"Jesus is our righteousness."
- 4 Saviour, send Thy Spirit down,  
By His work Thy pleasure crown;  
If He breathe not on the slain,  
All our efforts are in vain.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**IX, O fix, each wav'ring mind,  
To Thy cross our spirits bind ;  
Earthly passions far remove,  
Swallow up our souls in love.
- 2 Poor and sinful though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery,  
Make us Thine, Thou Son of God,  
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 3 Sinners who in Thee believe  
Everlasting life receive ;  
They, with joy, shall see Thy face,  
And adore Thy pard'ning grace.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU art the God that wonders dost  
By Thy right hand most strong ;  
Thy mighty power Thou hast declar'd  
The nat'ons all among.
- 2 To Thine own people with Thine arm,  
Thou didst redemption bring,  
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes  
Of Joseph that do spring.
- 3 The waters, Lord, perceived Thee,  
The waters saw Thee well ;  
And they for fear aside did flee :  
The depths on trembling fell.
- 4 Thy way is in the sea, and in  
The waters great Thy path ;  
Yet are Thy footsteps hid, O Lord ;  
None knowledge thereof hath.
- 5 Thy people Thou didst safely lead,  
Like to a flock of sheep ;  
By Moses' hand and Aaron's Thou  
Didst them conduct and keep.

THIRTYFIFTH WEEK.

481

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HILE nature's voice is lifted high,  
To praise the Maker of the sky;  
And creatures all unite to sing  
The glories of their gracious King.
- 2 Our grateful hearts, O Lord, would raise  
A feeble tribute to Thy praise :  
And with our thankful tongues declare,  
How large, how kind Thy bounties are.
- 3 On Thee our lives and souls depend,  
Our heavenly Father, Guide, and Friend ;  
And we are happy if we share  
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.
- 4 O may we now be taught Thy grace,  
And love to seek our Father's face ;  
And from Thy words now learn the road  
That leads to holiness and God !

482

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HAT we may walk with God,  
He forms our hearts anew;  
Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,  
And teaches us to go.
- 2 He by His Spirit leads,  
In paths before unknown;  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all His own.
- 3 Assisted by His grace,  
We still pursue our way;  
And hope at last to reach the prize.  
Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

483

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **A** SAVIOUR is my hope:  
He bought me with his blood;  
He rose, He reigns, and sends His help,  
That I may live to God.
- 2 His charge to keep I have;  
My God to glorify:  
To come to Him my soul to save,  
And fit me for the sky;
- 3 Through grace to serve mankind,  
My calling to fulfil,  
To be renew'd in heart and mind  
To do His holy will,
- 4 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And, oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
Account with joy to give.
- 5 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely;  
Lord Jesus, be my Life, my Way,  
And I shall never die.

484

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A** UTHOR of life, with grateful heart,  
My evening song I'll raise:  
But Oh! Thy thousand thousand gifts  
Exceed my highest praise.
- 2 What sins or follies, holy God,  
I may this day have done,  
I would confess with grief, and pray  
For pardon, through Thy Son,
- 3 Much of my precious time I've lost;  
This sinful waste forgive;  
By one day nearer brought to death,  
May I begin to live.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Thou guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul ! the living God ;  
Call home Thy thoughts that rove abroad  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise ;  
Why should the wonders He hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Twas He, my soul, that sent His Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Not half so high His power hath spread  
The starry heavens above our head,  
As His rich love exceeds our praise,—  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 5 Then, O my soul ! with joyful tongue,  
Proclaim His mercies in thy song ;  
Let not the wonders He hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?



487

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HINE only is the day, O Lord,  
Thine also is the night;  
And Thou alone prepared hast  
The sun and shining light.
- 2 By Thee the borders of the earth  
Were settled every where:  
The summer and the winter both  
By Thee created were.
- 3 Unto Thy cov'nant have respect:  
For earth's dark places be  
Full of the habitations  
Of horrid cruelty.
- 4 O let not those that be oppressed  
Return again with shame:  
Let those that poor and needy are  
Give praise unto Thy name.
- 5 Do Thou, O God, arise and plead  
The cause that is Thine own:  
Remember how 'Thou art reproach'd  
Still by the foolish one.

488

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, we cannot let Thee go.  
Till a blessing Thou bestow;  
Do not turn away Thy face,  
From an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,  
This emboldens us to plead;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst Thou let us sink at last?
- 3 No, we must maintain our hold,  
Tis Thy goodness makes us bold;  
We can no denial take,  
When we plead for Jesus' sake.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS never die ;  
The Son of God declares ;  
There hidden life all shafts defy,  
Eternal life is theirs.
- 2 In hope their bodies rest,  
Till the great rising day;  
Their spirits, then, completely blest,  
Rejoin their sacred clay.
- 3 Then let us wipe each tear ;  
Our friends have gone before ;  
Forbid each sinful doubt and fear,  
For they live evermore.
- 4 We're safe, in Christ, awake;  
They're safe with Christ who sleep,  
None from his hand can ever take,  
The meanest of his sheep.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** THOU whose compassionate care  
Forbids my fond heart to complain !  
Now graciously teach me to bear  
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,  
Though weary and wakeful my nights,  
What comfort it gives me to know  
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites !
- 3 A tender Physician Thou art,  
Who woundest in order to heal ;  
And comfort divine dost impart :  
'To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 Oh ! let this correction be blest,  
And answer Thy gracious design ;  
Then grant that my soul may find rest  
In comforts so healing as Thine.

491

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, source of love,  
With light and comfort from above :  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God :  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

492

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **D**OES the Lord of glory speak  
To His creatures here below ?  
And may those so frail and weak  
All His gracious dealings know ?  
Does the blessed Bible bring  
Tidings from our heavenly King ?
- 2 Oh with what intense desire  
Should we search that sacred book !  
Here our zeal should never tire ;  
Here we should delight to look  
For the rules by mercy given,  
To conduct our souls to heaven.
- 3 Shall not he that humbly seeks  
All the light of truth discern ?  
Do we not, when Jesus speaks,  
Feel our hearts within us burn ?  
For His soul-reviving voice  
Bids the mourning heart rejoice.
- 4 Lord, Thy teaching grace impart,  
That we may not read in vain ;  
Write Thy precepts on our heart,  
Make Thy truths and doctrines plain,  
Let the message of Thy love  
Guide us to Thy rest above.

493

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E cast our burdens on the Lord,  
Firmly lean upon His word;  
We will soon have cause to bless  
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains us by His hand,  
He enables us to stand;  
Those whom Jesus once hath lov'd  
From His grace are never mov'd.
- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's free grace shall not decay  
He hath promis'd to fulfil  
All the pleasure of his will.
- 4 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,  
Be Thyself our constant rock;  
Take us by Thy powerful hand,  
Strong as Sion's mountain stand.

494

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE gospel comes with welcome news  
To sinners lost like me.  
Their various schemes while others choose,  
Saviour, I come to Thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,  
For merit I have none;  
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,  
I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,  
'Tis grace that holds me fast:  
Grace will complete the work begun,  
And save me to the last.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
What God hath done for me,  
And celebrate redeeming grace  
Throughout eternity.

495

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**UR God shall all our wants supply  
From his o'erflowing stores ;  
For streams of mercy from on high  
His arm Almighty pours.
- 2 From Christ, the ever living spring,  
These ample blessings flow ;  
Prepare our lips His praise to sing,  
Whose heart hath love'd us so.
- 3 Now, to our Father, and our God,  
Be endless glory given.  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

496

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar ;  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign :  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wake above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,  
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis done  
And the kindgoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway :  
He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 6 Then the end—beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall :  
Hallelujah, Christ in God,  
God in Christ is all in all.

497

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD! Thy Holy Spirit send  
To be our Counsellor and Friend ;  
This promis'd blessing we would claim,  
In our exalted Saviour's name.
- 2 Spirit Divine, Thy grace impart  
To guide and sanctify each heart :  
To us the things of Christ display,  
And lead us in " the narrow way."
- 3 O may Thy blessing, like a show'r  
From heaven, upon our bosoms pour ;  
And may Thy copious floods of grace  
Descend on all that seek Thy face.

498

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the living God,  
Let praise your hearts employ ;  
And, as you tread salvation's road,  
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice  
Whose sins have been forgiven,  
Call'd by a gracious Father's choice  
To be the heirs of heaven ?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow  
When rescued from his chains !  
And how must sinners joy to know  
Their own Messiah reigns !
- 4 Oh ! grant us, Lord, to feel and own  
The power of love divine,  
The blood which doth for sin atone,  
The grace which makes us Thine.
- 5 The Spirit of adoption give ;  
Teach us, with ev'ry breath,  
To sing Thy mercies while we live,  
And praise Thy name in death.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name;  
God and his grace are still the same;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 When to the Lord we raise our cries,  
He makes the dawning light arise,  
And scatters all the dismal shade  
That hangs so heavy round our head,
- 3 He fills the hungry soul with food,  
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good,  
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 4 Oh! may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;  
How great His works! how kind His ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, for ever at Thy side  
May my place and portion be;  
Strip me of the robe of pride;  
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive  
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;  
*Thou* hast spoken,—*I* believe,  
Though the prophecy were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,  
Weaned from the mother's breast,  
By no subtlety beguil'd,  
On Thy faithfulness I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,  
In the Lord Jehovah trust;  
Him in all His ways adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

THIRTYSIXTH WEEK.

501

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live ;  
Children's prayers He deigns to hear ;  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King ;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
He reclaims the sinner lost ;  
All our minds may He inspire.  
Touch our tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that " God is love."

502

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine and only thine I am ;  
Take me, body, spirit, soul,  
Only Thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,  
Let me ever cleave to Thee ;  
Let me choose the better part ;  
Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
Do not let me turn again ;  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 All my treasure is above,  
All my riches is Thy love ;  
Who Thy depth of love can tell ?  
Infinite, unsearchable.



503

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**H ! for the eye of faith divine,  
To pierce beyond the grave,  
To see that Friend, and call Him mine  
Whose arm is strong to save.
- 2 Behold my glorious leader nigh ;  
My Lord, my Saviour, lives ;  
Before Him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 Lord, I commit my soul to Thee ;  
Accept the sacred trust :  
Receive this nobler part of me,  
And watch the sleeping dust ;—
- 4 Till Thou shalt in Thy glory come,  
When all Thy saints shall rise,  
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,  
Attend Thee to the skies.

504

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,  
Lodg'd in Thy sov'reign hand ;  
And, if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
Oh ; make Thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awaken, by Thy mighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care—  
Be that one thing pursued ;  
Lest slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

505

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray;  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt  
A sinful world in gloom !  
O what a sun which broke, this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannahs sung;  
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,  
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings,  
To nations yet unborn.

506

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D day of God, how calm, how bright  
A day of joy and praise ;  
The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The first and best of days.
- 2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose  
Victorious from the dead ;  
And, as a conqueror, his foes  
In glorious triumph led.
- 3 This day believers doth enrich ;  
May grace rest on them all ;  
It is their Pentecost, on which  
The Holy Ghost doth fall,
- 4 As the first fruits an earnest prove  
Of all the sheaves behind,  
So they who do the Sabbath love  
A happy week shall find.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET us sing with one accord,  
Praise to heaven's eternal Lord;  
He is worthy whom we praise,  
Hearts and voices let us raise !
- 2 He hath made us by his power,  
He hath kept us to this hour,  
He redeems us from the grave,  
Lives to bless, who died to save.
- 3 What he bids us let us do,  
Where he leads us let us go;  
As he loves us let us love  
Man below and saints above.
- 4 Angels praise him, so will we,  
Sinful, guilty though we be;  
Poor and weak we'll sing the more,  
Jesus loves the weak and poor.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE through this changing world we  
From infancy to age ; [haste  
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither our raptured thought ascends,  
Eternal joys to share ;  
There our adoring spirit bends,  
While here we kneel in prayer.
- 3 From earth our freed affections rise,  
To fix on things above,  
Where all our hope of glory lies,  
And all is perfect love.
- 4 Henceforth our conversation be  
With Christ before the throne ;  
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,  
And know as we are known.

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **T**O God, who chose us in his Son,  
Ere time its course began ;  
To Christ, who left his radiant throne,  
And died for guilty man ;  
To God the Spirit, who applies  
The Lamb's atoning sacrifice ;
- 2 To the eternal equal Three,  
The undivided One,  
Let saints and angels both agree  
To give the praise alone ;  
In earth, in heaven, by all ador'd,  
The holy, holy, holy Lord.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array ?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song ?  
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;  
New dominion, ev'ry hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came :  
Now before the throne of God,  
Seal'd with his almighty name ;  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,  
Through their crown'd Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

THIRTYSEVENTH WEEK.

511

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to Him who bore the cross,  
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting  
Death, the death deserv'd by us :  
Sound his glory,  
While the soul with transport glows.
- 2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end ;  
Human thought is here confounded,  
'Tis too vast to comprehend ;  
Praise the Saviour ;  
Magnify the sinner's friend.
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we, " Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb :"  
Saints and angels,  
Give ye glory to his name.

512

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU Comforter divine,  
Let Thy bright rays of love  
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,  
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw with Thy "still small voice"  
Us from each sinful way ;  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By Thine inspiring breath  
Make ev'ry cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O fill Thou ev'ry heart  
With love to all our race !  
Great Comforter, to us impart  
The fulness of Thy grace.

513

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design,  
Are framed upon Thy throne above,  
And every dark or bending line  
Meets in the centre of Thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
Poor mortals Thy arrangements view,  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
The most mysterious just and true.
- 3 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at Thy throne;  
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust Thee for my Guide alone.

514

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**Y Thy birth and early years;  
By Thy griefs, and sighs, and tears;  
By Thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness;  
By Thy victories in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye,  
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 2 By Thy woe intensely great,  
Agony, and bloody sweat;  
By Thy robe and crown of scorn,  
Rudely offer'd, meekly worn;  
By the scandal and the shame  
Cast upon Thy honour'd name;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye,  
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 3 By Thy passion, cross, and cries;  
By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
By Thy power from death to save;  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;  
Jesus, Saviour of the lost,  
Giver of the Holy Ghost,  
Look on us with pitying eye,  
Hear and spare us when we cry.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,  
At the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face.  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away;  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME let us all unite to praise  
The Saviour of mankind;  
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays  
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 Should we through fear or shame refrain,  
The very stones would sing,  
And tell the universal reign  
Of our immortal King.
- 3 Let ev'ry tongue Thy goodness show,  
And spread abroad Thy fame:  
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,  
And bless Thy wondrous name.
- 4 Worship and honour, thanks and love,  
Be to our Saviour given,  
By men below, by s'ints above,  
By all in earth and heaven.

517

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW to Thine altar, Lord,  
A broken heart I bring;  
And wilt Thou graciously accept  
Of such a worthless thing?  
To Christ the bleeding Lamb  
My faith directs her eyes:  
All other offerings are vain,  
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment He expired,  
The law was satisfied;  
And now to its severest claims,  
I answer, "Jesus died."

518

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**REAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,  
With our names upon Thy breast;  
In the garden groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with horrors prest;  
Wond'ring angels stood confounded,  
To behold their Maker thus;  
And can we remain unwounded,  
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 2 Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus!  
Can relieve us from our smart;  
Nothing else from guilt release us,  
Nothing else can melt the heart:  
Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
But the sense of blood-bought pardon  
Can dissolve a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations  
Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good;  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
All are purchas'd by Thy blood:  
From Thy fulness we receive them;  
We have nothing of our own;  
Freely Thou delight'st to give them  
To the needy who have none.



THIRTYEIGHTH WEEK.

519

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn is come ;  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Omnipotent to save ;  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them  
For whom their surety died ?  
Who now shall those condemn  
Whom God hath justified ?  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;  
The glorious work is done ;  
On Him our help is laid ;  
By Him our vict'ry won :  
Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

520

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of truth, come down,  
Reveal the things of God,  
Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead known,  
Apply his precious blood,  
His merits glorify,  
That each may clearly see  
Jesus, who did for sinners die,  
Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say,  
That Jesus is the Lord,  
Unless Thou take the veil away,  
And breathe the living word:  
Then, only then, we feel  
Our interest in His blood,  
And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield ;  
He sends His Spirit with His word,  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul His care ;  
Instructs me for the heavenly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so Divine,  
Doth my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious victory mine,  
And His shall be the praise.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all Thy people known ;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And 'Thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fix'd on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in !  
O, Saviour, now, the power bestow,  
That I may cease from sin.
- 4 The bliss Thou hast for me prepar'd  
No longer be delay'd !  
Come, my exceeding great Reward,  
For whom I first was made.
- 5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me Thine abode ;  
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;  
Let all be lost in God.

THIRTYEIGHTH WEEK.

523

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,  
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
Since the sweet earnest of his love  
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains !  
No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
When sorrow pains our heart no more,  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all His works of grace explore !  
What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there through endless ages shine !
- 3 This is the heaven I long to know ;  
For this, with patience, I would wait,  
Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,  
And wave a palm, and wear a crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

524

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, let me be  
More perfectly conform'd to Thee;  
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,  
And form my temper like Thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,  
Share in his grief, supply his need !  
The haughty frown may I not fear,  
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 To others let me always give,  
What I from others would receive;  
Good deeds for evil ones return,  
Nor, when provok'd, with anger burn.
- 4 This will proclaim how bright and fair  
The precepts of the Gospel are;  
And God Himself, the God of love,  
His own resemblance will approve.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is Thine,  
Thou glorious Prince of Grace !  
Thy uncreated beauties shine  
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,  
Come bending at Thy feet;  
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend,  
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live  
On Thy exhaustless store;  
From Thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still Thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;  
They find their all in Thee;  
Thy glories will their tongues employ  
Through all eternity.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**ND can it be, that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain ?  
For me, who Him to death pursued ?  
Amazing love ! how can it be,  
That Thou, my Lord, should'st die for me !
- 2 'Tis mystery all ! The Immortal dies !  
Who can explore this strange design ?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine !  
'Tis mercy all ! Let earth adore,  
Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 No condemnation now I dread,  
Jesus, and all in Him is mine :  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach th' eternal throne.  
And claim the Crown, through Christ, my own.

THIRTYEIGHTH WEEK.

527

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here;  
O let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not this world our rest appear;  
But let us haste from all below.
- 2 We've no abiding city here:  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name—"The Lord is there;"  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 Zion, Jehovah is her strength,  
Secure, she's freed from all her foes:  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 4 Thither our course with joy we bend,  
In hope the sacred place to gain,  
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow end,  
And peace and love for ever reign.
- 5 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd;  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best;  
While here, to do His will be mine;  
And His to fix my time of rest.

528

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**FT as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast,  
While, on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.
- 2 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let Thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue!  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the Church above.

THIRTYEIGHTH WEEK.

529

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,  
Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide,  
And all the past, a gentle train,  
Waked by remembrance, live again.
- 2 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,  
Beloved till life's last throb shall cease,  
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,  
A future bliss unknown on earth.
- 3 His faithful counsel, tender care,  
Unwearied love, and humble prayer:  
O these still claim the grateful tear,  
And all my drooping courage cheer!
- 4 If loud the wind, the tempest high,  
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,  
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,  
And sigh, O Lord, to come to Thee.
- 5 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,  
O mark my trembling soul and save;  
Give to my view that harbour near,  
Where 'Thou wilt chase each grief and fear!

530

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**ITH Thee I lay me down to sleep,  
To Thee I will commend me.  
I trust, my Guardian, Thou wilt keep,  
And on this night attend me:  
Of death I'm not afraid,  
Nor world nor hell I dread;  
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,  
He also does with Jesus rise.
- 2 As oft this night as my pulse beats,  
My spirit shall adore Thee;  
Oft as my heart its throb repeats,  
My soul shall bow before Thee.  
Thus I to sleep recline;  
Lord Jesus! I am Thine;  
Yea, my Redeemer! Thou art mine,  
And I am now for ever Thine.

THIRTYEIGHTH WEEK.

531

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry good ;  
For life, and health, and daily food :  
O, grant us thankful hearts to take  
All that Thou giv'st, for Jesus' sake !
- 2 And may our souls be daily fed  
With Christ, the true and living bread,  
Till in Thy presence, Lord, we feast,  
With saints above, in endless rest.

532

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,  
On Thee my hopes remain :  
And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend ;  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in which I trust,  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who caused'st me to hope,  
When life began to beat ;  
And when a stranger in the world,  
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age  
And evil days descend ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death will sing Thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

THIRTYNINTH WEEK.

533

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,  
Glorious to his native skies !  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates :  
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ;  
Take the king of glory in.
- 3 See the heaven its Lord receives !  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still He calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us He intercedes ;  
His prevailing death He pleads ;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 What, though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking Thee above the skies.

534

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
O that we might that rest attain  
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !
- 2 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be  
From every mortal trouble free ;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long expected day, begin !  
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death, and rest in God.



MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E bow before Thy sacred throne,  
Thou God of truth, to whom alone  
The homage due we pay ;  
Thy nature and Thy name of love  
Bespeak the mercy we would prove,  
For which we humbly pray.
- 2 The token of Thy presence, seen  
Of old the cherubim between,  
Within the holy place,  
Made Zion dear to every heart ;  
To Israel there Thou didst impart  
The treasures of Thy grace.
- 3 Where'er Thy people worship now,  
And in the name of Jesus bow,  
They see Thy smiling face :  
When love supplanteth slavish fear,  
Where'er we be we may draw near  
Our Father's throne of grace.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation ;  
Peace to all that dwell therein ;  
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;  
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;  
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,  
Peace to worldly minds unknown ;  
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,  
Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of peace, be present near us,  
Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;  
With Thy gracious presence cheer us,  
Let Thy sacred kingdom come ;  
Raise to heaven our expectation ;  
Give our favour'd souls to prove  
Glorious and complete salvation,  
In the realms of bliss above.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,  
In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines;  
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the earth Thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 3 Thou Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;—  
Lord, purge *our* sins, *our* souls renew,  
And make Thy word *our* guide to heav'n.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me thro';  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand;  
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand:  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Search me, O Lord ! and know my heart,  
Try me, and prove each inward part;  
Show me my sin, and by Thy grace  
Lead me in Thine eternal ways.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 COME, saints, and adore Him ; come bow at  
his feet ;  
Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
- 2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid ;  
Let crowns without number encircle his head ;  
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,  
Be ascrib'd evermore by angels of light  
Come, saints, and adore Him, &c.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 GO, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,  
In Thy service pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favour loss is gain.
- 2 I have called Thee, Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on 'Thee ;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
- 4 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me,  
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me  
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HINK what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine,  
Think that Jesus died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
- 3 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**E still, my heart, these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict His gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if He provide?  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first, before His mercy seat,  
Thou didst to Him thy all commit;  
He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call?  
And has He not his promise pass'd  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has help'd me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee when sorrows rise,  
On Thee when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 When hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,  
And I can say " My God ! "  
Beneath Thy feet I spread my cares,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 3 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone can'st heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 4 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sov'reign grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
There let my soul retreat;  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait beneath Thy feet.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
- 2 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own !
- 3 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like them, untrue;
- 4 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE world and its deceits  
Entice me from my God ;  
Tempt me to leave the heavenly path,  
And tread the downward road.
- 2 O Thou who on the cross,  
Didst for my sins atone,  
Although rebellious and perverse,  
Do not my soul disown !
- 3 Thine by a thousand ties  
I am, and still would be ;  
Strengthen my faith, inflame my love,  
And draw my soul to Thee.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ONG I strove the Lord to love,  
Long I strove his laws to keep ;  
Fain would fix my thoughts above,  
Mingle with the Saviour's sheep ;  
But my striving all proved vain,  
Still I found my heart in pain ;  
Yet my vileness never saw,  
Till declared accursed by law.
- 2 Then with sense of guilt oppress'd,  
All my soul was sunk in fear ;  
Grief and anguish fill'd my breast :  
Then did Jesus Christ appear ;  
Not with vengeance in his eyes,  
But a precious sacrifice,  
Acceptable unto God ;  
Glorious offering ! precious blood !
- 3 He was offer'd on the tree,  
Jesus the unspotted Lamb ;  
Worthy truth, great mystery !  
By his blood salvation came.  
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,  
By his death, God's love reveal'd ;  
We, once strangers far from God,  
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

FORTIETH WEEK.

547

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died  
Our guilty souls to save;  
Of Jesus Christ, the crucified,  
Who triumph'd o'er the grave.
- 2 His human and angelic foes  
'Gainst Him combin'd in vain:  
He died to bear our guilt, and rose  
A glorious crown to gain.
- 3 The Father rais'd His only Son;  
And thus it was declar'd,  
That His atonement He would own,  
With honours all unshar'd.
- 4 Exalted on His throne in heaven,  
For all His saints He pleads;  
And what we ask in pray'r is given  
Because He intercedes.

548

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **B**EST be the Lord, who sent His Son  
To take our flesh and blood:  
He for our lives gave up His own,  
To make our peace with God.
- 2 He honour'd all His Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd:  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.
- 3 Behold Him rising from the grave,  
Behold Him raised on high:  
He pleads His merits there, to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 4 There on a glorious throne He reigns,  
And, by His power divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.
- 5 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
And, with a sov'reign voice,  
Shall call, and break up every tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

549

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU Redeemer, dying Lamb!  
We love to hear of Thee ;  
No music like Thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Thou Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay ;  
We'll sing of Jesus' precious name,  
When all things else decay.
- 3 Should we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all His favour'd throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

550

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the cross I gaze ;  
Love I much ? I've more forgiven :—  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling.  
In all need to Jesus go ;  
Prove His wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more fully know.



551

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD ! Thou art my chief delight;—  
The steadfast anchor of my soul  
That holds me fix'd in darkest night,  
When rocks are near and billows roll.
- 2 'Midst fierce affliction's tempest-strife,  
My trusting soul shall breathe no sigh,  
For God shall be my hope through life—  
My boundless comfort when I die.
- 3 What though cares press on ev'ry side,  
And urge on all the winds that blow ?  
Though anguish rise on every tide,  
And cureless pain, and want, and woe ?
- 4 What though my earthly friends depart ?  
Though all my hopes be crush'd and riv'n ?  
No terrors e'er shall shake my heart  
When Jesus is my Friend in heav'n.

552

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be Thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near !  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where Satan wages still ;  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With praise and prayer agree;  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy, and love  
She communes with her God !
- 4 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless, store,  
Shall echo through the realms above  
When time shall be no more.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
When I feel I am His!
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my only Lord.

555

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** FATHER! Thou fountain of love,  
Which flows to lost sinners below;  
O Jesus! sent down from above,  
All blessings on us to bestow;—
- 2 And O! Thou bless'd Spirit of God,  
Proceeding from Father and Son,  
Now fix in our hearts thine abode,  
Complete the salvation begun.

556

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HAT though peaceful slumbers flee,  
Strangers to my couch and me!  
Sleepless, well I know to rest,  
Leaning on my Father's breast.
- 2 While the stars unnumber'd roll  
Round the ever-constant pole;  
Far above these spangled skies,  
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 3 'Midst the silence of the night,  
Mingling with those angels bright.  
Whose harmonious voices raise  
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise—
- 4 'Midst the throng his gentle ear  
Shall my tuneless accents hear;  
From on high, doth He impart  
Secret comfort to my heart.
- 5 He, in these serenest hours,  
Guides my intellectual powers,  
And His spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than midnight dews,—
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above,  
On the wings of faith and love;  
Bless'd alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep or wake with Thee.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD I would all forsake,  
Even friends and life resign,  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine !
- 2 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove ;  
Settle, and fix my wavering soul,  
With all Thy weight of love.
- 3 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know,  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.
- 4 My Life, my portion Thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art,  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune,  
Let the wide earth respond the deeds  
Celestial grace hath done,
- 2 Sing how eternal Love  
His chief beloved chose,  
And bids Him raise our fallen race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
No terrors clothe his brow,  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now let us dry our tears,  
Let helpless sorrows cease,  
Bow to the sceptre of His love,  
And take the offer'd peace.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour Jesus, from above !  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to be with Thee.
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,  
Nor will I hear nor will I speak  
Of any other love but Thine,
- 4 Nothing on earth would I desire,  
But Thy pure love within my breast ;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days ?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven ?  
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood ;  
And bear Thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
The pledge of joys to come ;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,  
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well !
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet  
To pray and hear the word :  
And I would go with cheerful feet  
To learn Thy will, O Lord !
- 4 I'll give myself to read and pray ;  
Lord, make me fit for heaven :  
Teach me to love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET all who know the Saviour's love,  
And His indulgent kindness prove :  
In cheerful songs His praise express,—  
He will not leave us comfortless.
- 2 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,  
We largely, sweetly, daily share :  
Our every fear he will suppress,  
Nor will He leave us comfortless.
- 3 When we are pilgrims here below,  
And travel through this world of woe,  
In storms and floods of deep distress,  
He will not leave us comfortless.
- 4 And when we pass thro' death's dark vale,  
When flesh and mortal pow'rs shall fail,  
Our dying lips shall then confess,  
He does not leave us comfortless.
- 5 When we at last shall meet above,  
In the blest world of joy and love,  
There shall our raptur'd songs express,  
He has not left us comfortless.

563

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OOD, raiment, dwelling, health, and friends,  
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;  
With 'Thee our bliss begins or ends,  
As we are Thine or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee;  
Our thankful spirits bow;  
Yet from Thy gifts we turn to Thee:—  
Be Thou our portion, Thou.

564

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies!  
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy;  
Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven:—  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the Great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing!  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name, and taste His joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high!"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our Great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of his glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

565

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**UR songs shall be of Jesus' love,  
Who left the heavenly courts above  
To bear our guilt and shame ;  
Th' eternal uncreated Word,  
Both David's son and David's Lord,  
Jehovah is his name.
- 2 Thou " King of kings, and Lord of lords,"  
Convert our hearts to hear Thy word,  
Thy wondrous grace to tell ;  
Wake harp of Judah, hear the sound  
Far as creation's utmost bound :  
All hail ! Immanuel.

566

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**AN of sorrows, and acquainted  
With our griefs, what shall we say:  
Never language yet hath painted  
All the woes that on Thee lay.  
Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,  
Bearing our reproach and sickness,  
To attend Thee day and night  
Would have been my heart's delight.
- 2 O that to this heavenly Stranger  
I had here my homage paid,  
From His first sigh in the manger,  
Till He cried: " 'TIS FINISHED !"  
That first sigh had consecrated  
Me His own, and I had waited  
On Him from His infancy,  
In a service full and free.
- 3 Oft to prayer, by night retreated,  
See Him from all search withdrawn;  
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,  
Witness'd still the morning dawn:  
There, where He made intercession,  
I had pour'd forth my confession,  
And where for my sins He wept,  
Praying, I the watch had kept.



WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord ; it is his love  
Which makes the earth to yield ;  
His clouds drop fatness from above ;  
He whitens ev'ry field.
- 2 Good is the Lord ; his lib'ral hand  
Is daily open'd wide,  
To scatter plenty through the land,  
That all may be supplied.
- 3 Good is the Lord ; he gives us bread ;  
He gives his people more :  
By Him their souls with grace are fed,  
A boundless, richer store.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

569

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, for the mercies of the night,  
My grateful thanks I pay,  
And unto Thee I dedicate  
The first-fruits of the day.
- 2 Let this day praise Thee, O my God !  
And so let all my days ;  
And, oh ! let mine eternal day  
Be thine eternal praise.

570

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,  
My request vouchsafe to hear ;  
Burden'd with my sins, I cry,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain ;  
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;  
These can never satisfy ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
Only ease me of my guilt :  
Suppliant at Thy feet I lie ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,  
In my flesh is nought but sin ;  
For Thy mercy I apply ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou hast promised to forgive  
All who in Thy Son believe ;  
On Thy promise I rely ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Father, Thou has given Thy Son :  
He was bruised for my sin ;  
To that refuge now I fly :  
Christ is mine ; I shall not die."

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **R**ISE, exalt our Head and King :  
Praise the Lord who ever lives !  
Glad we are his praise to sing ;  
He His people's praise receives.  
On His powerful day they rise,  
Offering free-will sacrifice ;  
His victorious triumph this,  
Since hell's host defeated is.
- 2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,  
Service yield to Him with joy,  
Praise with every breath his name,  
Grace to extol be your employ.  
Grace supports us every day,  
Leads us in the narrow way ;  
'Tis through grace alone that we  
Can obtain the victory.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, may we believe,  
Venture all on Thy free grace,  
Boldly, things not seen, achieve,  
Trusting in Thy promises ;  
Faith Thy people's stronghold is,  
Their employment daily this,  
To proceed on paths unknown,  
Leaning on Thy grace alone.
- 2 Lord, Thy body ne'er forsake,  
Ne'er Thy congregation leave ;  
We to Thee our refuge take,  
Of Thy fulness we receive :  
Every other help be gone,  
Thou art our support alone,  
For on Thy supreme commands,  
All the universe depends.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESSED are they who hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Such joy shall bear our spirits up  
Through our Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts our hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, Thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;  
For the stores the gardens yield ;  
For the vine's refreshing juice ;  
For the gen'rous olive's use.
- 3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that lib'ral autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.
- 4 These to that one source we owe  
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;  
These, through all my happy days,  
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 5 Should the vine bud forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store,  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall,—
- 6 Still, if given by grace divine,  
Saviour to regard Thee mine,  
All my powers with one accord  
Shall rejoice in Thee, my Lord.

575

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, our hearts inspire  
 With that true word of Thine ;  
 Kindle now that heavenly fire  
 To brighten and refine ;  
 Purify our faith like gold,  
 All the dross of sin remove ;  
 Melt our spirits down, and mould  
 Into thy perfect love.

576

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God !  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort no where found:  
 Now to you my spirit turns,  
 Turns, a fugitive unblest;  
 Brethren ! where your altar burns,  
 O receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave:  
 Mine the God whom you adore,  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
 Earth can fill my heart no more,  
 Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,  
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;  
 Welcome poverty and cross,  
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !  
 " Follow me ! " I know Thy voice;  
 Jesus, Lord ! Thy steps I see;  
 Now I take Thy yoke by choice,  
 Light Thy burthen now to me.

577

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME and let us join and bless  
Christ, the Lord our righteousness ;  
Let our praise to Him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;  
Thee we praise, our priest and king ;  
Worthy is Thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.

578

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY Spirit, Lord, bestow  
On our benighted heart ;  
And let us, by Thy favour, know  
How great in grace Thou art.
- 2 We know that Thou art good,  
For thou hast giv'n Thy Son ;  
He in the room of sinners stood,  
And bore our guilt alone.
- 3 Thro' Him we come to Thee,  
And homage due we pay ;  
His merits form our only plea,  
When we for blessings pray.
- 4 O send us, for His sake,  
Thy light and truth divine !  
That day within our souls may break,  
Do Thou within us shine.
- 5 Unto Thy holy hill,  
O Lord! my footsteps guide;  
And, when I in Thy temple dwell,  
With me, My God! abide.
- 6 O, why am I distress'd?  
Let songs my tongue employ:  
The soul that trusts will here find rest,  
The face will beam with joy.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away;  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;  
See He rises from the tomb,  
Rises with immortal bloom!
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise  
Your eternal songs of praise:  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;  
Praise Him in the noblest songs,  
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O watch the morning's dawn,  
We'll get us to the hill:  
And, till the shadows flee away,  
We'll keep the watch-tower still.
- 2 For morning surely comes,  
With everlasting light:  
The day star is at hand,  
To chase the dreary night.
- 3 Our journey has been long,  
And dark our desert day;  
The promis'd glory yet to come,—  
Chief solace of our way,
- 4 And, though it lingers, yet  
It cheers the failing eye  
To mark, amid surrounding gloom,  
The star of prophecy.
- 5 We'll trim our lamps the while;  
And chant a midnight lay,  
Till perfect light and gladness come  
In glory's endless day.

581

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**N me Thy yoke, my Saviour, lay  
And make my spirit meek;  
That I may love to tread Thy way,  
Nor other pathway seek.
- 2 When I on Thee my burden rest,  
Thy burden, Lord, be mine;  
I of Thy love, joy, peace possess,  
My sin and guilt all Thine.

582

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierc'd by human thought!  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me!  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be.
- 4 O Thou, that would'st not have  
One wretched sinner die,  
Who diedst Thyself the soul to save,  
From endless misery!
- 5 Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
That when Thou comest on Thy throne,  
I may with joy appear!
- 6 Thou art Thyself the Way,  
Thyself in me reveal;  
So shall I spend my life's short day  
Obedient to Thy will.



THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** ! TIMELY happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise !  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New ev'ry morning is the love,  
Our wak'ning and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, when weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the Fall :  
If we tarry till we're better,  
We will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make us linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel our need of Him ;  
This He gives us :  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful seats of glory  
Sweetly echo with His name ;  
Hallelujah !  
Heav'n and earth His praise proclaim.

585

FRIDAY MORNING."

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God in humble prayer,  
To Thee our souls we lift,  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow :  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below :
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour  
May bring and take away;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
Lest we should go astray:
- 4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.
- 5 The young remember Thee in youth,  
Before the evil days !  
The old be guided by Thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

586

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD'S hand that now withholdeth joys  
Can soon restore sweet peace ;  
And He who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid that tempest cease.
- 2 In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count His mercies o'er:  
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.
- 3 When darkness and when sorrows rose  
And press'd on ev'ry side,  
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,  
And still has been my guide.
- 4 Here will I rest and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at His rod ;  
He's more than all the world to me,  
My health, my life, my God.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are weak, and have no claim,  
Our hearts are full of conscious guilt ;  
O may Thy Spirit lead to Him  
Who for our sins His blood He spilt.
- 2 When at Thine altar, Lord, we bend,  
Touch Thou our lips with holy fire.  
In heaven the Saviour is our Friend,  
There may our longing souls aspire.
- 3 We all our wants, our sins, our cares  
To Thee, O Lord, make fully known ;  
Perfumed with incense, may our prayers  
Ascend through Jesus to Thy throne.
- 4 And when our souls have fled from earth,  
In heaven we'll see Thee face to face ;  
There, though we claim celestial birth,  
Still we shall sing redeeming grace.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**N mountains and in valleys,  
Where'er we go is God ;  
The cottage and the palace  
Alike are His abode.
- 2 With watchful eye abiding  
Upon us with delight ;  
Our souls, in Him confiding,  
He keeps both day and night.
- 3 Above me, and beside me,  
My God is ever near,—  
To watch, protect, and guide me,  
Whatever ills appear,
- 4 Tho' other friends may fail me  
In sorrow's dark abode,—  
Tho' death itself assail me,  
I'm ever safe with God.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET us below in concert sing  
 With those to glory gone ;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In heav'n and earth are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,  
 One Church, above, beneath ;  
 Though now divided by the stream—  
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home  
 Are swiftly borne away ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus be our constant guide ;  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
 And land us safe in heav'n.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE universal King  
 Let all the world proclaim,  
 Let every creature sing  
 His attributes and name !  
 To Father ; Son, and Spirit, be  
 Honour and Praise eternally.
- 2 In His great name alone  
 All excellencies meet,  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 And shall for ever sit :  
 To Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Honour and Praise eternally.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**EAD on, Almighty Lord !  
     Lead on to victory,  
     Encouraged by the bright reward,  
     With joy we'll follow Thee.
- 2 We wait to see the day,  
     When toil and strife shall cease,  
     When we shall cast our arms away,  
     And dwell in endless peace.
- 3 This hope supports us here,  
     It makes our burdens light,  
     It serves our fainting hearts to cheer,  
     Till faith shall end in sight.
- 4 Till of the prize possess,  
     We hear of war no more,  
     And O sweet thought ! for ever rest  
     On yonder peaceful shore.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**LORY unto Jesus be !  
     From the curse He set us free ;  
     All our guilt on Him was laid,  
     He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All His glorious work is done ;  
     God's well pleased in His Son ;  
     For He rais'd Him from the dead :  
     Christ now reigns, the Church's Head.
- 3 His redeem'd His praise show forth,  
     Ever glorying in His worth ;  
     Angels sing around the throne,—  
     " Thou art worthy, Thou alone."
- 4 Ye who love Him, cease to mourn,  
     He will certainly return ;  
     All His saints with Him shall reign ;  
     Come, Lord Jesus, come again !

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IFT the eye of faith and see  
Saints and angels join'd in one,  
What a countless company  
Stand before yon dazzling throne !
- 2 Each before his Saviour stands,  
All in spotless robes array'd ;  
Palms they carry in their hands,  
Crowns of glory on their head.
- 3 Now begin the endless song,  
Shout aloud in heavenly lays ;  
Glory doth to God belong ;  
God, the glorious Saviour, praise.
- 4 All salvation from Him came ;  
Him who reigns enthron'd on high ;—  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,  
Let the morning stars reply.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**OOR and needy though I be,  
The Almighty cares for me ;  
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,—  
Gives me all I have of good.
- 2 He will hear me when I pray,—  
He is with me night and day ;  
When I sleep, and when I wake,  
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.
- 3 He who reigns above the sky  
Once became as poor as I ;  
He whose blood for me was shed,  
Had not where to lay His head.
- 4 Though I labour here awhile,  
Father, bless me with Thy smile ;  
And, when this short life is past,  
May I rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Then to Thee I'll tune my song,  
Happy as the day is long ;  
This my joy for ever be,—  
The Almighty cares for me.

595

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lead us, by Thy power  
Safe into the promis'd rest ;  
Hide our souls within Thine arms,  
Let us lean upon Thy breast.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going,  
But salvation full and free ;  
Nothing can our souls dishearten  
But our absence, Lord, from Thee
- 3 In Thy presence we are happy,  
In thy presence we're secure :  
In thy presence all afflictions  
We can easily endure.
- 4 In Thy presence we can conquer,  
We can suffer, we can die ;  
Far from Thee we faint and languish ;  
O, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

596

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter, from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne.  
Thy saints have dwelt secure,  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Thro' every scene of life and death  
Thy promise is our trust,  
And this shall be our children's song  
When we are cold in dust.
- 4 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

597

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, give us faith to claim  
All that's promis'd in Thy name;  
Raise us from the grave of sin,  
Now the quick'ning work begin.
- 2 Visit every waiting heart,  
Now the life of God impart;  
As we now together sing;  
Nearer now Thy blessing bring.

598

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, {unite;  
The Scripture assures us, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 3 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:  
For, though we are strangers, we have a sure  
Guide,  
And trust, in all dangers, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 4 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great  
name,  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power; 'The Lord will provide.'
- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of His grace shall comfort us through:  
No doubting nor fearing with Christ on our side;  
The promise is cheering, 'The Lord will provide.'



FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**LEAR Spring of Life ! flow on and roll  
With growing swell from pole to pole.  
Till flowers and sweets of Paradise  
Round all thy winding current rise !
- 2 Still near thy stream may I be found,  
Long as I tread this earthly ground ;  
Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy shade,  
Then thro' the fields of Canaan spread.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**N darkness willingly I stray'd ;  
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;  
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,  
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.
- 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on men have shined :  
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and heal'd the wounded mind ;  
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 3 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires ;  
Give to my soul with filial fears,  
The love that all in heaven inspires ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !  
Thee will I love, though all may frown,  
And thorns and briers perplex my road ;  
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

601

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**Y my heavenly Father blest,  
Now I give my powers to rest.  
Heavenly Father! gracious name!  
Night and day His love the same.  
Far be each suspicious thought,  
Every anxious care forgot.
- 2 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
Crown'st my days with various good;  
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
These defenceless hours shall keep.  
Blest vicissitude to me,  
Day and night I'm still with Thee!

602

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Jesus,  
The holy Lamb of God,  
Who came from heaven to bless us,  
And shed for us His blood:  
Who died in deepest anguish,  
Upon the cross that we  
Might live to sing His praises  
Throughout eternity.
- 2 We sing the praise of Jesus,  
Tho' once on earth he taught,  
He's now in Heaven and sees us,  
And knows our every thought:  
He will not frown upon us,  
Altho' to Him we raise  
Our sinful hearts and voices,  
In one sweet song of praise.
- 3 We sing the praise of Jesus,  
Who did our souls redeem,  
Who welcomed little children  
When they were brought to Him:  
He kindly spoke, and told them  
That they for Him had charms,  
And then He did enfold them,  
And bless'd them, in His arms.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME let us wake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first began,  
Of God Incarnate, God's beloved Son.
- 2 O! may we keep and ponder in our mind,  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Trace we the Babe, who had retrieved our loss,  
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;  
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 3 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To find, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all his glory shall display:  
Saved by his love incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME let us bless the Lord of all,  
And let our thoughts reach His abode;  
The Saviour, on whose name we call,  
Is there ador'd the mighty God!
- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,  
Almighty Ruler of the sky!  
As when the six day's work he made,  
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah wears,  
Salvation is His dearest claim;  
That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,  
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

605

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LOOMY and dark the night has been,  
And long the way and dreary,  
And sad each faithful saint is seen,  
And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 2 Ye mourning pilgrim's ! dry your tears,  
And hush each sign of sorrow ;  
The light of that bright morn appears,  
The long Sabbatic morrow.
- 3 Lift up your heads, behold from far  
A flood of splendour streaming ;  
It is the bright and morning star,  
In living lustre beaming.
- 4 And see that star-like host around,  
Of angel-bands attending ;  
Hark, hark, the trumpet's glad'ning sound,  
With shouts triumphant blending.
- 5 O weeping Spouse, arise, rejoice,  
Put off thy weeds of mourning,  
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice  
In triumph now returning.

606

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, we, believing  
In Thee, have peace with God ;  
Eternal life receiving,  
The purchase of Thy blood.
- 2 Our curse and condemnation,  
Thou barest in our stead ;  
Secure is our salvation,  
In Thee our risen Head.
- 3 The Holy Ghost, revealing  
Thy love, hath made us blest ;  
Thy stripes have giv'n us healing ;  
Upon Thy love we rest.
- 4 In Thee the Father sees us  
Accepted and complete ;  
The blood from sin which frees us  
For glory makes us meet.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
And reach a mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,—  
"Jesus hath liv'd—hath died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
For who ought to my charge shall lay,  
If through Thy blood absolv'd I am,  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
A calm and undisturb'd repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet ;  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest :  
No fear no woe, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me  
May such a blissful refuge be :  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

609

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN life's brief day is past,—  
When we shall drop this clay,  
If in the Lord, we'll enter rest,  
In realms of cloudless day.
- 2 We'll walk with Christ in white,  
In regions far away ;  
With hosts of angels cloth'd in light,  
With saints in bright array.
- 3 Away from sense and sin,  
Away from tears and pain ;  
We go to dwell God's house within,  
Where joys eternal reign.
- 4 We'll sing salvation's song  
To Father and to Son ;  
We'll join that holy, rapt'rous throng,  
While ceaseless years roll on.
- 5 Our light here is so dim  
That men our claims despise ;  
But when th' eternal day has come  
We'll shine in yonder skies.

610

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS is the chiefest good ;  
He hath sav'd us by His blood ;  
Let us value nought but Him,  
Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus gives us life and peace,  
Faith, and love, and holiness ;  
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,  
Jesus for us purchas'd all.
- 3 Jesus, therefore, let us own,  
Jesus we'll exalt alone ;  
Jesus has our sins forgiv'n ;  
Jesus' blood has bought us Heav'n.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 "FOR ever with the Lord ;"  
     Amen, so let it be !  
     Life from the dead is in that word.—  
     'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,  
     Absent from Him I roam ;  
     Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
     A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high ;  
     Home of my soul how near,  
     At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
     Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints  
     To reach the land I love ;  
     The bright inheritance of Saints,  
     Jerusalem above.,

THURSDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 HOW shall I meet his eye ?  
     Mine on the cross I cast,  
     And own my life a Saviour's prize,  
     Mercy from first to last.
- 2 "Knowing as I am known,"  
     How shall I love that word !  
     And oft repeat before the throne,  
     " For ever with the Lord."
- 3 The trump of final doom  
     Shall speak the self-same word ;  
     And Heav'n's voice thunder thro' the tomb,  
     " For ever with the Lord."
- 4 The tomb shall echo deep  
     That death-awakening sound ;  
     The saints shall hear it in their sleep,  
     And answer from the ground.
- 5 Then, when they upward fly,  
     That Resurrection-word  
     Shall be their shout of victory,  
     " For ever with the Lord."

FORTYFOURTH WEEK.

613

FRIDAY MORNING.

**I**MMORTAL honour, endless fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name!  
Let God the Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died !  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee !

614

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**'M going to leave all my sadness,  
I'm going to change earth for Heaven ;  
There, there all is peace, all is gladness,  
There pureness and glory are given.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 2 Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,  
But joy that my time here is o'er ;  
I go the good part to inherit,  
Where sorrow and sin are no more.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 3 The shadows of evening are fleeing,  
Morn breaks from the city of light ;  
This moment day starts into being,  
Eternity bursts on my sight.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 4 The first-born redeem'd from all trouble,  
(The Lamb that was slain in the throng ;)   
Their ardour in praising redouble ;—  
Breaks not on the ear the new song ?  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 5 I'm going to tell their glad story,  
To share in their transports of praise  
I'm going in garments of glory,  
My voice to unite with their lays.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 6 Ye fetters corrupted then leave me,  
Thou body of sin droop and die ;  
Pains of earth cease ye ever to grieve me,  
From you 'tis for ever I fly.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !



615

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, join in praise to Him who died,  
To Him who died upon the cross ;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this alone all else is loss.
- 2 Inscib'd upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, " God is love ;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 The balm of life the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love ;  
'Tis all that sinners need below,  
'Tis all that angels know above.

616

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
Onwards to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse has pass'd away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along ;  
On the freshest pastures feed us,  
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
Never more be sad or weary,  
Never, never, sin again.

617

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E bless Thee for this Sacred Day,  
Thou who hast every blessing giv'n !  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful Rest,  
We would improve thy calm repose ;  
And in God's service truly bless'd,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord ! may Thy Truth upon the heart  
Now fall and dwell as heav'nly dew,  
And flowers of grace in freshness start,  
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
To take her station near His throne.

618

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free,  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me !
- 2 O for a heart submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him who dwells within ;—
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine !  
Perfect, and right, and pure and good ;  
A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy gracious nature, Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart ;  
Thy new, best name of LOVE.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU hast no lightnings, O Thou Just !  
Or I their force should know ;  
And, if Thou strike me into dust,  
My soul approves the blow.
- 2 The heart, that values less its ease  
Than it adores Thy ways,  
In Thine avenging anger sees  
A subject of its praise,
- 3 Pleased I could lie, conceal'd and lost,  
In shades of central night ;  
Not to avoid Thy wrath, Thou know'st,  
But lest I grieve Thy sight.
- 4 Smite me, O Thou, whom I provoke !  
And I will love Thee still :  
The well deserved and righteous stroke  
Shall please me, though it kill.

MONDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **A**M I not worthy to sustain  
The worst Thou canst devise ;  
And dare I seek Thy throne again,  
And meet Thy sacred eyes ?
- 2 Far from afflicting, Thou art kind ;  
And, in my saddest hours,  
An unction of Thy grace I find,  
Pervading all my powers.
- 3 Alas ! Thou spar'st me yet again ;  
And, when Thy wrath should move,  
Too gentle to endure my pain,  
Thou sooth'st me with Thy love.
- 4 I have no punishment to fear ;  
But, ah ! that smile from Thee  
Imparts a pang far more severe  
Than woe itself would be.

621

TUESDAY MORNING.

- O** LORD, in sickness, and in health  
To every lot resigned,  
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,  
A meek and thankful mind ;
- 2 As, life, thy upland path we tread,  
And often pause in vain,  
To think of friends and parents dead,  
O, let us not complain !
- 3 The Lord may give or take away,  
But nought our faith can move.  
Whilst we to heaven can look and say,  
Our Father lives above.

622

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD has turn'd my grief to gladness,  
He has made my heart rejoice ;  
I who lately mourn'd in sadness,  
Now can raise my thankful voice :  
Sweet it is the saints to join,  
Sweet to call their Saviour mine.
- 2 O how short is his displeasure !  
As a moment it appears ;  
But his love is without measure,  
Still the same through endless years :  
Weeping may the night employ,  
But the morning beams with joy.
- 3 Jesus smiles, and from his favour  
Life and joy are found to flow ;  
O for faith that does not waver !  
Lord on me this faith bestow :  
Since thy promise changes not,  
Grant that I may never doubt.
- 4 Help, ye saints on earth, to praise Him ;  
Join us, angels, while we sing ;  
Though our efforts cannot raise Him ;  
(What can raise our glorious King ?)  
Praise should never cease to flow ;  
'Tis the tribute that we owe.

623

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
Jesus dissipates its gloom!  
Day of triumph through the skies!  
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Let us dry our flowing tears;  
Chase those unbelieving fears;  
Look on His deserted grave  
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 All who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scatter'd shade:  
Drive all anxious cares away,  
See the place where Jesus lay!

624

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call!  
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint.  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint;  
Where, but with Thee whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not that word still fix'd remain;  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not!  
They whom the world caresses most  
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;  
I have an advocate with Thee!  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

625

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! angel voices from the sky  
Proclaim a Saviour's birth ;  
Glory, they sing, to God on high,  
Peace and goodwill on earth !
- 2 Catch the glad strain, ye seraphs bright  
The glorious tidings spread ;  
Wake, wake to wonder and to light,  
The dark sleep of the dead !
- 3 Let the wide earth from shore to shore,  
One loud hosannah raise,  
Glory to God whom we adore,  
Glory and hymns of praise.

626

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impress'd with sacred Love !  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee !  
In heaven, on earth, or in the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place nor time ;  
My country is in every clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But, with a God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.
- 5 My country, Lord, art Thou alone ;  
No other can I claim or own ;  
The point where all my wishes meet ;  
My law, my love, life's only sweet !
- 6 Ah, then ! to His embrace repair ;  
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;  
There Love divine shall be thy guard,  
And peace and safety thy reward.

627

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**OURCE of love, and light of day,  
Draw me from myself away ;  
Every view and thought of mine  
Cast into the mould of thine ;  
'Teach, O teach this faithless heart  
A consistent constant part ;  
Or, if it must live to grow  
More rebellious, break it now !
- 2 Is it thus that I requite  
Grace and goodness infinite !  
Every trace of every boon  
Cancell'd and erased so soon ?  
Can I grieve Thee, whom I love ;  
Thee, in whom I live and move ?  
If my sorrow touch Thee still,  
Save me from so great an ill !
- 3 Oh ! the oppressive, irksome weight,  
Felt in an uncertain state ;  
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,  
Should I prove at last untrue !  
Still I choose Thee, follow still  
Every notice of Thy will ;  
But, unstable, strangely weak,  
Still let slip the good I seek.

628

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LEST ! who, far from all mankind,  
This world's shadows left behind,  
Hears from Heaven a gentle strain  
Whispering Love, and loves again.
- 2 Blest ! who in Thy bosom seeks  
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,  
Dead to self and worldly things,  
Lost in Thee, Thou King of kings !
- 3 Ye that know my secret fire,  
Softly speak and soon retire ;  
Favour my divine repose,  
Spare the sleep the Lord bestows.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit come !  
With energy divine ;  
And on my dark benighted soul,  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From thy celestial stores,  
Light, life, and joy dispense ;  
That I may daily, hourly feel,  
Thy quick'ning influence !

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here—  
Heav'n is my home.  
Earth is a desert drear—  
Heav'n is my home.  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand ;  
Heav'n is my Fatherland—  
Heav'n is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage—  
Heav'n is my home ;  
Short is my pilgrimage—  
Heav'n is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon shall be over past ;  
I shall reach home at last—  
Heav'n is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side—  
Heav'n is my home ;  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
And there I too shall rest—  
Heav'n is my home.
- 4 Therefore I murmur not—  
Heav'n is my home.  
Whate'er my earthly lot—  
Heav'n is my home.  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand ;  
Heav'n is my Fatherland—  
Heav'n is my home.



631

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**OYFUL in thy house of pray'r,  
Shall Thy chosen people be ;  
God of mercy, meet me there,  
While my spirit waits on Thee.
- 2 There, with strength renew'd, the saint  
As on eagle wings shall fly,  
Walk, and run, and never faint,  
Fight and conquer : so would I.
- 3 At the cross where Jesus died,  
Humbly in the dust I fall ;  
Jesus, and Him crucified,  
Now shall be mine all in all.

632

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in His wings.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new.
- 3 Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Ev'n let th' unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may—
- 4 It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too.
- 5 Though fruit-trees all should wither ;  
And field-stores perish all :  
Though flocks and herds together,  
Should cease from fold and stall :
- 6 Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice ;  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**INCE life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it—I am well content,  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
Seeking only growth in love.
- 2 No bless I seek, but to fulfil  
In life, in death, Thy holy will;  
No succours in my woes I want,  
Save what 'Thou art pleas'd to grant.
- 3 Our days are number'd, let us spare  
Our anxious hearts a needless care :  
'Tis Thine to number out our days;  
Ours to give them to Thy praise.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy Lord  
God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth  
Out of darkness, at thy word,  
Issued into glorious birth;  
All thy works around Thee stood,  
And thine eye beheld them good,  
While they sang with sweet accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Three,  
One Jehovah evermore,  
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
Dust and ashes, would adore:  
Lightly by the world esteem'd,  
From that world, by Thee redeem'd  
Sing we here with glad accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! all  
Heav'n's triumphant choir shall sing,  
While the ransom'd nations fall  
At the footstool of their King;  
Then shall saints and seraphim,  
Harps and voices swell the hymn,  
Blending in sublime accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

635

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **L**ONG plunged in sorrow, I resign  
My soul to that dear hand of Thine,  
Without reserve or fear ;  
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes ;  
Or into smiles of glad surprise  
Transform the falling tear.
- 2 My sole possession is Thy love ;  
In earth beneath, or heaven above, ;  
I have no other store ;  
And, though with fervent suit I pray,  
And importune Thee night and day,  
I ask Thee nothing more.

636

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **M**Y rapid hours pursue the course  
Prescribed them by Love's sweetest force,  
And I Thy sovereign will,  
Without a wish t' escape my doom ;  
Though still a sufferer from the womb,  
And doom'd to suffer still.
- 2 By Thy command, where'er I stray,  
Sorrow attends me all my way,  
A never-failing friend ;  
And, if my sufferings may augment  
Thy praise, behold me well content—  
Let sorrow still attend !
- 3 Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth,  
Inspid sports, and childish mirth,  
I taste no sweets in you ;  
Unknown delights are in the cross,  
All joy beside to me is dross ;  
As Jesus thought I'd do.
- 4 The Cross ! Oh, ecstasy of bliss—  
How grateful even its anguish is ;  
Its bitterness how sweet !  
There every sense, and all the mind,  
In all her faculties refined,  
Tastes happiness complete.

637

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**S strangers in a foreign land,  
We oft bewildered look and sigh;  
Will no one lend a helping hand?  
O how we wish some friend were nigh.
- 2 The Saviour, as our friend, appears,  
And stands engaged to be our guide;  
His spirit quells our rising fears,  
And points us to His wounded side.
- 3 His blood alone can give us peace,  
And calm our sorrow-stricken heart;  
From Satan's bondage give release,  
And joy and liberty impart.
- 4 Our Saviour, we would cleave to Thee,  
No other guide but Thee we'll own—  
May we Thy faithful followers be,  
And glory in Thy cross alone.

638

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still, in weeds of widowhood,  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died,  
And as they left us, one by one,  
We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn,—  
We laid them but to ripen there  
Till the last glorious morn.  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

THURSDAY MORNING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE serpent's brood increase,  
The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
And love is waxing cold.  
How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy, and true, and good,  
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,  
Her sighs, and tears, and blood!  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 We long to hear Thy voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share Thy grace.  
Should not the loving Bride  
The absent Bridegroom mourn,  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
Until her Lord return!  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 3 The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, the cov'nant of Thy love,  
Abides for ever sure;  
And in its matchless grace, I feel  
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become,  
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,—  
And heaven my final home.
- 3 I welcome all Thy sov'reign will,  
For all that will is love;  
And, when I know not what Thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

641

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EFORE the power of Love Divine  
Creation fades away ;  
Till only God is seen to shine  
In all that we survey.
- 2 In gulfs of awful night we find  
The God of our desires ;  
'Tis there He stamps the yielding mind,  
And doubles all its fires.
- 3 Flames of encircling love invest,  
and pierce it sweetly through ;  
'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd  
With sacred sorrow too.
- 4 Ah Love ! my heart is in the right—  
Amidst a thousand woes,  
To Thee, its ever new delight,  
And all its peace it owes.

642

FRIDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **F**RESH causes of distress occur  
Where'er I look or move ;  
The comforts I to all prefer  
Are solitude and love.
- 2 Nor exile I nor prison fear ;  
Love makes my courage great ;  
I find a Saviour everywhere,  
His grace in every state.
- 3 There sorrow, for His sake, is found  
A joy beyond compare ;  
There no presumptuous thoughts abound,  
No pride can enter there.
- 4 A Saviour doubles all my joys,  
And sweetens all my pains,  
His strength in my defence employs,  
Consoles me and sustains.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed !  
To David's Lord and Son ;  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun.
- 2 He comes to break oppression ;  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 3 He comes with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong:
- 4 To give them songs for sighing;  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
- 5 By such shall He be feared,  
While sun and moon endure,  
Belov'd, obey'd, revered :  
For He shall judge the poor,
- 6 Through changing generations  
With justice, mercy, truth ;  
While stars maintain their stations,  
Or moons renew their youth.

SATURDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path, to birth.
- 2 Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And Righteousness, in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee ;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see.

645

SABBATH MORNING.—THIRD PART.

- 1 **K**INGS shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring:  
All nations shall adore him ;  
His praise all people sing :
- 2 Jesus shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar. . .
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.
- 4 The heav'nly dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.
- 5 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.
- 6 The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
His great, best name of LOVE !

646

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HO comes (my soul no longer doubt),  
Rising from earth's lowly sod,  
And whilst ten thousand angels sing,  
Ascends—ascends to heav'n, a God ?
- 2 Saviour, Lord, I know Thee now !  
Mighty to redeem and save,  
Such glory blazes on thy brow,  
As lights the darkness of the grave.
- 3 Saviour, Lord, the human soul,  
Forgetting every sorrow here,  
When thus aspiring to its goal,  
Shall triumph in its native sphere.



MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS died, and then arose ;  
Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns :  
Jesus vanquish'd all His foes ;  
Jesus led them all in chains :  
His the triumph and the crown ;  
His the glory and renown.
- 2 Sing we then of Him who died ;  
Sing of Him who rose again :  
By his blood we're justified,  
And with him we hope to reign :  
Soon we hope to see our Lord,  
And to share his bright reward.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Paschal Lamb,  
Who for our sins did'st bleed ;  
By whom we out of bondage came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,  
Fulfil Thy mission here,  
To guard and feed the chosen race,  
In Isr'el's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way  
Conduct us by Thy light ;  
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above ;  
And ever on Thy people rain  
The manna of Thy love.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE sun shall sink and rise no more,  
This earth consume in fire,  
The stars drop from their ancient spheres  
And time itself expire.
- 2 But Thou, O God ! for evermore,  
In thy great might shall reign,  
Dissolve, Thou shalt, this universe,  
And build it up again.
- 3 An earth more lovely shall appear,  
A heaven more fair and bright,  
The ransomed souls shall be the stars,  
And Thou their source of light.
- 4 The humble followers of the Lamb,  
Look upward and rejoice,  
That is their home, their Father's house,  
Where they shall know his voice.

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HAT, the great meeting-place of saints,  
When earth's dark journey's o'er  
When fainting heart, and weary feet,  
Remember'd are no more.
- 2 What though no friendly hand may mark  
Where our frail bodies fall,  
What though the living may forget  
That we have lived at all !
- 3 We'll triumph o'er forgetfulness,  
Death's iron bars shall yield,  
For He who holds the keys of death  
Has our deliverance seal'd.
- 4 We shall come forth to dwell with Thee,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Bask in Thy love, through ceaseless years,  
And love Thy praise to sing.

651

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, we pray,  
For all the human race;  
To sinners now Thy power display,  
And save them by Thy grace.
- 2 Revive Thy work this hour;  
May all Thy goodness know;  
Destroy the tempter's evil power;  
His kingdom overthrow.
- 3 O send thy heralds forth,  
Salvation to proclaim,  
That all may know the second birth,  
And join to praise Thy name.

652

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love Thy charming name,  
'Tis music in my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That all the world might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee most richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell within my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm for all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name,  
With my expiring breath;  
And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

FORTYSEVENTH WEEK.

653

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, we fall before Thy face,  
And worship at the throne of grace ;  
Our humble thanks to Thee we give,  
That still we do in bodies live.
- 2 Accept our thanks, Thou gracious God,  
For mercies which Thou hast bestow'd  
Thy blessings are in number more,  
Than sands upon the ocean's shore.
- 3 Thy mercies, Lord, again repeat,  
While here we worship at Thy feet ;  
O let our hearts be fill'd with Thee,  
And may we now Thy glory see.
- 4 Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly crave,  
Since thou hast bid us ask and have ;  
Let faith increase, let love abound,  
And shed thy glory all around.

654

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
We helpless sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and O ! amazing love !  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for such love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break :  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**OVE'S redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise;  
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save;  
Where's thy victory, O Grave?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Foll'wing our exalted Head:  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,  
Proclaim thy joys abroad:  
And march with holy vigour on,  
Supported by thy God,
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life  
His hand has been my guide;  
And in that long-experienced care  
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,  
An unexhausted stream;  
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,  
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of time  
Thy courts on earth I love;  
But oh! I burn with strong desire  
To view Thy house above.
- 5 Joining with all the shining band,  
My soul would there adore;  
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,  
To be remov'd no more.

657

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**ITH humble boldness we draw nigh,  
To Thee, who didst for sinners die ;  
And, while we bow before Thy face,  
O shed abroad Thy heav'nly grace,
- 2 Be Thou our help in time of need ;  
Do Thou our souls and bodies feed.  
Send down thy blessing from above,  
And fill creation with thy love.

658

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**UR God, thy boundless love we praise ;  
How bright on high its glories blaze  
How sweetly bloom below !  
In streams from Thy eternal throne  
Through heav'n its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 But in thy gospel it appears  
In sweeter, fairer characters,  
And charms the anxious breast ;  
There Love immortal leaves the sky,  
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,  
And give the weary rest.
- 3 There smiles a kind propitious God,  
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,  
The pledge of sins forgiv'n :  
There God the Spirit points the way  
To regions of eternal day,  
And opens all His heav'n.
- 4 Then in redeeming love rejoice,  
My soul, and hear a Saviour's voice,  
That calls thee to the skies ;  
Above life's empty scenes aspire,  
Scorn its dull care and mean desire,  
And seize th' eternal prize.

FORTYEIGHTH WEEK.

659

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, awake,  
And hail this sacred day;  
In lofty songs of praise  
Our joyful homage pay:  
Come bless the day that God hath bless'd,  
The type of heav'n's eternal Rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of Life arose;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes;  
And now He pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Heav'n with hosannas rings;  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings;  
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.

660

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE in Thy name, O Lord, we meet,  
And bow before Thy mercy seat,  
O cause on us Thy face to shine,  
And fill our hearts with love divine.
- 2 Teach us anew by faith to rise,  
And look to Jesus in the skies;  
Anew to Him our sins confess,  
And trust anew his pard'ning grace.
- 3 Our lofty spirits, Lord, subdue;  
Our sinful hearts, O Lord, renew:  
Then in Thy name shall we rejoice,  
And sing Thy praise with joyful voices.
- 4 Thy Holy Spirit, O do not stay,  
Nor put from Thee our prayers away,  
But in the riches of Thy love  
O draw us to Thyself above.

FORTYEIGHTH WEEK.

661

MONDAY MORNING.

**L**ET us bow and fall before him,  
Let us bow before our King :  
Lo! angelic hosts adore him,  
All above his praises sing :  
More than they to Him we owe,  
We are saved from endless woe.

662

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears :  
Before the Throne my surety stands ;  
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood aton'd a fallen race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary :  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me :  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die,"
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear :  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father cry !



663

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**T length th' expected time draws near,  
The shades disperse, bright days appear;  
The rip'ning fields, already white,  
Present a harvest to our sight.
- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow;  
The exil'd slave waits to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,  
That we have seen these latter days,  
When our Redeemer shall be known,  
Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,  
In the bless'd labour bear a part;  
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,  
To aid the triumphs of our King.

664

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings :  
With Thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the wondering sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- 3 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through Thy works abroad :  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder God !
- 4 But the mild glories of Thy grace  
Our softer passions move:  
Pity divine in Jesus' face  
We see, adore, and love.

665

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD! at Thy command  
Seasons in order rise;  
Thy power and love in concert reign  
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 With grateful praise we own  
Thy ever-bounteous hand,  
Whose gifts with various fruits and flowers,  
Adorn and bless the land.
- 3 Our highest praise we give,  
For Thy Redeeming Love—  
Our pardon, peace, and joy below,  
Our hope of heav'n above.

666

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**E sing to Him who sent His Son,  
To bear the sorrows not His own,  
Made perfect by His sufferings He  
Our Saviour and our Friend will be.
- 2 His visage marr'd, His wounded side,  
Make weary souls in him confide;  
The sad in heart look not in vain,  
To Him who was and still seems slain.
- 3 The Lamb still bears upon His throne,  
The marks of griefs He bore alone;  
For us He suffer'd, for us bled,  
And for us now He'll intercede.
- 4 Nor shall the Saviour's pains be lost,  
He brings to heaven a countless host:  
His sons and daughters, still they come,  
And enter their eternal home.
- 5 They with the happy still shall be,  
Throughout a long eternity.  
No cares, no griefs, shall them annoy,  
When entered on their Saviour's joy.

667

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** DAY of wrath that day shall be,  
Before the Judge the Heav'ns shall flee:  
Lord! what shall then become of me?
- 2 Thou, Blessed Jesus! crown Thy grace;  
Oh save me from this last distress,  
And take me to Thy blessedness.
- 3 As Thou hast favour to me shown,  
When Thou did'st make Thy mercy known;  
Confess it then upon Thy throne.
- 4 Lord, I am sure that naught can sever  
Thine from thy love which faileth never!  
Thou art the same both now and ever.
- 5 Christ sought me when I went astray;  
He led me in the narrow way;  
He brought me to this endless day.
- 6 No wrath is in this day for me,  
If now from sin and sorrow free,  
'Twill be the day I long to see.

668

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline;  
And cause the brightness of Thy face  
On all Thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so Thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate Thy fame;  
Let all the world, O Lord! combine  
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 Oh let them shout and sing  
With joy and holy mirth!  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

FORTYEIGHTH WEEK.

669

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing  
Glory to our God and King ;  
Meet in ev'ry time and place  
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,  
Angels, help the solemn sound ;  
Publish through the world abroad  
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give,  
Graciously, Thou, our thanks receive ;  
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
Ev'rywhere be thou ador'd.

670

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**OY to the world—the Lord is come—  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
Let ev'ry creature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns—  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While seas, and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth His love proclaim  
With all her different tongues ;  
And spread the honour of His name  
In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

671

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ROM Thee, O Lord, we wandered far  
In downward track,  
When Christ appeared, the soul's pole-star,  
To guide us back.
- 2 Thy counsels once we set at nought,  
Thy threats despised,  
But now to full repentance brought,  
Thy rod is prized.
- 3 That so we always may abide  
Thy face before,  
Be Thou our counsellor and guide.  
For evermore.

672

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **I**N thy presence we appear ;  
Lord, we love to worship here,  
When within the veil we meet  
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through Christ art reconcil'd;  
Each in Him is own'd thy child ;  
Abba, Father, give us grace  
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- 3 While Thy glorious name is sung,  
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, " The Lord our Righteousness."
- 4 While to Thee our prayers ascend,  
Let Thine ear in love attend ;  
Hear us, when Thy spirit pleads,  
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While Thy word is heard with awe,  
And we tremble at Thy law,  
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love  
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon through Thy name,  
In their voices let us own  
Jesus speaking from the throne.
- 7 From Thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn ;  
That at evening, we may say—  
" We have walk'd with God to-day."

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! what mean those lamentations,  
Rolling sadly through the sky ?  
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
" Come and help us, or we die !"
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining ;  
Let us hear their dying cry ;  
And the love of Christ constraining,  
Join to help them ere they die.

675

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal his ancient nation,  
To lead the outcasts home!
- 2 Lay down Thy rod of terror;  
Thy saving grace impart;  
Roll back the veil of error;  
Release the fetter'd heart.
- 3 Let Isr'el, home returning,  
Their lost Messiah see;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy church to Thee.

676

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart;  
They tell me all is done;  
They bid my fear depart.  
To whom, save Thee,  
Who can alone  
For sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee!
- 2 Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,  
Upon the shameful tree,  
Have paid the law's full price  
And purchased peace for me.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 3 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,  
Have wept my guilt away;  
And turned this night of mine  
Into a blessed day.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 4 Thy bonds, not mine, O Christ,  
Unbind me of my chain,  
And break my prison-doors,  
Ne'er to be barred again.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.

677

TUESDAY MORNING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HY wounds, not mine, O Christ,  
Can heal my bruised soul,  
Thy stripes, not mine, contain  
The balm that makes me whole,  
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 2 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,  
Thy blood so freely spilt,  
Can blanch my blackest stains,  
And purge away my guilt.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 3 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has born the awful load  
Of sins that none in heaven  
Or earth could bear, but God  
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness will do  
Save that which is of Thee.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 5 Thy righteousness alone  
Can clothe and beautify;  
I wrap it round my soul;  
In this I'll live and die.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.

678

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour,  
My soul exulting sings;  
Rejoicing in Thy favour,  
Almighty King of kings!
- 2 My voice in supplication,  
Well pleased Thou shalt hear:  
O grant me Thy salvation,  
And to my soul draw near.



WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, arise!  
Assume, assert, Thy sway;  
Till earth subdued, its tribute bring,  
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride, forth, victorious conqu'ror, ride,  
Till all Thy foes submit;  
And all the powers of hell resign  
Their trophies at Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly  
This spacious earth around;  
Till ev'ry soul beneath the sun  
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 O may the great Redeemer's name  
Through every clime be known!  
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,  
And Jesus reign alone.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught, and learnt while young,  
To read His holy word.
- 2 Oh Lord, this book of thine  
Informs me where to go  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.
- 3 Oh! may the Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive,  
Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
And all Thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,  
In a more cheerful strain,  
That I was taught to read his word,  
And have not learnt in vain.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR down the ages now,  
Her journey well-nigh done,  
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,  
In haste to reach the crown.
- 2 The story of the past  
Comes up before her view ;  
How well it seems to suit her still,  
Old, and yet ever new.
- 3 'Tis the same story still,  
Of sin and weariness—  
Of grace and love still flowing down  
To pardon and to bless,
- 4 'Tis the old sorrow still,—  
The brier and the thorn,—  
And 'tis the same old solace yet,—  
The hope of coming morn.

THURSDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **N**O wider is the gate,  
No broader is the way,  
No smother is the ancient path  
That leads to light and day.
- 2 No lighter is the load  
Beneath whose weight we cry,  
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,  
Nor less our enemy.
- 3 No sweeter is the cup,  
Nor less our lot of ill ;  
'Twas tribulation ages since,  
'Tis tribulation still.
- 4 No greener are the rocks,  
No fresher flow the rills,  
No roses in the wilds appear,  
No vines upon the hills.
- 5 Still dark the sky above,  
And sharp the desert air ;  
'Tis wide, bleak, desolation round,  
And shadow everywhere.

FRIDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **D**AWN lingers on yon cliff ;  
But, oh, how slow to spring !  
Morning still nestles on yon wave  
Afraid to try its wing.
- 2 No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe,  
No less the need of armour tried,  
Of shield, and spear, and bow.
- 3 Nor less we feel the blank  
Of earth's still absent King ;  
Whose presence is of all our bliss  
The everlasting spring.
- 4 Thus onward still we press,  
Through evil and through good,  
Through pain, and poverty, and want,  
Through peril and through blood.
- 5 Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true ;  
We follow where he leads the way,  
The kingdom in our view.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE daily favours of my God,  
In number vast they be,  
O let me ever feel the truth ;  
That Thou still car'st for me.
- 2 Lord, in the day Thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread,  
And in the night when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed,]
- 3 O! let my house a temple be,  
That I and mine may sing  
Hosannahs to Thy majesty,  
And praise our heav'nly King.

685

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God  
For all His kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit Thine abode,  
My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 Among Thy people in Thy house  
My off'rings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all Thy servants are!  
How great Thy grace to me!  
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,  
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 4 Let me be Thine, for ever Thine,  
Let not my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,  
Oh! bind me with Thy love.

686

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,  
With beams of heavenly grace;  
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,  
And show Thy gracious face.
- 2 Amid our Isle, exalted high,  
Do Thou our glory stand,  
And, like a wall of guardian fire,  
Surround our favour'd land.
- 3 May God our Saviour scatter round  
His choicest favours here,  
And let creation's utmost bound  
Behold, adore, and fear.
- 4 So let Thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad,  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **Y**E vain engrossing thoughts away ;  
The Lord demands our hearts this day ;  
From earthly trifles bids us fly,  
And seek the glories of the sky ;  
We come, O Lord ! at thy decree,  
To yield our willing hearts to Thee.
- 2 Oft as these Sabbath hours return,  
Fresh proofs of mercy we discern,  
And long to see thy grace bestow'd  
To light the darkness of our road :  
Oh ! let that light direct our way  
To regions of eternal day.
- 3 Now let our souls in Thee repose  
The burden of their wants and woes.  
And from thy word new power derive  
To keep our feeble faith alive ;  
Thy blessing, Lord, we long to gain ;  
Let us not seek thy face in vain.
- 4 While here we dwell, with cares oppress'd,  
Few are the hours of perfect rest :  
But heaven will all our loss repair,  
Each day will be a Sabbath there :  
Lord by the teaching of thy grace  
Prepare us for that holy place.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**ITH Isr'el's God who can compare ?  
— Or who like Isr'el happy are ?  
A people saved by the Lord,  
He is their shield and great reward !
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,  
We are secur'd from foes and harms ;  
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,  
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** FOR one celestial ray  
 From the shining seats of day!  
 Sun of Righteousness arise!  
 Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.
- 2 Distant from Thy blest abode,  
 Far from glory, far from God,  
 Now and then we breathe a sigh  
 Upwards to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;  
 Love, and joy, and peace inspire;  
 Make us feel Thy grace within;  
 Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise  
 In affection to the skies!  
 Liberty and joy divine,  
 Sun of righteousness, are Thine.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 May ev'ry hour successive bear  
 Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;  
 And by Thy grace accepted be  
 My works of love perform'd for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth shall be my constant theme,  
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream;  
 Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds!  
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;  
 Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,  
 Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS sad to die, weak nature says:  
Life's loves and labours done;  
To be cast out from living men,  
To feel no more the sun.
- 2 Much loveliness is on the earth,  
Much happiness in friends;  
And from the skies the starry host,  
A grateful influence sends.
- 3 O, sad to part, when earth and sky  
In primal beauty shine,  
When kindred generations still  
Around our heart entwine.
- 4 God's children die not, but do pass  
To their own Father's home,  
To be with all the good who were,  
To wait all yet to come.
- 5 There friendships of a holier tie,  
And scenes more glorious far,  
Endure shall through eternity,  
Without a sigh to mar.
- 6 Then, as thou wilt, Lord, be it done,  
O bathe our souls in thee;  
In life, in death, in earth, and heaven,  
We'll thy salvation see.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, He dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might;  
The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its firm foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundations laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 For ever shall Thy throne endure;  
Thy promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ON of God ; Thy people shield !  
Must we still Thine absence mourn ?  
Let Thy promise be fulfill'd,  
Thou hast said, " I will return."
- 2 Gracious Leader, now appear,  
Shine upon us with Thy light !  
Like the spring, when Thou art near,  
Days and suns are doubly bright.
- 3 As a mother counts the days,  
Till her absent son she see,  
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,  
So our spirits long for Thee.
- 4 Come and let us feel Thee nigh,  
Then Thy sheep shall feed in peace ;  
Plenty bless us from on high,  
Evil from amongst us cease.
- 5 Thus each day for Thee we'll spend,  
While our callings we pursue ;  
And the thoughts of such a friend  
Shall each night our joy renew.
- 6 Let Thy light be ne'er withdrawn,  
Golden days afford us long !  
Thus we pray at early dawn,  
This shall be our ev'ning song.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.



695

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT till the summer glow is past,  
The fields display their sheaves,  
Not till the blasts of winter come,  
The forests shed their leaves.
- 2 But O, how few, 'mong sons of men,  
In mellowing age decay—  
They tarry not for hoary years,  
But swiftly pass away.
- 3 Death shakes the boughs ; and bud and flow'r,  
The youth in life's gay bloom  
Do quickly and unceasing fall,  
Into untimely tomb,
- 4 Death reaps, while yet the blade is green,  
Long ere the fields are white,  
Harvests unsun'd he gathers in,  
To shades of starless night,
- 5 God ! let each lisping tongue Thee praise,  
Each youthful heart Thee love ;  
Then early tomb is early bliss,  
At Thy right hand above.

696

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU God of power and God of love !  
Whose glory fills the realms above,  
Thy praise the angels sing ;  
And veil their faces while they cry,  
Thrice holy to their God most High,  
Thrice holy to their King.
- 2 Thee as our God we too would claim,  
And bless th' Almighty Saviour's name,  
Through whom all grace is given :  
Who bore the curse to sinners due,  
Who forms these ruin'd souls anew,  
And makes us heirs of heaven.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,  
In solemn accents sing  
A sacred hymn of grateful praise  
To heaven's Almighty King.
- 2 Take the glad burden of His name,  
Ye clouds, as ye arise,  
Whether to deck the golden morn,  
Or shade the evening skies.
- 3 Long let it warble round the spheres,  
And echo through the sky;  
Let ~~Angels~~ with immortal skill  
Improve the harmony;
- 4 Whilst we with sacred rapture fired,  
The great Creator sing,  
And utter consecrated lays  
To heaven's eternal King.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**OOK up to yonder world,  
See myriads round the throne !  
Each bears a golden harp,  
Each wears a glorious crown:  
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,  
And strive to raise their praises higher.
- 2 Believing in His name,  
They in His footsteps trod;  
His righteousness their hope,  
Their only plea His blood:  
Lo! now they reign with Him above,  
Behold His face, and sing His love.
- 3 And shall we not aspire,  
Like them our course to run ?  
The crown if we would wear,  
The cross must first be borne :  
Divinely taught, they show'd the way,  
First to believe, and then obey.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,  
Let us praise the Saviour's name ;  
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder ;  
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;  
He has wash'd us with His blood ;  
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us wonder, grace and justice  
Join, and point to mercy's store ;  
When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
Justice smiles and asks no more :  
He who wash'd us with His blood :  
Has secur'd our way to God.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE in peace his dust is laid,  
Jesus watches o'er his bed ;  
There in certain hope to lie  
Till the trumpet shakes the sky.
- 2 One more safe;—the race is run!  
Bright and brighter was the sun,  
Till the shining noon-day glowed  
O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.
- 3 Yet a few more changing days,  
Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;  
Yet a few more flowers to dress  
Earth's prolific wilderness ;
- 4 Then round the believer's tomb  
Light from Heav'n shall cheer the gloom,  
While the prison-house shall shake ;—  
First the dead in Christ shall wake.
- 5 Glorious hour! though sons of men  
Know not how and know not when,  
Lord! 'tis Thine to choose the day,—  
Theirs to watch, and wait, and pray.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou source of light and love,  
Shower down Thy blessings from above; 3  
Arise with healing on Thy wings,  
And raise our hearts from earthly things.
- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness divine,  
In every heart vouchsafe to shine;  
The beauties of Thy face display,  
And shine unto the perfect day.
- 3 When we assemble in Thy name,  
Impart the pure seraphic flame;  
Burn up our dross, our hearts refine,  
And consecrate us ever Thine.
- 4 And when we've run our heavenly race,  
May we, in glory, see Thy face;  
There may we in Thy bosom rest,  
And share a lot among the blest.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**ITH ardent longing, at Thy feet,  
Heavenly Father, here we wait:  
O lend a gracious ear!  
We plead the name of Thy dear Son,  
The grace, the glory He has won,  
Deign, Lord our prayers to hear.
- 2 Grant a believing trusting heart;  
A cheerful mind to us impart,  
Free from guilt's galling load;  
A sense of pardon'd sin afford;  
And with Thy presence bless us Lord,  
Our Saviour, and our God.
- 3 O Father! me with pleasure own,  
The dear-bought purchase of Thy Son:  
O Spirit dwell with me;  
Guide and protect us as a child,  
Whom Jesus blood has reconcil'd  
And richest grace made free.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the Prince of Light,  
That clothed Himself in clay,  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Cong'rour mounts aloft,  
And to His Father flies,  
With scars of honour in His flesh,  
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**N vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saint,  
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;  
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
A mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
'To trace her heavenward flight:  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 This much (and this is all) we know,  
They are supremely bless'd,  
Have done with sin, and care, and woo,  
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
His face they always view;  
Then let us followers be of them,  
That we may praise Him too.

705

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN the world my heart is rending  
With its heaviest storm of care,  
My glad thoughts to God ascending,  
Find a refuge from despair.
- 2 There's a hand of mercy near me,  
Though the waves of trouble roar;  
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,  
When the toils of life are o'er.
- 3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining  
That bright crown they long'd to wear;  
Not one spot of sin remaining,  
Not one pang of earthly care.
- 4 Oh! to rest in peace for ever,  
Join'd with happy souls above;  
Where no foe my heart can sever  
From the Saviour whom I love!
- 5 This the hope that shall sustain me  
Till life's pilgrimage be past;  
Fears may vex, and troubles pain me  
I shall reach my home at last.

706

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
And faith, rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?
- 4 O Lord! that we may thus depart,  
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,  
Impress Thine image on our heart,  
And teach us how to walk with Thee.

707

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** ZION, lift Thy raptured eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh,  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 2 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn—  
Behold, she binds with tender care  
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 3 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bid Satan and his host depart;  
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!
- 4 O Zion lift Thy raptured eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh,  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign"

708

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly His face.
- 2 I hop'd that, in some favour'd hour,  
At once He'd answer my request;  
And, by His love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart;  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;  
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith;"
- 5 "These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free,  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou may'st seek Thy all in me."

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We pray for those who plead for Thee;  
Successful servants may they be.
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be Thine;  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed;  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
And Thy pure gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let sinners break their cruel chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Lo ! Jesus is gone up on high:  
The powers of hell are captive led,—  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits ;  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
He claims those mansions as his right:—  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 5 “ Who is the King of Glory who ? ”  
The Lord of boundless power possess:  
The King of saints, and angels, too;  
God over all, for ever blest.



711

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ING we now eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move:  
He beheld the world undone,  
Lov'd the world, and gave His Son.
- 2 Sing the Son's amazing love,  
How He left the realms above,  
'Took our nature and our place,  
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 3 Sing we too the Spirit's love;  
With our stubborn hearts He strove,  
Chas'd the mists of sin away,  
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

712

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, pity the earth, long, long has man  
wailed,  
By evil-heart vex'd—by Satan assailed;  
Thy leaves for th' nations, O scatter them, Lord.  
That man may be healed, and Thou be adored.
- 2 Lord, pity th' nations; still foolish and blind;  
For gain though they grope, no good thing they  
find,  
Anoint with Thy salve, O make them to see.  
Then good when they seek, they'll find all in Thee.
- 3 Lord, pity the earth, for night still hangs o'er  
Man wandering falls, lies bleeding and sore:  
Light is on Zion, O shed forth its beam,  
That the kingdoms rejoice, and own Thee supreme
- 4 Lord, pity th' nations, still naked and poor,  
That wander forlorn—cold and hunger endure;  
Thy raiment of white, and manna; O Lord,  
Abundantly give, Thy stores can afford.
- 5 Lord, pity th' nations; prepare Thou the way,  
That Thy servants' feet no longer delay;  
Thy banner displayed on hill and on plain,  
Then earth shall be glad—Jehovah shall reign.

713

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E will praise Thee every day!  
Now Thine anger's turned away,  
Comfortable thoughts arise  
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is become at length  
Our salvation and our strength;  
And His praises shall prolong,  
While we live, our pleasant song.
- 3 Praise we then, His glorious name;  
Publish His exalted fame;  
Still His worth our praise exceeds;  
Excellent are all His deeds.
- 4 Raise again the joyful sound,  
Let the nations roll it round;  
Zion shout, for this is He,  
God the Saviour dwells in Thee.

714

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE saints on earth look up and pray  
For grace to guide the heavenly way;  
The angels, who in strength excel,  
Look down to learn Jehovah's will.
- 2 'The Seraphim awoke the morn  
When Christ, the Saviour, was born;  
And though all heav'ns their anthems know  
They minister to man below.  
O, like these happy spirits we  
Would feel a holy ecstasy,  
And blend our voices in the praise,  
Which day and night they ever raise.
- 4 In lengths and depths, redemption's scheme  
Conspires to form angelic theme,  
And though one-half can ne'er be told,  
They learn God's goodness manifold.
- 5 With angels, Lord, we would explore,  
And as we search, like them, adore  
That wisdom which the guilty saves,  
And yet no claim of justice waives.

715

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU all-benignant Jesus,  
Now magnify Thy worth,  
And let Thy name be precious,  
As ointment poured forth.
- 2 Unfold the cross's banner  
Before the eye of faith,  
And get Thyself the honour,  
Both in our life and death.

716

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O**H! had I the wings of a dove,  
I'd make my escape and be gone,  
I'd mix with the spirits above,  
Who encompass the heav'nly throne.
- 2 I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
To the place where the weary have rest;  
I'd haste from contention and bröil,  
To the peaceful home of the bless'd.
- 3 They're far from all danger and fear,  
While mem'ry enhances their joys,  
As the storm, when o'er, will endear  
The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 4 Around that high glorious throne  
Where the Lamb all His glory displays,  
United for ever in one,  
His people are singing His praise.
- 5 How holy, how happy are they!  
No tongue can express their delight;  
My soul, now unwilling to stay,  
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 6 But, Lord, what a rebel am I!  
My hope is in mercy alone;  
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,  
Still count me thro' grace for Thine own.

717

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, Thy atonement  
Be ever new to us,  
Grant we may ev'ry moment  
In spirit view Thy cross:
- 2 In times of dark temptation,  
Oh! keep our garments pure!  
From sin's infatuation  
Preserve us by Thy power.

718

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**'VE read the wondrous story,  
How Jesus came to die,—  
Though he was King of glory,—  
For sinners such as I.
- 2 What mov'd Him with compassion  
To leave His heavenly throne?  
He came for our salvation,  
'Twas love that brought Him down.
- 3 "He slumber'd in a manger ;"—  
So lowly was His bed,  
Poor, outcast, and a stranger,  
Nowhere to lay His head,
- 4 When sinners mock'd and jeer'd Him;  
He answer'd not again;  
But meekly bore their scoffing.  
'Mid sorrow, shame, and pain.
- 5 When mothers brought their infants,  
He took them in His arms;  
And blessing them so sweetly,  
He hush'd their vain alarms.
- 6 Then, since He was so lowly,  
So gentle and so mild,  
I'll pray that He may make me  
A meek and holy child.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **D**OWN from the willow bough  
My slumb'ring harp I'll take,  
And bid its silent strings  
To heavenly themes awake:—  
Peaceful let its breathings be,  
Soft and soothing harmony,
- 2 Love, love divine. I sing:—  
Oh, for a seraph's lyre!  
Bathed in Siloa's stream,  
And touched with living fire:—  
Lofty, pure, the strain should be,  
When I sing of Calvary.
- 3 Love, Love on earth appears!  
The wretched throng His way;  
He beareth all their griefs,  
And wipes their tears away:—  
Soft and sweet the strain should be,  
Saviour, when, I sing of Thee,

TUESDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E saw me as He passed,  
In hopeless sorrow lie,  
Condemned and doomed to death,  
And no salvation nigh:—  
Long and loud the strain should be,  
When I sing His love to me.
- 2 "I die for thee," He said—  
Behold the cross arise;  
And lo! He bows His head—  
He bows His head, and dies!  
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be,  
Let me weep on Calvary,
- 3 He lives! again He lives!  
I hear the voice of love—  
He comes to soothe my fears,  
And draw my soul above:—  
Joyful now the strain should be,  
When I sing of Calvary.

721

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne,  
His labours are o'er, his conquests are won:  
A kingdom is given into His strong hand,  
In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.
- 2 Tho' sinners below we'll trust in the Lord:  
Look up to His arm, His honour, His word:  
Athirst for His favour, His Godhead adore;  
We'll look to our Saviour; rejoice evermore.

722

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a track of glory down  
The dreary wastes of time,  
Which broad'ning onwards, hastes to spread,  
To every land and clime.
- 2 'Tis not the sun, whose beams have long  
Shed day from pole to pole,  
For never can its brightness break  
The midnight of the soul.
- 3 It comes from the eternal depths,  
Shines dim to Calvary;  
Then with a more effulgent glow  
Holds on its downward way.
- 4 Yet Kingdom's welter in the gloom,  
Princes and peoples, all,  
Bow down to gods of their own hands,  
And never on Thee call.
- 5 We bless Thee, Lord, that we have felt  
The glorious gospel ray:  
O spread it till the world rejoice  
In the millennial day.
- 6 O! happy time, when o'er each land  
The light of life shall rise:  
Sin's shadows flee, and earth reflect  
The glory of the skies.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1** **T**HEE, Lord, our grateful accents praise,  
 We own and bless Thy wondrous ways;  
 To Thee, great Father, earth's whole frame  
 Proclaims aloud immortal fame.
- 2** Lord God of Hosts! for Thee Heav'n's powers  
 With anthems fill the vaulted towers;  
 The cherubim thrice holy cry,  
 And thrice the seraphim reply.
- 3** Thy praises fill th' apostles' choir,  
 The prophets in the song conspire,  
 The martyrs in the chorus shine,  
 And vocal blood with music join.
- 4** By these Thy Church, by heavenly art,  
 Through earth maintains a second part,  
 And tunes her sweetest notes to Thee,  
 Father of boundless majesty.

THURSDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1** **T**HOU, Saviour, Christ of the most High,  
 Thou co-eternal Deity,  
 Thou art to judge the quick and dead,  
 Then spare those souls for whom thou'st bled,
- 2** O place us 'mong saints blest above,  
 To share with them Thy ceaseless love;  
 Preserve Thy people, and enhance  
 Thy gifts on Thine inheritance.
- 3** Exalt their hearts, and rule their ways,  
 While daily we proclaim Thy praise;  
 Each age shall celebrate Thy name,  
 No hour neglect Thy endless fame.
- 4** Preserve our souls this day from ill;  
 Upon us, Lord, have mercy still:  
 As we have hop'd, relieve our pain,  
 Let not our hope in Thee be vain.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Prophet, will reveal  
     To us His Father's holy will:  
 Show us the glorious gospel plan,  
 The means of saving fallen man.
- 2 Jesus, our Priest, an offering made,  
 For us His precious blood He shed,  
 For us He now in heaven appears,  
 And still our grief and sorrow shares.
- 3 Jesus, our King, within us reign,  
 And all our enemies restrain:  
 We will obey Thy heavenly voice,  
 And in Thy righteous laws rejoice.
- 4 Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 All grateful honours will we bring:  
 Our hearts instruct, our souls refine,  
 And mould us to Thy will divine.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE is but One who ne'er rebell'd,  
     But One by passion unimpell'd,  
     By pleasure unentice'd;  
 He from Himself His brightness sent,  
 Grand object of His own content,  
 And saw the God in Christ.
- 2 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said  
 To Moses; while earth heard in dread,  
     And, smitten to the heart,  
 At once above, beneath, around,  
 All nature, without voice or sound,  
 Replied, O Lord, Thou Art.
- 3 Thou art—to give and to confirm  
 For each his talent and his term;  
     All flesh Thy bounties share;  
 Man shall not call his brother, fool;  
 The porches of the Christian school  
     Are meekness, peace, and prayer.



SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN Isr'el, of the Lord belov'd,  
     Out from the land of bondage came,  
     Her father's God before her mov'd,  
     An awful guide in cloud and flame,
- 2 By day, along th' astonished lands,  
     The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
     By night Arabia's crimson'd sands  
     Return'd the fiery column's glow.
- 3 And present still, though now unseen!  
     When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,  
     Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
     To temper the deceitful ray.
- 4 And Oh, where falls upon our path  
     In shade and storm the frequent night,  
     Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
     A burning and a shining light!

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
     The world's foundations first were laid!  
     Come, visit ev'ry waiting mind;  
     Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
     From sin and sorrow set us free,  
     And make us temples meet for Thee.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,  
     Rich in Thy sev'nfold energy!  
     Thou strength of His almighty hand,  
     Whose pow'r doth heav'n and earth command;  
     Our frailties help, our vice control,  
     Submit the senses to the soul.
- 3 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
     Attend th' almighty Father's name:  
     The Saviour-Son be glorified,  
     Who for lost man's redemption died;  
     And equal adoration be,  
     Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS Sabbath morn: another week  
Of busy toils and scenes is past;  
This morning minds us of a rest—  
A rest that shall for ever last.
- 2 If we pursue the path wherein  
In every age the men of God,  
Apostles, Patriarchs, Prophets—all,  
Instructed by His counsel trod,
- 3 When worldly things pass from our view,  
And death on us his cold hand lays,  
In triumph we shall join the choir  
Who sing to God eternal praise.
- 4 Neglecting this, and if we choose  
The road where sinners onward go  
When life recedes, and death draws nigh,  
Our doom is sealed—eternal woe.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men;  
But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus the dead revives again.
- 3 Our glorious Lord forsakes the tomb:  
In vain His foes forbid his rise;  
Angelic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease, cease our tears and let us tell  
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led His captive, death, in chains.
- 5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous king,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
Then ask of death, "Oh! where's thy sting?"  
And where thy victory, boasting grave!

731

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Lord; descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;  
Make our enlarged souls embrace  
The depth and height, and breadth and length.  
Of Thine immeasurable grace!
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done,  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son!

732

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD of all! we bow before Thee,  
And Thy praises humbly sing;  
For Thy bounty we adore Thee,  
At Thy footstool worshipping.
- 2 Day by day hath come and found us,  
Kept by Thee on flood or field;  
Night hath cast her mantle round us,  
And Thou still hast been our shield.
- 3 When our souls by sorrow darken'd,  
Poured their plaintive cries to Thee,  
To our wailings Thou hast hearken'd,  
And Thy hand hath set us free.
- 4 Oh! how sweet has been each token  
Of Thy love amid our woes;  
When our spirits crush'd and broken,  
Found in Thee alone repose!
- 5 Long the path that lies before us,  
Rough the road our feet must tread;  
May thy banner still be o'er us,  
And thy light around us spread.
- 6 Then shall we, by Thee defended,  
Struggle on our arduous way;  
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## ERRATA.

- Hymn 157—First line—For “plaintiff wail” read “plaintive wailing.”  
Hymn 274—in line 13 for “bounty” read “bounties.”  
Hymn 416—Ninth line—for “Cease thou” read “Cease then.”  
Hymn 439—Line 3—for “there” read “their.”  
Hymn 493—First line—for “We cast” read “Cast.”  
Hymn 716—in 6th line omit “have,” and in 14th omit “all.”

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- No. Metre. Appropriate Tunes, with their Pages in the Music at the end*
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  - 3 Common Sympathy 63; Artaxerxes 67; Eastgate 22.
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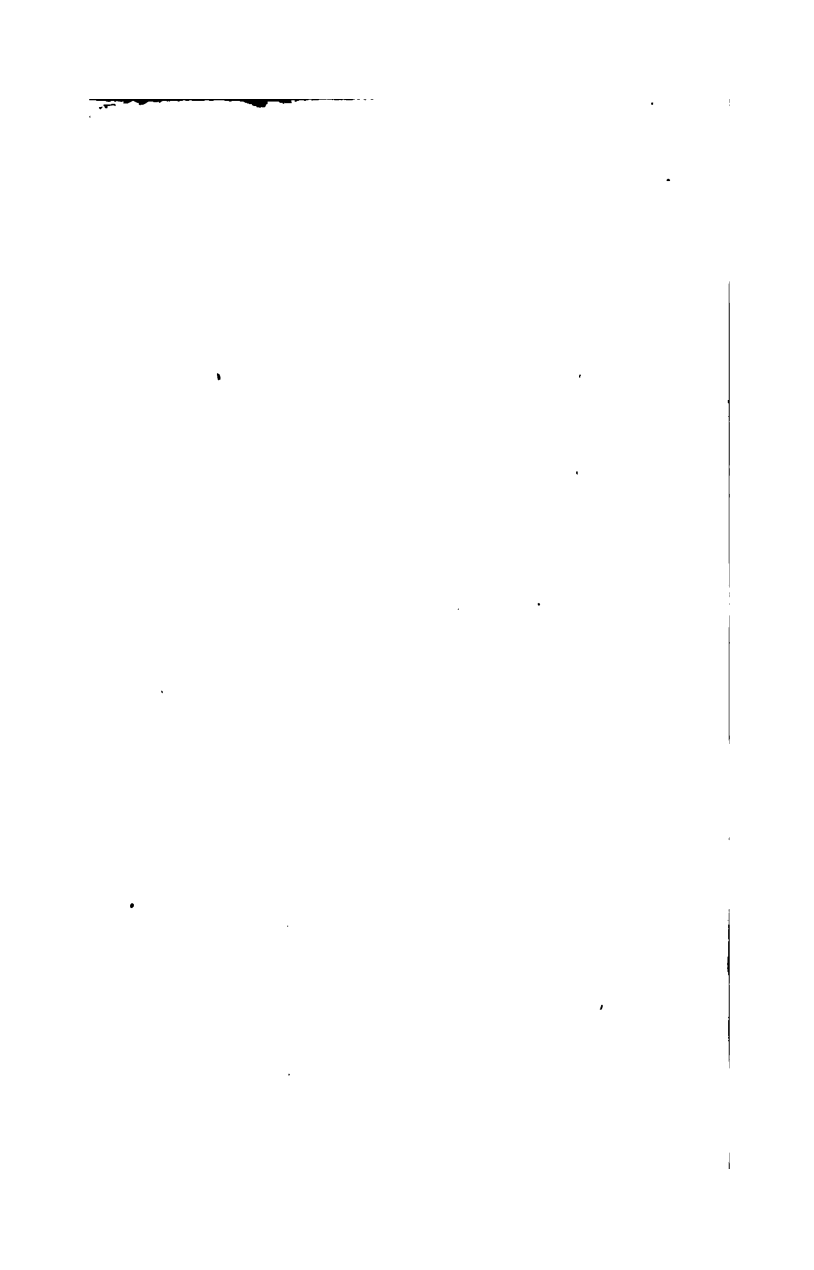
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A  
**SELECTION OF TUNES,**

ADAPTED TO THE

**HYMNS IN THE PRECEDING PAGES,**

WITH

**Initiatory Lessons in Singing.**

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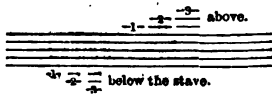
## IN

## THE ART OF SINGING.

**THE STAVE.**—Musical sounds are represented by Notes placed on and between five parallel lines, called the *Stave*. These lines and spaces are always counted upwards; and, with the space below and the space above, they exhibit a progression of eleven sounds.



**THE LEDGER LINES.**—When the notes extend higher or lower than the above, short additional lines are used, called *Ledger Lines*, which are counted from the stave downward and upward.

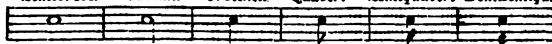


**THE CLEF.**—A *Clef* is a mark placed at the beginning of every stave, to show the name and pitch of the notes. There are two kinds, viz., the Bass or F Clef, and the Treble or G Clef. The *Bass Clef*, showing the stave which contains the lowest sounds, is placed on the fourth line, and gives to every note on that line the name of F. The *Treble Clef*, which is prefixed to the stave containing the higher sounds, is placed on the second line, giving the name of G to all notes on that line. The other notes are named accordingly. The first seven letters of the alphabet are used as names to the seven different sounds of music; beyond these the same letters are repeated.

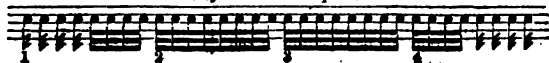


**THE NOTES.**—There are six kinds of Notes, viz.:







*Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiqu.*



The *Semibreve* is sounded as long as you take to count four, or give four beats; the *Minim* as long as you count two, and so on, as follows:—

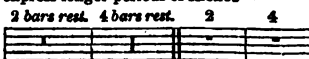


**THE RESTS.**—Each kind of note has its corresponding *Rest*, a character signifying that silence must be kept as long as its note would be sounding.

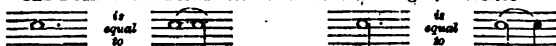
<i>Semibreve</i> rest.	<i>Minim</i> rest.	<i>Crotchet</i> rest.	<i>Quaver</i> rest.	<i>Semiquaver</i> rest.	<i>Demisemiqu.</i> rest.
					

The following are Rests which express longer periods of silence—

The semibreve rest, with the requisite figures over it, as in the latter part of the example, is more generally used.



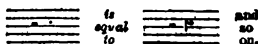
**THE DOTS.**—A *Dot* after a note makes it one-half longer; therefore—



and so on. Two dots after any note add three-fourths to its duration, the second being half the value of the first. For example—

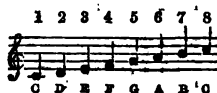


The dots affect the rests in the same way,—one dot adding a half, and two dots three-fourths, to the silence required by the rest itself. Thus—



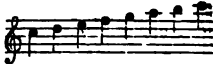
**MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.**—A *Sharp* # placed before a note raises it a semitone, and a *Flat* b lowers it a semitone. Sharps or flats placed at the beginning of a tune are called the *Signature*, and affect all the notes of the same name throughout. A *Natural* ♮ occurring before any note does away with the effect of either flat or sharp, and restores the note to its original sound. *Single Bars* divide music into equal portions called bars or measures, according to the time marked at the beginning of the piece—see *TIME*. *Double Bars* mark the end of a strain. *Marks of Repeat* are two or four dots placed on one or both sides of a bar, as in the example, showing that such parts are to be sung twice. The mark :: shows where the words are to be sung over again. A *Slur* is a curved drawn over or under two or more notes of different pitch, signifying that they are to be sung to one syllable, and in one breath. A *Slur with figure 3* denotes that the three notes are to be sung in the time of two; *with figure 6*, that the six are to be performed in the time of four. A *Hold* ∞ shows that the note, rest, or bar over which it is placed, is to be held rather longer than its usual time.

**THE SCALE.**—The seven notes of music arranged in regular progression, form what is called the *Scale*; but the eighth is usually added to give it a proper termination. The last note is a replicate or repetition of the first, and being the eighth from it, is called



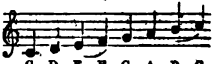
its octave. Proceeding beyond this scale, we find that the eighth note of it forms the first of a second scale, exactly the same, but an octave higher. The concluding note of the second forms the first of a third, and so on throughout the whole extent of musical sounds. The *Diatonic*, or *Natural Scale*, is composed of five tones and two semitones—the semitones always lying between E and F, and B and C, the notes connected thus:—  
The *Chromatic Scale* consists of twelve semitones—the five tones of the Diatonic Scale being here divided into half tones. This scale ascends by sharps, and descends by flats, thus—

8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15  
or 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



C D E F G A B C

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



C D E F G A B C



**INTERVALS.**—The distance between any two sounds of different pitch is called an *Interval*, and is named from the number of degrees contained in it, the first and last being always included. The annexed is a table of the intervals from the 2d to the 9th, beyond which they are not reckoned—the 9th, 10th, &c., being but replicates or repetitions of the 2d, 3d, &c.



Intervals, however, are further described by the number of semitones they contain, as *minor third*, *major third*, &c., the former containing 3, the latter 4 semitones. An *Inverted Interval* is one whose lower note is placed an octave higher, or its higher note an octave lower. For instance, a 3d inverted is changed to a 6th, a 5th to a 4th, and so on. Inversion changes a major interval to a minor, and a minor to a major.



**MAJOR AND MINOR KEYS.**—The *Tonic*, or *Key Note*, of a piece of music, is a particular note upon which it is constructed. It is always the last note of the bass, generally of the treble also, but not always. In the *Major Key*, the semitones are situated between the 3d and 4th, and 7th and 8th notes above the key note, giving two full notes between the key note and the 3d above, thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



C D E F G A B C

The *Natural Major Key* is C, but any note of the Chromatic Scale may be made the key note of a composition, provided the proper number of sharps or flats be placed at the signature to bring the semitones in at their proper places, as shown above. The following are the signatures of the 12 major keys:—



In the *Minor Key*, the semitones occur between the 2d and 3d, and 5th and 6th, giving only a tone and a semitone between the key note and its 3d, as follows:



In ascending, the 6th and 7th are sharpened to give the octave a termination more satisfactory to the ear; but in descending, the sharps are omitted.



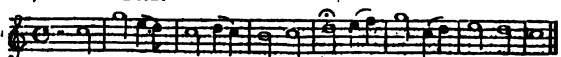
The *Natural Minor Key* is A, but by means of the sharps and flats, as already mentioned, artificial minor keys may be employed. The following are the *signatures of the 12 minor keys*:



It will be seen that every major key has a *relative minor key*, a 3d below it, with the same sharps or flats, if any.

**TRANSPPOSITION.**—*Transposition* is the removing of a piece of music from one key to another, either higher or lower. In doing this, care must be taken that the intervals stand exactly in the same relation to each other, and to the key note in the new key, as they did in the former one; that is, if the piece be in a major key, the semitones must occur between the 3d and 4th, and 7th and 8th; if a minor, between the 2d and 3d, and 5th and 6th. This is effected by using the signature proper to the key into which the transposition is made, as given in the tables of major and minor keys.

For an example of Transposition, take the first two lines of "*Newington*," in the key of C, where the semitones occur in their natural positions between E and F, and B and C, and, at the same time, between the 3d and 4th, and 7th and 8th:—



Suppose now that it is too high, and we are to transpose it one note lower, say to the key of B.

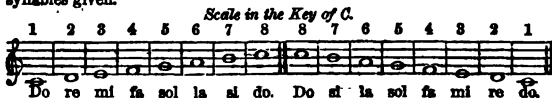




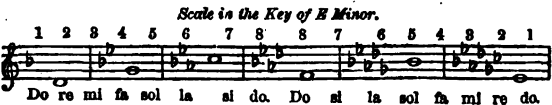
**THE GRACE.**—The *Appoggiatura* is a small note placed before a larger one, from which its duration must be deducted. It has always half of the time of a plain note, and two-thirds the time of a dotted note. The *Turn* is made with the note over which it is written, the tone above, and the semitone below. The *Shake* is a quick alternate repetition of the note above and the note over which it is placed. The *Swell* indicates that the note or passage over which it is placed must be begun soft, and gradually increase to loudness. The *Diminish* signifies the reverse—begin loud, and gradually decrease the strength to soft. The *Swell and Diminish* used together, mean that the note or part is to be begun soft, increased in strength to the middle, and then become gradually softer towards the end. *Staccato Points*, or *Strokes*, placed over any number of notes, signify that they are to be played short and distinct, with a slight pause between each.



**SCALES FOR EXERCISES.**—In practising the following scale, begin each note softly, gradually increase the sound towards the middle, then gradually diminish towards the end, using either the syllable *Ah*, or the Italian syllables given.



For higher voices a scale may be formed on any note of the preceding scale; for instance, if we take the 5th as a key note, we have a scale ascending four notes higher.



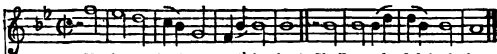
A

## SELECTION OF TUNES.

TORWOOD. C.M.

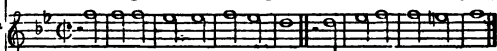
*John Turnbull*

**TENOR.**




No longer hosts encount'ring hosts Shall crowds of slain deplore;

**COUNTER TENOR**

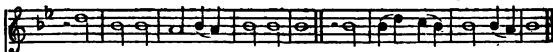
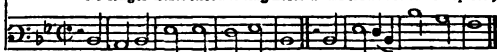


**TREBLE OF AIR.**

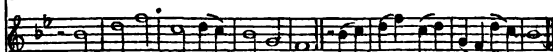
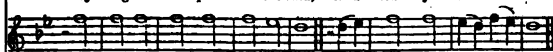


No longer hosts encount'ring hosts Shall crowds of slain deplore;

**BASS.**



They hang the trum-pet in the hall, And stu - dy war no more.



They hang the trum-pet in the hall, And stu - dy war no more.



## NEWINGTON. C.M.

*Rev. Wm. Jones.*

Be-hold th' a - mas - ing gift of love The Fa-ther hath be-stow'd

Be-hold th' a - mas - ing gift of love The Fa-ther hath be-stow'd

*p* On us the sin-ful sons of men, To call us sons of God. *f*

*p* On us, the sin-ful sons of men, To call us sons of God. *f*

## GLASGOW. C.M.

*John Holden.*

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy won-ders I'll pro-claim.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy won-ders I'll pro-claim.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy won-ders I'll pro-claim.

## GLASGOW—Continued.

Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong, I'll praise thy glo-rious name.

Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong, I'll praise thy glo-rious name.

## HUDDERSFIELD, C.M.

Rev. M. Madan.

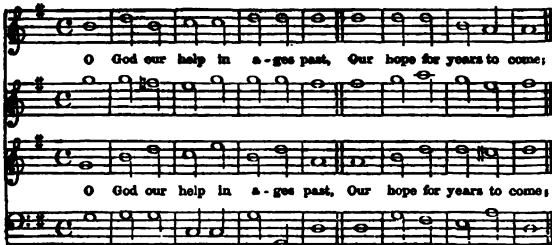
O for a shout of sa-cred joy, To thee, the Sov'-reign King;

O for a shout of sa-cred joy, To thee, the Sov'-reign King;

Let ev'-ry land their tongues em-ploy, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

Let ev'-ry land their tongues em-ploy, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

## YORK: C.M.

*Old Scottish Melody.*


O God our help in a-gee past, Our hope for years to come;


O God our help in a-gee past, Our hope for years to come;



Our shel-ter from the stor-my blast, And our e-ter-nal home.

Our shel-ter from the stor-my blast, And our e-ter-nal home.

## ST. GREGORY'S. C.M.

*Dr. Wainwright.*


O give to me a thank-ful heart, From ev'-ry mur-mur free;

O give to me a thank-ful heart, From ev'-ry mur-mur free;

ST. GREGORY'S—*Continued.*

The bless-ings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.

The bless-ings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.

## REMEMBRANCE. C.M.

*Handel.*

In mer-cy with thy ser-vant deal, Thy laws me teach and show;

In mer-cy with thy ser-vant deal, Thy laws me teach and show;

I am thy ser-vant, wis-dom give, That I thy laws may know;

I am thy ser-vant, wis-dom give, That I thy laws may know;

## BALLERMA. C.M.

*F. H. Barthelmon.*

I wait-ed for the Lord my God, And pa-tient-ly did bear;

I wait-ed for the Lord my God, And pa-tient-ly did bear;

At length to me he did in-cline, My voice and cry to hear.

At length to me he did in-cline, My voice and cry to hear.

## MARTYRDOM. C.M.

*Hugh Wilson.*

Be mer-ci-ful to me, O God; Thy mer-cy un-to me

Be mer-ci-ful to me, O God; Thy mer-cy un-to me

## MARTYRDOM—Continued.

Do thou ex-tend, be-cause my soul Doth put her trust in thee.

Do thou ex-tend, be-cause my soul Doth put her trust in thee.

This block contains two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

NEW LONDON. C.M. *Old Scottish Melody*

All praise to thee in high-est strains, In high-est worlds be paid;

All praise to thee in high-est strains, In high-est worlds be paid;

This block contains two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

Thy glo-ry by our lips pro-claim'd, And by our lives dis-play'd.

Thy glo-ry by our lips pro-claim'd, And by our lives dis-play'd.

This block contains two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.



## ST. DAVID'S. C.M.

*Welsh Melody.*

To Him in whom they move and live, Let ev'-ry crea-ture sing,

All glo-ry to their Ma-ker give, And hom-age to their King.

## FRENCH. C.M.

*Guillaume Franc.*

With rev'ence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore their King,

FRENCH—*Continued.*

His high com-mands with rev'rence hear, And to him praises sing.

His high com-mands with rev'rence hear, And to him praises sing.

## BEDFORD. C.M.

*Dr. Wm. Wheall.*

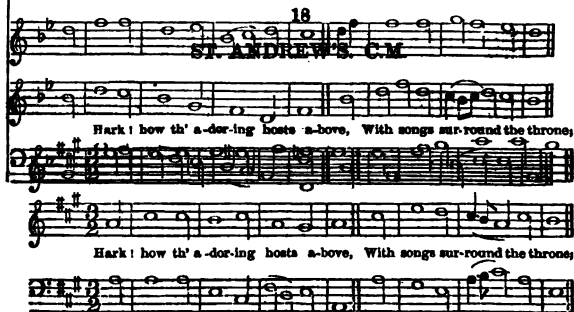
Come let us join the hosts a - bove, And high our vol - ces raise;

Come let us join the hosts a - bove, And high our vol - ces raise;

Re - mem - ber our Cre - a - tor's love, And loud pro - claim his praise.

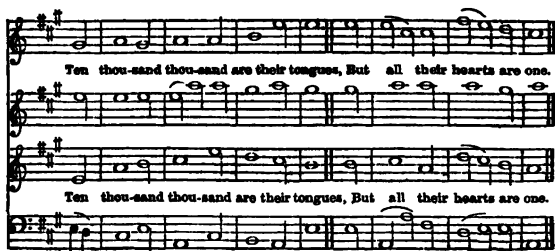
Re - mem - ber our Cre - a - tor's love, And loud pro - claim his praise.

18  
ST. ANDREW'S. C.M.



Hark! how th' a-dor-ing hosts a-bove, With songs sur-round the throne;

Hark! how th' a-dor-ing hosts a-bove, With songs sur-round the throne;

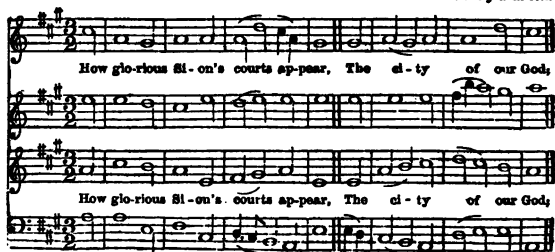


Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their hearts are one.

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their hearts are one.

### ST. THOMAS'S. C.M.

*Henry Purcell*



How glo-rious Si-on's courts ap-pear, The ci-ty of our God;

How glo-rious Si-on's courts ap-pear, The ci-ty of our God;

ST. THOMAS'S—*Continued.*

His throne he hath es-ta-blish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

His throne he hath es-ta-blish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

## SHEFFIELD. C.M.

*W. Mather.*

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

## ST. PAUL'S. C.M.

*W. Tate.*

Come let us all u-nite to praise The friend of all man-kind,

Come let us all u-nite to praise The friend of all man-kind,

Our thankful hearts in so-lemn lays Be with our voi-ces join'd.

Our thankful hearts in so-lemn lays Be with our voi-ces join'd.

## PECKHAM. C.M.

*Isaac Smith.*

O God of Be-thel: by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed,

O God of Be-thel: by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed,

## PECKHAM—Continued.

Who through this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led.

Who through this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led.

## ST. ANN'S. C.M.

*Dr. Craft.*

Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song.

Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song.

For love di - vine in - spires my heart, And pleasures tune my tongue.

For love di - vine in - spires my heart, And pleasures tune my tongue.

## EASTGATE. C.M.

*J. Bennett.*

Be - hold, how good a thing it is, And how be - com-ing well,

Be - hold, how good a thing it is, And how be - com-ing well,

Together such as brethren are In u - ni - ty to dwell! In u-ni-ty to dwell!

Together such as brethren are In u - ni - ty to dwell! In u-ni ty to dwell!

## ST. MIRREN'S. C.M.

*R. A. Smith.*

The Lord of us hath mindful been, And he will bless us still:

The Lord of us hath mindful been, And he will bless us still:

## ST. MIRREN'S—Continued.

He will the house of Is-r-el bless, Bless Aaron's house he will.

He will the house of Is-r-el bless, Bless Aaron's house he will.

## ARNOLD'S. C.M.

*Dr. Arnold.*

O who's the hap-py man that may To thy blest courts re-pair.

O who's the hap-py man that may To thy blest courts re-pair.

Not stran-ger-like to vis-it them, But to in-ha-bit there.

Not stran-ger-like to vis-it them, But to in-ha-bit there.



## MANCHESTER. C.M.

*Dr. Wainwright.*

O that men to the Lord would give Praise for his good-ness then,

O that men to the Lord would give Praise for his good-ness then,

And for his works of won-der done Un-to the sons of men.

And for his works of won-der done Un-to the sons of men.

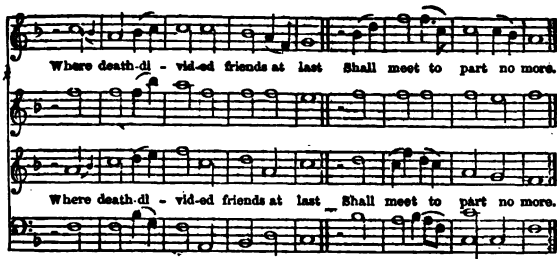
## PAISLEY. C.M.

*Ludovick Nicolson.*

A few short years of e-vil past, We reach the hap-py shore

A few short years of e-vil past, We reach the hap-py shore

## PAISLEY—Continued.

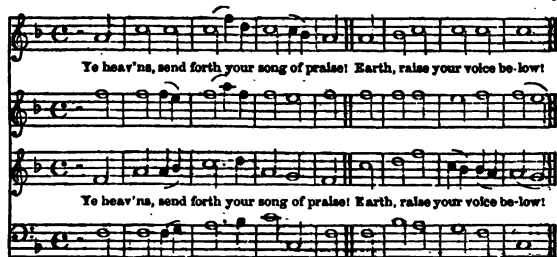


Where death-di - vid-ed friends at last Shall meet to part no more.

Where death-di - vid-ed friends at last Shall meet to part no more.

## ST. LAWRENCE. C.M.

R. A. Smith.



Ye heav'ns, send forth your song of praise! Earth, raise your voice be-low!

Ye heav'ns, send forth your song of praise! Earth, raise your voice be-low!



Let hills and moun-tains join the hymn, And joy through na-ture flow.

Let hills and moun-tains join the hymn, And joy through na-ture flow.

## ST. MARNOCK'S. C.M.

J. Anderson.

His gra-cious hand shall wipe the tears From ev'-ry weep-ing eye:

And pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death itself, shall die. And

pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death it-self, shall die.

## SHREWSBURY. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

Hark! how the saints in lof-ty strains, With songs the throne surround: With

songs the throne sur-round, Hark! how they charm the star-ry plains,

Hark! how they charm the star-ry plains With an im - mor-tal sound.

## PEMBROKE. C.M.

*Thomas Clark.*

My soul would rise and sweetly sing With yonder hap-py throng, Who ev - er

My soul would rise and sweetly sing With yonder hap-py throng, Who ev - er

praise their heav'nly King In one triumphant song. In one tri - umphant song.

praise their heav'nly King In one tri-um-phant song. In one tri - umphant song.

## STROUDWATER. C.M.

*Henry Purcell.*

Great King on high, ac - cept the praise Of these our humble songs;

Great King on high, ac - cept the praise Of these our humble songs;

## STROUDWATER—Continued.

Till tunes of no-ble sound we raise With our im-mor-tal tongues.

Till tunes of no-ble sound we raise With our im-mor-tal tongues.

## ST. ALBAN'S. C.M.

*James Leach.*

Come, hap-py souls, ap-proach your King. With new me-lo-dious songs;

Come, hap-py souls, ap-proach your King. With new me-lo-dious songs;

Come render to his gracious name The tribute of your tongues.

The tribute of your tongues.

Come render to his gracious name The tribute of your tongues.

C2

## IRISH. C.M.

*B. Milgrove.*

The glorious ar-mies of the sky, To thee, O might-y King,

The glorious ar-mies. of the sky, To thee, O might-y King,

Tri-um-phant an-thems con-se-crate, And hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

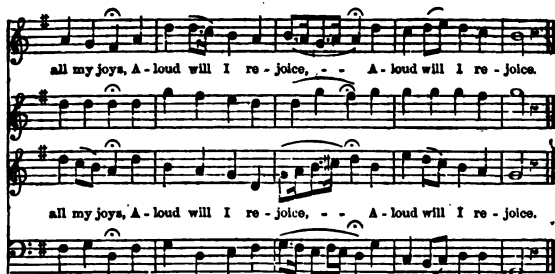
Tri-um-phant an-thems con-se-crate, And hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

## ST. GEORGE'S. C.M.

*Hermana.*

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In thee, the life of

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In thee, the life of

ST. GEORGE'S—*Continued.*


all my joys, A-loud will I re-joice, - - A-loud will I re-joice.

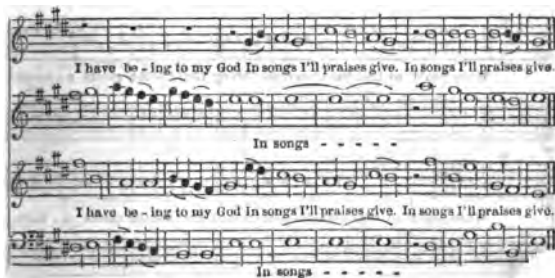
all my joys, A-loud will I re-joice, - - A-loud will I re-joice.

## SAXONY. C.M.

*Handel.*


Praise God. The Lord praise, O my soul. I'll praise God while I live; While

Praise God. The Lord praise, O my soul. I'll praise God while I live; While



I have be-ing to my God In songs I'll praises give. In songs I'll praises give.

In songs - - - -

I have be-ing to my God In songs I'll praises give. In songs I'll praises give.

In songs - - - -



## MESSIAH. C.M.

*Handel*

To him that lov'd the souls of men, And wash'd us in his blood,

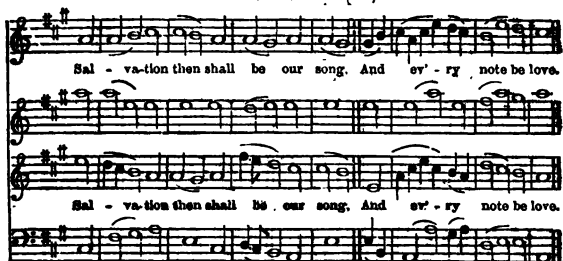
To roy - al honours rais'd our head, And made us priests to God.

## HEIGHINGTON. C.M.

*Dr. Heighington.*

When join'd to that har - mo-nious throng That fills the choirs a - bove,

## HEIGHINGTON—Continued.



Sal - va-tion then shall be our song, And ev' - ry note be love.

Sal - va-tion then shall be our song, And ev' - ry note be love.

## GAINSBOROUGH. C.M.

*Isaac Smith.*


I will be glad and much re-joice In thee, O thou Most High,

I will be glad and much re-joice In thee, O thou Most High,

And make my song ex - tol thy name A - bove the star-ry sky

And make my song ex - tol thy name A - bove the star-ry sky.

## OLDHAM. C.M.

*James Leach.*

O for a thousand tongues to sing The praise of love di-vine; In songs un-

O for a thousand tongues to sing The praise of love di-vine; In songs un-

to my heav'nly King With saints above to join. With saints above to join.

to my heav'nly King With saints above to join. With saints above to join.

## WARWICK. C.M.

*John Stanley.*

Our souls, we know, when he appears, Shall bear his im-age bright;

Our souls, we know, when he appears, Shall bear his im-age bright

WARWICK—*Continued.*

For all his glo-ry, full dis-closed, Shall o - pen to our sight.

*p* *f*

For all his glo-ry, full dis-closed, Shall o - pen to our sight.

*p* *f*

## ST. CYPRIAN. C.M.

*F. J. Beaumont.*

To thee let ev'-ry tongue be praise, And ev'ry heart be love; Be - low sweet

To thee let ev'-ry tongue be praise, And ev'ry heart be love; Be - low sweet

hal - le - lu - jahs raise, And no - bler songs a - bove, And no - bler songs above.

hal - le - lu - jahs raise, And no - bler songs a - bove, And no - bler songs above.

*p* *f*

## ST. JAMES'S. C.M.

*R. Courtville.*

O Lord, un-to my pray'r give ear, My cry let come to thee;

O Lord, un-to my pray'r give ear, My cry let come to thee;

And in the day of my dis-tress Hide not thy face from me.

And in the day of my dis-tress Hide not thy face from me.

## TIVERTON. C.M.

*T. Grigg.*

All gra-cious King, with songs of praise I'll in thy strength re-joice;

All gra-cious King, with songs of praise I'll in thy strength re-joice;

TIVERTON—*Continued.*

And, blest with thy sal - va-tion, raise To thee a cheer-ful voice.

And, blest with thy sal - va-tion, raise To thee a cheer-ful voice.

## NEW CAMBRIDGE. C.M.

*Dr. Randall.*

I'll thee ex - tol, my God, O King, I'll bless thy name always; Thee will I

I'll thee ex - tol, my God, O King, I'll bless thy name always; Thee will I

## SCARBOROUGH. C.M.

*W. Shrubsole.*

Let high born ser-aphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it, fall

Let high born ser-aphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it, fall

Be - fore his face who tunes their choir, And crown him King of all.

Be - fore his face who tunes their choir, And crown him King of all.

\* Either the higher or the lower notes, but not both.

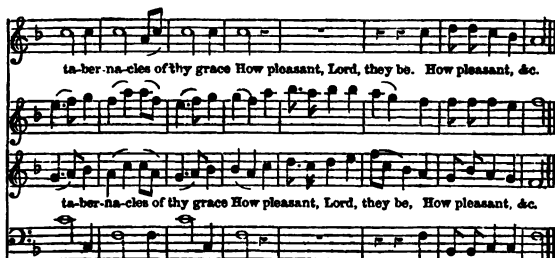
## HAMILTON. C.M.

*R. A. Smith.*

How love - ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me; The

How love - ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me; The

## HAMILTON—Continued.

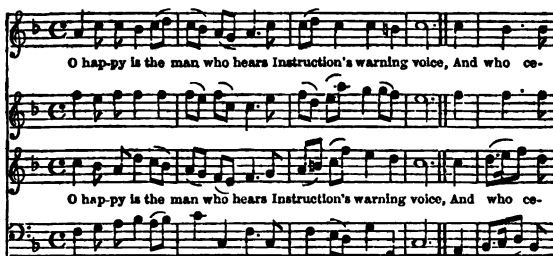


ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace How pleasant, Lord, they be. How pleasant, &c.

ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace How pleasant, Lord, they be. How pleasant, &c.

## ROMAINE. C.M.

Dr. Miller.



O hap-py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who ce-

O hap-py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who ce-



les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice. His ear - ly, only choice.

les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice. His ear - ly, only choice.



## SUFFOLK. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "All lands to God, in joy-ful sounds A-loud yper voi - ces raise,"

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "In sweet-est har - mo - ny oom - bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise."

Third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "In sweet-est har-mo-ny com-bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise."

## NEHEMIAH. C.M.

W. Arnold.

O let me join you happy throng, Who praise their glorious King; Who

praise their glorious King; O let me mount and swell the song Which

they so sweetly sing. Which they so sweetly sing. Which they so sweetly sing.

## NEW LYDIA. C.M.

*Dr. Arnold.*

Bless'd be the ev - er - last-ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;

Bless'd be the ev - er - last-ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;

Be his abounding mercy prais'd, His majesty ador'd. His ma-jes - ty a-dor'd.

Be his abounding mercy prais'd, His majesty ador'd. His ma-jes - ty a-dor'd.

## SMYRNA. C.M.

*James Leach.*

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus;

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus;

SMYRNA—*Continued.*

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply, For he was slain for us.

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply,

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply, For he was slain for us.

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply,

LOW CHURCH. C.M. *Ludovick Nicolson.*

Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spir'd,

Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spir'd,

Loud and more loud the an-them raise, With grate-ful ar-dour fired.

Loud and more loud the an-them raise, With grate-ful ar-dour fired.

## PETERBOROUGH. C.M.

Let saints be-low in con-cert join With those to glo-ry gone;

Let saints be-low in con-cert join With those to glo-ry gone;

For all the ser-vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

For all the ser-vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

## AFFECTION. C.M.

*Wm. Shield.*

O spread thy cov'r-ing wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,

O spread thy cov'r-ing wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,

## AFFECTION—Continued.

And at our Fa-ther's lov'd a bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.

And at our Fa-ther's lov'd a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.

## DEVIZES. C.M.

James Tucker.

Praise ye his name, for it is good Praise to our King to sing; For it is

Praise ye his name, for it is good Praise to our King to sing; For it is

pleasant, and to praise - - It is a comely thing. It is a comely thing.

pleasant, and to praise - - It is a comely thing. It is a comely thing.

## ST. ASAPH'S. C.M.D.

*Giornivichi*

How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array! How

How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array! How

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

came they to the blissful realms Of everlasting day! Lo! these are they from suffering  
[great, Who

came they to the blissful realms Of everlasting day! Lo! these are they from suffering  
[great, Who

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with a bracketed phrase '[great, Who' appearing at the end of the line.

came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which  
[shine so bright.

came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which  
[shine so bright.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with a bracketed phrase '[shine so bright.' appearing at the end of the line.

## MERKSWORTH. C.M.

*J. R. M'Farlane.*

Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my

Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my' are written below the first two staves. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics 'Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my' are written below the third and fourth staves. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef.

heart, and sing The gra - cious work and sav - ing name Of

heart, and sing The gra - cious - work and sav - ing name Of

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics 'heart, and sing The gra - cious work and sav - ing name Of' are written below the first two staves. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics 'heart, and sing The gra - cious - work and sav - ing name Of' are written below the third and fourth staves. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef.

our E - ter - nal King. Of our E - ter - nal King.

Of our E - ter - nal King.

Of our E - ter - nal King. Of our E - ter - nal King.

our E - ter - nal King.

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics 'our E - ter - nal King. Of our E - ter - nal King.' are written below the first two staves. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The lyrics 'Of our E - ter - nal King.' are written below the third and fourth staves. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef.



## JACKSON'S. C.M.

*Thomas Jackson.*

To him that lov'd the souls of men, And wash'd us in his blood;

To him that lov'd the souls of men, And wash'd us in his blood;

To roy-al hon-ours rais'd our head, And made us priests to God.

To roy-al hon-ours rais'd our head, And made us priests to God.

## INVERNESS. C.M.

*George Cameron.*

Lord, thee I'll praise with my whole heart, Thy won-ders I'll pro-claim;

Lord, thee I'll praise with my whole heart, Thy won-ders I'll pro-claim;

# INVERNESS—*Continued.*

In thee, Most High, I'll great-ly joy, And sing un-to thy name.

In thee, Most High, I'll great-ly joy, And sing un-to thy name.

## JOHNSTONE CHAPEL. C.M. *Robt. Boyle.*

Praise waits for thee in El-on, Lord: To thee vows paid shall be.

Praise waits for thee in El-on, Lord: To thee vows paid shall be.

O thou that hear-er art of pray'r, All flesh shall come to thee.

O thou that hear-er art of pray'r, All flesh shall come to thee.

LAIGH COMMON. C.M. *J. R. M'Farlane.*

Lord of the Sab-bath, thee we praise, In con-cert

Lord of the Sab-bath, thee we praise, In con-cert

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C.M.).

with the blest; Who, joy-ful, in har-mon-i-ous lays,

with the blest; Who, joy-ful, in har-mon-i-ous lays,

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are repeated for both staves.

*p*  
Employ an endless rest. Em-ploy an end-less rest.

Em-ploy an end-less rest. - - - Em-ploy an end-less rest.  
*p*

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are repeated for both staves, with a long rest indicated by four dashes in the second staff.

## PIETY. C.M.

*Stately.*

O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We

O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We

This system consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written on the first staff, with the lyrics 'O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We' underneath. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff is a harmonic accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The music is marked 'Stately'.

at his feet may fall; To join the ev - er - last - ing song, To

at his feet may fall; To join the ev - er - last - ing song, To

This system continues the melody from the first system. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics 'at his feet may fall; To join the ev - er - last - ing song, To' are written under the first two staves. The music is marked 'Stately'.

join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him King of all.

join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him King of all.

To join the everlasting song,

This system concludes the piece. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics 'join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him King of all.' are written under the first two staves. The final line of the piece, 'To join the everlasting song,' is written below the fourth staff. The music is marked 'Stately'.

52  
HADLEY. C.M.

In life's gay morn, when spright - ly youth With vi - tal

In life's gay morn, when spright - ly youth With vi - tal

ar - dour glows, And shines in all the fair - est charms Which

ar - dour glows, And shines in all the fair - est charms Which

beau - ty can dis - close Which beau - ty can dis - close.

beau - ty can dis - close. Which beau - ty can dis - close.

## NEW HENLEY. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

When we shall leave these drear-y plains,  
And all our sor-rows  
When we shall leave these drear-y plains,

And all our sor-rows cease, Then shall we  
cease, Then  
And all our sor-rows cease. Then shall we  
Then shall we sing in joy-ful strains, Then

sing - - in joy - ful strains, In you sweet realms of peace.  
shall we sing  
sing - - in joy - ful strains, In you sweet realms of peace.  
shall we sing

## AYR. C.M.

*Schoeniman.*

Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear is o - pen to your call,

Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear - is o - pen to your call,

While of - fer'd mer - cy still is near, Be - fore his footstool fall.

While of - fer'd mer - cy still is near, Be - fore his footstool fall.

## KELBURN. C.M.

*R. A. Smith.*

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye That his attendants are; Ev'n you that in God's

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye That his attendants are; Ev'n you that in God's

KELBURN—*Continued.*

tem-ple be, Ev'n you that in God's temple be, And praise him nightly there.

*Cres.*

tem-ple be, Ev'n you that in God's temple be, And praise him nightly there.

*Cres.*

NEW ST. ANN'S. C.M. *Sir George Smart.*

I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray-ers he did hear;

I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray-ers he did hear;

I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.

I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.



## WILTSHIRE. C.M.

Through all the changing scenes of life, In troubles and in joy,

The praises of my King shall still The praises of my King shall still

My heart - - - and tongue employ. My heart and tongue employ.

## AUBURN. C.M.

Rev. J. Lawson.

First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "Come, heav'nly love, in - spire my song" on the first staff, and "With thy im-mor-tal flame," on the second staff. The word "With" is placed at the end of the first staff. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking on the second staff and a forte (*f*) marking at the end of the first staff.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "thy im-mor-tal flame, And teach my heart, and tune my tongue," on the first staff, and "thy im-mor-tal flame, And teach my heart, and tune my tongue, To" on the second staff. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking on the second staff.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "To sing thy glorious fame." on the first staff, and "To sing thy glo rious fame." on the second staff. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking on the first staff, a forte (*f*) marking on the second staff, and a piano (*p*) marking on the third staff.

## WALKER'S DOXOLOGY. C.M.

T. Walker.

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom we a-dore,

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom we a-dore,

Be glo-ry e - - - ver-more, Be glo-ry as it

Be glo-ry e - ver-more.

Be glo-ry as it was, is now, And shall be ever-more. Be glo-ry as it

was, is now, Be glo-ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.

Be glo - - - ry now And ev - - er-more.

was, is now, Be glo-ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.

## NEW JERUSALEM. C.M.

*David Imrie.*

O ci - ty of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni -

O ci - ty of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni - ver - sal song, The u - ni -

ver - sal song, And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges

The cheerful notes pro -

ver - sal song, And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges

The cheerful notes pro - long. The

The cheer - - - ful notes pro - long.

long. The cheerful notes pro - long The cheer - ful notes pro - long.

cheerful notes pro - long. The cheer - - - ful notes pro - long.

## WALMER. C.M.

Clark.

He moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;

He plants his foot-steps in the sea,

He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up on the

He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And

And rides up-on the storm. And rides upon the storm.

And rides upon the storm. And rides up - on the storm.

storm.

rides up - on the storm. And rides up-on the storm. And rides upon the storm.

## VIOLET GROVE. C.M.

*A. Douglas.*

How sweet to tread the vio - let grove, When all is

How sweet to tread the vio - let grove, When all is

The first system of the musical score for 'Violet Grove' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the next two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'How sweet to tread the vio - let grove, When all is' are written below the first two staves.

fair and gay, When morn has wak'd the war - blers' song,

fair and gay, When morn has wak'd the war - blers' song,

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The lyrics 'fair and gay, When morn has wak'd the war - blers' song,' are written below the first two staves.

And chas'd the dew a - way. And chas'd the dew a - way.

And chas'd the dew a - way. - - - And chas'd the dew a - way.

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The lyrics 'And chas'd the dew a - way. And chas'd the dew a - way.' are written below the first two staves, and 'And chas'd the dew a - way. - - - And chas'd the dew a - way.' are written below the next two staves.

## BETHEL. C.M.

*James Leach.*

When we ap - pear in yon-der cloud With all thy favour'd throng, Then

When we ap - pear in yon-der cloud With all thy favour'd throng, Then

we will sing more sweet, more loud, And thou shalt be our song.

we will sing more sweet, more loud, And thou shalt be our song.

## STRACATHRO. C.M.

*Charles Hutcheson.*

O for a clos - er walk with God, A pure and ho-ly frame;

O for a clos - er walk with God, A pure and ho-ly frame;

STRACATHRO—*Continued.*

A light to shine up - on the road That guides me to the Lamb.

A light to shine up - on the road That guides me to the Lamb.

## SYMPATHY. C.M.

*John Turnbull.*

Jesus, the Son of God, who once For us his life re - sign'd,

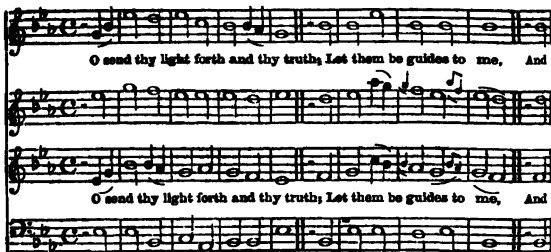
Jesus, the Son of God, who once For us his life re - sign'd,

Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest, And nev - er - dy - ing friend.

Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest, And nev - er - dy - ing friend.




## INVOCATION. G.M.D.

*R. A. Smith*


O send thy light forth and thy truth; Let them be guides to me, And



bring me to thine ho - ly hill, Ev'n where thy dwellings be. Then



will I to God's al-tar go, To God my chief-est joy: Yea, God, my God, thy

INVOCATION—*Continued.*

name to praise, My harp, my harp, my harp I will employ. I will em - ploy.

name to praise, My harp, my harp I will em - ploy. I will em - ploy.

My harp,

## BROOKSBY. C.M.

*Charles Hutcheson.*

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring Where liv - ing wa - ters flow;

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring Where liv - ing wa - ters flow;

Free to that sa - cred foun - tain all With - out a price may go.

Free to that sa - cred foun - tain all With - out a price may go.

## LEVEN. C.M.

*Dr. Barnes.*

And shall we then go on to sin, That grace may more abound? for-

And shall we then go on to sin, That grace may more abound? Great God, for-

bid that such a thought Should in our breast be found. Should in our breast be found.

bid that such a thought Should in our breast be found. Should in our breast be found.

## ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

*Jonathan Battisill.*

Rehearse his praise with awe pro-found, Let knowledge lead the song;

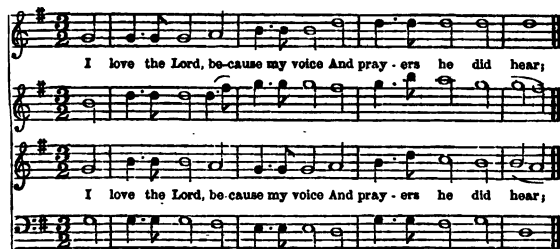
Rehearse his praise with awe pro-found, Let knowledge lead the song;

ST. STEPHEN'S—*Continued.*


Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound Up - on a thoughtless tongue.

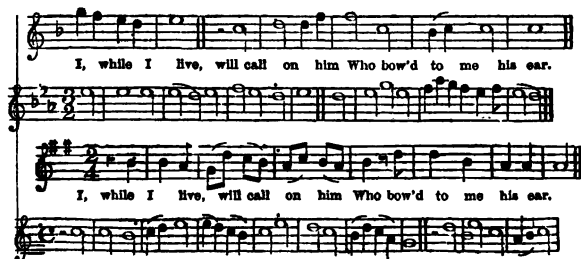
Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound Up - on a thoughtless tongue.

## ARTAXERXES. C.M.

*Dr. Arne.*


I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray - ers he did hear;

I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray - ers he did hear;



I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.

I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.

# REDEMPTION. C.M.D. *Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, was his latest voice; These sacred accents o'er, He

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, was his latest voice; These sacred accents o'er, He

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

bow'd his head, gave up the ghost, And suffer'd pain no more. And suffer'd pain no more.

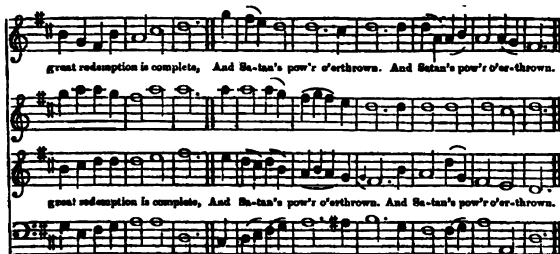
bow'd his head, gave up the ghost, And suffer'd pain no more. And suffer'd pain no more.

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, the Messiah dies For sins, but not his own; The

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, the Messiah dies For sins, but not his own; The

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

REDEMPTION—*Continued.*


great redemption is complete, And Sa-tan's pow'r o'erthrown. And Satan's pow'r o'er-thrown.

great redemption is complete, And Sa-tan's pow'r o'erthrown. And Sa-tan's pow'r o'er-thrown.

## CAMPBELL. C.M.

*Charles Hutcheson.*


She may for - get: na - ture may fall A pa - rent's heart to move;

She may for - get: na - ture may fall A pa - rent's heart to move;



But Si - on on my heart shall dwell In ev - er - last-ing love.

But Si - on on my heart shall dwell In ev - er - last-ing love.

GRATTITUDE. C.M.D. *Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

Give thanks to God, for good is he; For mercy hath he ever. Thanks to the God of

gods give ye, For his grace falleth never. Thanks give the Lord of lords unto; For

mercy hath he ever. Who only wonders great can do: For his grace falleth never.

## NEW WOODSIDE. C.M. J. R. McFarlane.

Bless'd be the ev - er - last - ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;

Bless'd be the ev - er - last - ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;

Be his a - bound - ing mer - cy prais'd, His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd. His

His ma - jes - ty a -

Be his a - bound - ing mer - cy prais'd, His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd. His

His ma - jes - ty a -

ma - jes - ty a - dor'd. His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd.

dor'd. His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd.

ma - jes - ty a - dor'd. His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd.

- dor'd. His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd.



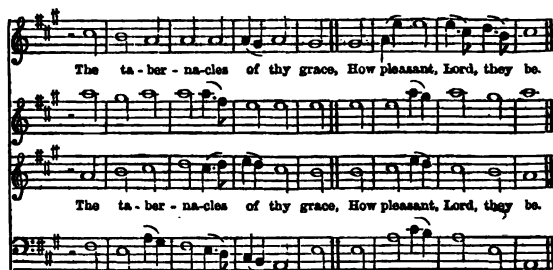
## DUNKELD. C.M.

Air—Old 94th Psalm.  
Bass—Melody of Montrose.



How love-ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me;

How love-ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me;



The ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace, How pleasant, Lord, they be.

The ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace, How pleasant, Lord, they be.

## MONTROSE. C.M.

Air—Bass of Dunkeld.



Night un-to night his name re-peats, The day re-news the sound;

Night un-to night his name re-peats, The day re-news the sound;

MONTROSE—*Continued.*

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

## FREE CHURCH. C.M.

*A. D. Thomson.*

I joy'd when to the house of God, Go up, they said to me;

I joy'd when to the house of God, Go up, they said to me;

Je - ru - sa - lem, with in thy gates, Our feet shall standing be.

Je - ru - sa - lem, with in thy gates, Our feet shall standing be.

## ARGYLE. C.M.

*Charles Hutcheson.*

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid;

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid;

My safe-ty com-eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

My safe-ty com-eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

My . . . . . Lord.

## STAUGHTON. C.M.

How few re-ceive with oor-dial faith The tid-ings which we bring?

How few re-ceive with oor-dial faith The tid-ings which we bring?

STAUGHTON—*Continued.*

How few have seen the arm re-veal'd Of heav'n's e - ter-nal King!

How few have seen the arm re-veal'd Of heav'n's e - ter-nal King!

## FAIRLIE. C.M.

*Charles Hutcheson.*

To Thee our grate-ful song we raise, Thou who didst calm our grief,

To Thee our grate-ful song we raise, Thou who didst calm our grief,

With thankful voice we sing thy praise, And tell the kind re - lief.

With thankful voice we sing thy praise, And tell the kind re - lief.

## ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH. C.M.D.

*Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye, Be

lift-ed up, that so the King Of glo-ry en-ter may. But who of glory is the King!

The mighty Lord is this; Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH—*Continued.*

Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is. Ye gates, lift up your

Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is. Ye gates, lift up your

This system consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

heads; ye doors, Doors that do last for aye, Be lifted up, that so the King Of

heads; ye doors, Doors that do last for aye, Be lifted up, that so the King Of

This system consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

glo-ry enter may. But who is he that is the King, The King of glory? who is thist

glo-ry enter may. But who is he that is the King, The King of glory? who is thist

This system consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH—*Continued.*

The Lord of hosts, and none but he, The King of glory is. The Lord of hosts, and

The Lord of hosts, and none but he, The King of glory is. The Lord of hosts, and

none but he, The King of glo-ry is. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

none but he, The King of glo-ry is. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. A-men. A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. A-men. A-men.

## SWEET HARMONY. C.M.

Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite hearts return; With

Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite hearts return; With

contrite hearts re-turn; Our God is gra-cious, nor will leave

contrite hearts re-turn; Our God is gra-cious, nor will leave

The

The de-so-late to mourn. - - - The de-so-late to mourn.

The de-so-late to mourn.

The de-so-late to mourn. - - - The de-so-late to mourn.

de-so-late to mourn. - - The de-so-late



## SHELDON. C.M.

*Dr. Blow.*

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid;

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid;

My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

## NEW CLYDESDALE. C.M.

*A. M'Gowan.*

How still and peace-ful is the grave! Where, life's vain tu-mults past,

How still and peace-ful is the grave! Where, life's vain tu-mults past,

NEW CLYDESDALE—*Continued.*

Th' ap-poin-ted house, by heav'n's de-cree, Re- ceives us all at last.

Th' ap-poin-ted house, by heav'n's de-cree, Re- ceives us all at last.

de . . . . . cree,

This block contains the musical notation for the 'NEW CLYDESDALE' section. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Th' ap-poin-ted house, by heav'n's de-cree, Re- ceives us all at last.' The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is common time (C).

## BRIDPORT. C.M.

How glorious Si-on's courts appear, The city of our God ! His throne he

How glorious Si-on's courts appear, The city of our God ! His throne he

hath establish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

hath establish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode. Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

This block contains the musical notation for the 'BRIDPORT. C.M.' section. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'How glorious Si-on's courts appear, The city of our God ! His throne he hath establish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.' The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is common time (C).

## ST. NEOTS. C.M.

I'll hope in him, whose mighty hand Can all my woes re-move;

I'll hope in him, whose mighty hand Can all my woes re-move;

For I shall yet be - fore him stand, And sing re - stor - ing love.

For I shall yet be - fore him stand, And sing re - stor - ing love.

## BURFORD. C.M.

*Henry Purcell*

Lord, hear my pray'r, hide not thy - self From my en - treat - ing voice:

Lord, hear my pray'r, hide not thy - self From my en - treat - ing voice:

## BURFORD—Continued.

At - tend and bear me, in my plaint I mourn and make a noise.

At - tend and bear me, in my plaint I mourn and make a noise.

## WALSAL. C.M.

*Henry Purcell.*

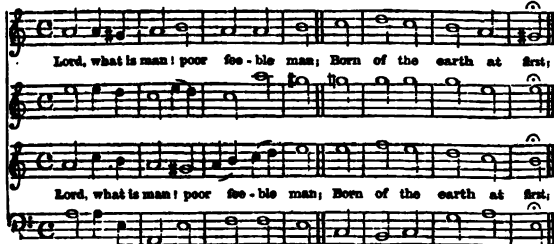
Let saints be - low, with sweet ac-cord, U - nite with those a - bove

Let saints be - low, with sweet ac-cord, U - nite with those a - bove

In so-lemn lays, to praise their King, And sing his dy - ing love.

In so-lemn lays, to praise their King, And sing his dy - ing love.

## LEBANON. C.M.

*Wm. Billings.*


Lord, what is man: poor fee - ble man; Born of the earth at first;

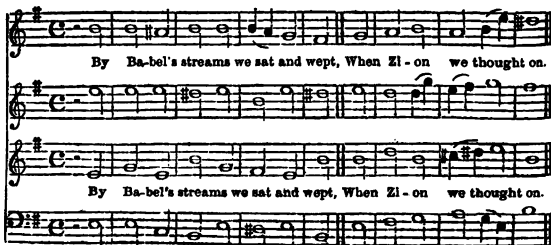
Lord, what is man: poor fee - ble man; Born of the earth at first;



His life a sha - dow, fleet and vain, Still hast'-ning to the dust.

His life a sha - dow, fleet and vain, Still hast'-ning to the dust.

## MARTYR'S. C.M.

*Very old.*


By Ba-bel's streams we sat and wept, When Zi - on we thought on.

By Ba-bel's streams we sat and wept, When Zi - on we thought on.

MARTYR'S—*Continued.*

In midst there - of we hang'd our harps The wil - low trees up - on.

In midst there - of we hang'd our harps The wil - low trees up - on.

## ST. MARY'S. C.M.

*Rathiel*

My life, thou know'st, is but a span, A ci - pher sums my years,

My life, thou know'st, is but a span, A ci - pher sums my years,

And ev' - ry man, in best es - tate, But va - ni - ty ap - pears.

And ev' - ry man, in best es - tate, But va - ni - ty ap - pears.

## DUNDEE. C.M.

*Old Scottish Melody.*

Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame;

Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame;

I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

## ELGIN. C.M.

*Scottish Melody.*

How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair;

How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair;

ELGIN—*Continued.*

Each plea-sure has its poi-son too, And ev'-ry sweet a snare.

Each plea-sure has its poi-son too, And ev'-ry sweet a snare.

## CAROLINE. C.M.

*Wilson.*

Our life contains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone; Strange that a

Our life con-tains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone; Strange that a

*p* harp of thousand strings, Should keep in tune so long. Should keep in tune so long.

*p* harp of thousand strings, Should keep in tune so long. Should keep in tune so long.



## BETHLEHEM. C.M.

When shall we join you heav'n-ly band In sweet ser-aph-ic lays; When shall we

When shall we join you heav'n-ly band In sweet ser-aph-ic lays; When shall we

Detailed description: This block contains the first two systems of the musical score for 'BETHLEHEM. C.M.'. Each system consists of two staves. The first system has the lyrics 'When shall we join you heav'n-ly band In sweet ser-aph-ic lays; When shall we' written below the staves. The second system has the same lyrics repeated. The music is written in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.

To sing sweet songs of praise.

reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.

To sing sweet songs of praise.

Detailed description: This block contains the second and third systems of the musical score for 'BETHLEHEM. C.M.'. Each system consists of two staves. The second system has the lyrics 'reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.' written below the staves. The third system has the lyrics 'To sing sweet songs of praise. reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.' written below the staves. The music continues with the same notation as the first system.

## COLESHILL. C.M.

Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord, I hum-bly thee en-treat.

Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord, I hum-bly thee en-treat.

Detailed description: This block contains the first two systems of the musical score for 'COLESHILL. C.M.'. Each system consists of two staves. The first system has the lyrics 'Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord, I hum-bly thee en-treat.' written below the staves. The second system has the same lyrics repeated. The music is written in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

## COLESHILL—Continued.

To par-don mine i - ni - qui - ty, For it is ve - ry great.

To par-don mine i - ni - qui - ty, For it is ve - ry great.

## PAISLEY ABBEY, C.M.

R. A. Smith.

Re-ject-ed and de-spl'd of men, Be-hold a man of woe! Grief was his

Re-ject-ed and de-spl'd of men, Be-hold a man of woe! Grief was his

close companion still, Through all his life be - low. Through all his life be - low.

close companion still, Through all his life be - low. Through all his life be - low.

*p* *f*

## BANGOR. C.M.

*Welsh Melody.*

As sparks in close suc - ces - sion rise, So man, the child of woe,

As sparks in close suc - ces - sion rise, So man, the child of woe,

Is doom'd to end-less cares and toils, Through all his life be - low.

Is doom'd to end-less cares and toils, Through all his life be - low.

## CROWLE. C.M.

*Dr. Greene.*

A - mong th' assemblies of thy saints, A thank-ful voice I'll raise;

A - mong th' assemblies of thy saints, A thank-ful voice I'll raise;

## CROWLE—Continued.

There I will tell my sad complaints, And there I'll sing thy praise.

There I will tell my sad complaints, And there I'll sing thy praise.

## ST. MARK'S. C.M.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-

tend the cry; Ye living men come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

tend the cry; Ye living men come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

## GILCOMSTON CHAPEL. C.M.



Lord, thee my God I'll ear - ly seek; My soul doth thirst for thee;

Lord, thee my God I'll ear - ly seek; My soul doth thirst for thee;



My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land      Wherein no waters

Where-

My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land      Where-in no waters be. Where-

Wherein no waters be.      Wherein no waters



be.      Wherein no wa - ters be.      Where - in no wa ters be.

in no wa - ters be.      Where - in      Where - in no wa - ters be.

in no wa - ters be.      Where - in - - - no wa - ters be.

be.      Wherein no wa ters be.      Where - in no wa - ters be.

## SIMPLICITY. S.M.

*Summers Hunter.*

To thee I lift my soul, O Lord I trust in thee; My God let me not

To thee I lift my soul, O Lord I trust in thee; My God let me not

be ashamed, My God let me not be ashamed, Nor

be ashamed, My God let me not be ashamed, Nor foes triumph o'er me. Nor

Nor foes triumph o'er

foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes - - - triumph o'er me.

Nor foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes triumph o'er me.

foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes - - - triumph o'er me.

me. Nor foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes triumph o'er me.

## SELMA. S.M.

*Old Scottish Air.*

Lord bless and pi - ty us, Shine on us with thy face;

Lord bless and pi - ty us, Shine on us with thy face;

That th' earth thy way, and na-tions all May know thy sav - ing grace.

That th' earth thy way, and na-tions all May know thy sav - ing grace.

## HAMPTON. S.M.

Thy roy - al seat, O Lord, For e - ver shall re - main;

Thy roy - al seat, O Lord, For e - ver shall re - main;

## HAMPTON—Continued.

The sceptre of thy kingdom doth All righteousness maintain.

The sceptre of thy kingdom doth All righteousness maintain.

## WATCHMAN. S.M.

*James Leach.*

To thy Al - migh - ty love What hon - ours shall we raise;

To thy Al - migh - ty love What hon - ours shall we raise;

Not all the rap - tur'd songs a - bove, Can ren - der equal praise.

Not all the rap - tur'd songs a - bove, Can ren - der equal praise.



## ROTHSAY. S.M.

Z. Wyeill

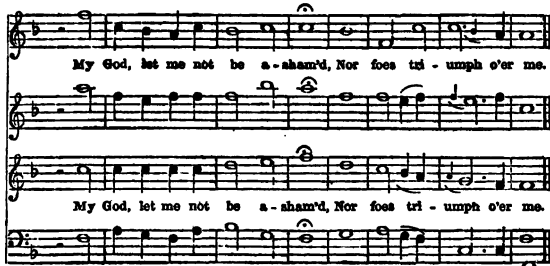
Thou art our heav'nly King, Thy name is all divine: Thy glories round the earth are spread, And

o'er the heav'n as they shine. Thy glories round the earth are spread, and o'er the heav'n as they shine.

## WESTMINSTER. S.M.

Dr. Boyce.

To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;

WESTMINSTER—*Continued.*


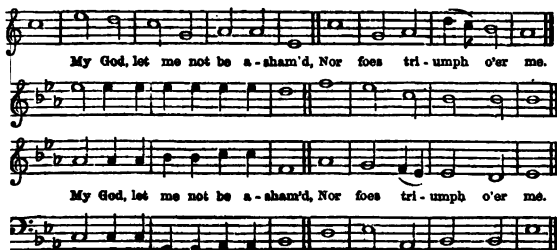
My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

MORNINGTON. S.M. *Lord Mornington.*


To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;

To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;



My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

**MOUNT EPHRAIM. S.M.**

What man is he that fears The Lord, and doth him serve?

Him shall he teach the way that he shall choose and still observe.

Him shall he teach the way that he shall choose and still observe.

**FERNEYSIDE. S.M.***Dr. Barnes.*

To God, all good, all wise; To God, e - ter - nal King;

To God, all good, all wise; To God, e - ter - nal King;

# FERNEYSIDE—Continued.

Two systems of musical notation for the song 'FERNEYSIDE—Continued.' Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'We'll raise the song with cheer-ful voice, And thanks and prais-es bring.' The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

We'll raise the song with cheer-ful voice, And thanks and prais-es bring.

We'll raise the song with cheerful voice, And thanks and prais-es bring.

## SHIRLAND. S.M.

*Samuel Stanely.*

Two systems of musical notation for the song 'SHIRLAND. S.M.' by Samuel Stanely. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be-fore thy throne Their songs of honour raise.' The music is in a key with two sharps (D major) and a common time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise;

Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise;

Thy saints, O Lord, be-fore thy throne Their songs of honour raise.

Thy saints, O Lord, be fore thy throne Their songs of honour raise.

## PRESCOT. S.M.

Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransom'd sinners sing; Sing on re-

joicing ev'-ry day, In your Al-migh-ty King. In your Almigh-ty King.

## WHITEFIELD. S.M.

*Dr. Miller.*

Come all ye trem-bling saints, Your harps do ye up take;

## WHITEFIELD—Continued.

Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev'-ry string a-wake.

Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev'-ry string a-wake.

## WIRKSWORTH. S.M.

*Dr. Greene.*

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r,

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r,

If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

## EGYPT. S.M.

*James Leach.*

And am I born to die! To lay this bo - dy down!

And am I born to die! To lay this bo - dy down!

And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world unknown!

And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world unknown!

## WOODSIDE. S.M.

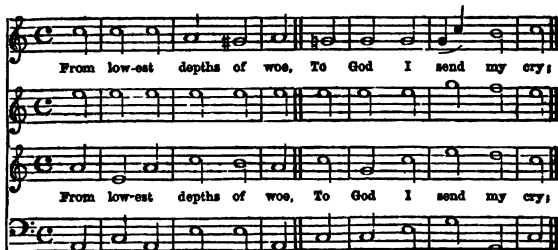
Turn un - to me thy face, And to me mer - cy show;

Turn un - to me thy face, And to me mer - cy show;

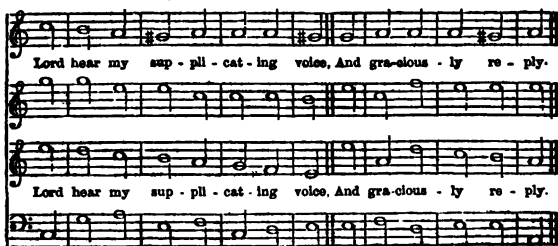
WOODSIDE—*Continued*


Be-cause that I am de - so - late, And am brought ve - ry low.

## ST. BRIDE'S. S.M.

*Dr. S. Howard.*


From low-est depths of woe, To God I send my cry;



Lord hear my sup - pli - cat - ing voice, And gra - cious - ly re - ply.



## OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

*C. Le Jeune.*

All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,

All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,

Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore him and re-joice.

Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore him and re-joice.

## COMMUNION. L.M.

*Dr. Miller.*

'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know The ea-ger rage of ev'-ry foe,

'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know The ea-ger rage of ev'-ry foe,

## COMMUNION—Continued.

That night on which he was betray'd, The Sa - viour of the world took bread.

That night on which he was betray'd, The Sa - viour of the world took bread.

## SABBATH. L.M.

*Charles Hutchinson.*

Sweet day of peace and ho - ly rest, In thee the faint - ing soul is blest;

Sweet day of peace and ho - ly rest, In thee the faint - ing soul is blest;

With praise and pray'r a - gain 'tis mine, O Lord, to wor - ship at thy shrine.

With praise and pray'r a - gain 'tis mine, O Lord, to wor - ship at thy shrine.

## WELLS. L.M.

*Israel Holdroyd.*

O let not man neglect to sing The praise of his ex-alt-ed King;

O let not man neglect to sing The praise of his ex-alt-ed King;

When earth and seas and heav'n combine To speak his pow'r and love di-vine.

When earth and seas and heav'n combine To speak his pow'r and love di-vine.

## MORNING PRAYER. L.M.

*Prince Albert.*

Awake my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;

Awake my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;

## MORNING PRAYER—Continued.

Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morning sa-cri-fice.

Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morning sa-cri-fice.

This musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

## BIRMINGHAM. L.M.

*J. Hall.*

When shall I mount and soar a-way To the bright realms of end-less day,

When shall I mount and soar a-way To the bright realms of end-less day,

This musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

And sing with rapture and surprise Thy lov-ing kind-ness in the skies.

And sing with rapture and surprise Thy lov-ing kind-ness in the skies.

This musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

BRENTWOOD. L.M. *Thomas Tallis, 1520.*

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O! keep me, King of Kings, Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Keep me, O! keep me, King of Kings, Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

## JOB. L.M.

*W. Arnold.*

With patient Job, who can compare, When tried by friend and tempter's snare!

With patient Job, who can compare, When tried by friend and tempter's snare!

JOB—*Continued.*

He his in-tegrity held fast, And prosper'd fairest, And prosper'd fairest at the last.

He his in-tegrity held fast, And prosper'd fairest, And prosper'd fairest at the last.

## PORTUGAL. L.M.

*T. Thorley.*

O thou in whom the Gen - tles trust, Thou only ho - ly, on - ly just,

O thou in whom the Gen tles trust, Thou only ho - ly, on - ly just,

O tune our souls to praise thy name, Thou who art e-ver-more the same.

O tune our souls to praise thy name, Thou who art e-ver-more the same.

## CREATION. L.M.

Haydn.

The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

And spangled heav'n's, a shining frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal proclaim. And

And spangled heav'n's, a shining frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal proclaim. And

span - gled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim.

span - gled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim.

## DERBY. L.M.

*Henry Symonds.*

First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the lyrics are placed below it. The lyrics are: "Come, sing the won-ders of that love Which an-gels play on".

Come, sing the won-ders of that love Which an-gels play on

Second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the lyrics are placed below it. The lyrics are: "ev-ry chord; Let all below and all a-bove".

ev-ry chord; Let all below and all a-bove

Third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the lyrics are placed below it. The lyrics are: "With hal-le-lu-jahs praise the Lord. With hal-le-lu-jahs praise the Lord.".

With hal-le-lu-jahs praise the Lord. With hal-le-lu-jahs praise the Lord.

praise the Lord.



## DUKE STREET. L.M.

*John Hatton*

O happy they who reach the place, Where Christ doth show his lovely face,

O happy they who reach the place, Where Christ doth show his lovely face,

Where all his beau-ties they be - hold, And praise his name with harps of gold.

Where all his beau-ties they be - hold, And praise his name with harps of gold.

## MOUNT SINAI. L.M.

*Mozart.*

The Lord is just in his ways all, And ho - ly in his works each one ;

The Lord is just in his ways all, And ho - ly in his works each one ;

## MOUNT SINAI—Continued.

He's near to all that on him call, Who call in truth on him a-lone.

He's near to all that on him call, Who call in truth on him a-lone.

## SICILY. L.M.

*Sicilian Air.*

O Lord, thou art my God and King, Thee will I mag-ni-fy and praise.

O Lord, thou art my God and King, Thee will I mag-ni-fy and praise.

I will thee bless, and gladly sing Un-to thy he-ly name al-ways.

I will thee bless, and gladly sing Un-to thy he-ly name al-ways.

## BAYON. L.M.

E. Wyeil.

God in his glo-ry shall ap-pears, When Si - on he builds and re-pairs.

God in his glo-ry shall ap-pears, When Si - on he builds and re-pairs.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'God in his glo-ry shall ap-pears, When Si - on he builds and re-pairs.' The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with the same lyrics.

He shall re-gard and lend his ear Un-to the needy's hum-ble pray'rs. He

He shall re-gard and lend his ear Un-to the needy's hum-ble pray'rs. He

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'He shall re-gard and lend his ear Un-to the needy's hum-ble pray'rs. He'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with the same lyrics.

shall re-gard and lend his ear Un - to the needy's humble pray'rs.

shall re-gard and lend his ear Un - to the needy's humble pray'rs.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'shall re-gard and lend his ear Un - to the needy's humble pray'rs.' The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with the same lyrics.

## DARNLEY. L.M.

Z. Wyeill.

O hap - py they who reach the place Where Christ doth show his

O hap - py they who reach the place Where Christ doth show his

love - ly face; Where all his beauties they behold, And praise his name with

love - ly face; Where all his beauties they behold, And praise his name with

harpe of gold. And praise his name with harpe of gold.

harpe of gold. And praise his name with harpe of gold.

## TRANQUILITY. L.M.

Marson.

Where high the heav'n-ly tem-ple stands, The house of God not made with

hands, A great high Priest our na-ture wears, The guar-dian

of man-kind ap-pears. The guar-dian of man-kind ap-pears.

## NEW PORTUGAL. L.M.

*Mazzinghi*

Give to our God im-mor-tal praise, For love and truth are

Give to our God im-mor-tal praise, For love and truth are

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

all his ways; Won-ders of grace to him be-long, Re-peat his

all his ways; Won-ders of grace to him be-long, Re-peat his

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

mer-cies in your song. Re-peat his mer-cies in your song.

mer-cies in your song. Re-peat his mer-cies in your song.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. It concludes the vocal and piano parts.

# **HOLYROOD. L.M.**

*Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

As long as life its term ex - tends, Hope's blest dominion ne - ver ends;

As long as life its term ex - tends, Hope's blest dominion ne - ver ends;

This block contains the first system of musical notation for the hymn 'HOLYROOD. L.M.'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sin-ner may re - turn.

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sin-ner may re - turn.

This block contains the second system of musical notation for the hymn 'HOLYROOD. L.M.'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

# **PENITENTIAL. L.M.**

*Smith.*

Lord, hear my pray'r, and let my cry. Have speedy ac - cess un-to thee;

Lord, hear my pray'r, and let my cry Have speedy ac - cess un-to thee;

This block contains the first system of musical notation for the hymn 'PENITENTIAL. L.M.'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

PENITENTIAL—*Continued.*

In day of my ca - la - mi - ty, O hide not thou thy face from me.

In day of my ca - la - mi - ty, O hide not thou thy face from me.

## RAMSGATE. L.M.

*Thomas Clark.*

Hail, hail once more, auspicious morn, On which our heav'nly King was born; Let all on earth their

Hail, hail once more, auspicious morn, On which our heav'nly King was born; Let all on earth their

voices raise, And sing loud an - theme to his praise. And sing loud an - theme to his praise.

voices raise, And sing loud an - theme to his praise. And sing loud an - theme to his praise.



## LEMNOS. L.M.

As long as life its term ex-tends, Hope's bliss do-minion ne-ver ends;

As long as life its term ex-tends, Hope's bliss do-minion ne-ver ends;

This block contains the first two systems of the musical score for 'LEMNOS. L.M.'. Each system consists of four staves (treble and bass clefs) with lyrics written below the staves. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sinners may return. The greatest sinners may return.

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sinners may return. The greatest sinners may return.

This block contains the second two systems of the musical score for 'LEMNOS. L.M.'. Each system consists of four staves with lyrics written below the staves. The musical notation continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

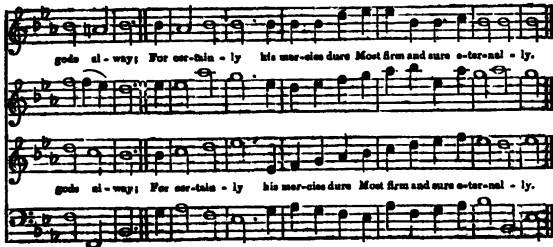
## DARWELL'S. P.M.

Rev. J. Darwell.

Praise God, for he is kind; His mercy lasts for aye. Give thanks with heart and mind, To God of

Praise God, for he is kind; His mercy lasts for aye. Give thanks with heart and mind, To God of

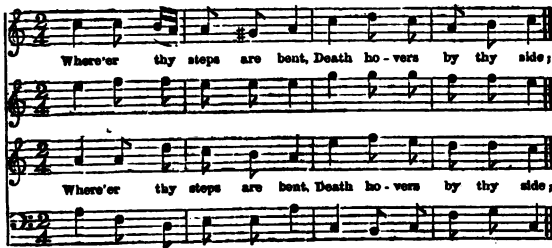
This block contains the first two systems of the musical score for 'DARWELL'S. P.M.'. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

DARWELL'S—*Continued.*


gods al - way; For ever - last - ing his mer - cies dure Most firm and sure e - ter - nal - ly.

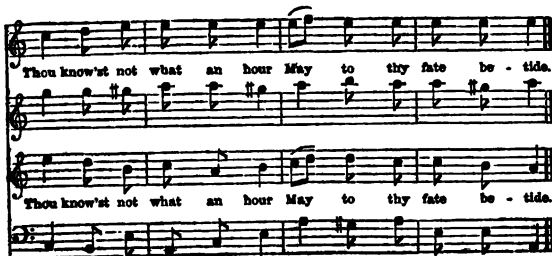
gods al - way; For ever - last - ing his mer - cies dure Most firm and sure e - ter - nal - ly.

## WATCHFULNESS. P.M.



Where'er thy steps are bent, Death ho - vers by thy side;

Where'er thy steps are bent, Death ho - vers by thy side;



Thou know'st not what an hour May to thy fate be - tide.

Thou know'st not what an hour May to thy fate be - tide.

OLD 124TH PSALM. P.M. *Guil Franc, 1543.*

Now Israel may say, and that truly, If that the Lord had not our cause main-

tain'd; If that the Lord had not our right sustain'd, When cru-el men a-

gainst us furi-ous - ly, Rose up in wrath to make of us their prey.

## BURNHAM. P.M.

Thomas Clark.

Sing of our Sov'reign's love, Sing of his mighty pow'r; See how he pleads a-

bore, For those whose sins he bore; Let all to him their

bore, For those whose sins he bore; Let all to him their vol - ces raise,  
Let all to him their

voices raise, their voices raise, And sing, And sing aloud his glorious praise.  
Let all to him their voices raise,  
And sing, And sing aloud his glorious praise.  
voices raise, their voices raise.

## BENEDICTE. P.M.

R. A. Smith

The Lord of heav'n con-fess, On high his glo-ry raise, Him

The Lord of heav'n con-fess, On high his glo-ry raise, Him

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, with lyrics 'The Lord of heav'n con-fess, On high his glo-ry raise, Him'. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

let all an-gels bless, Him let all ar-mies praise. Him glo-ri-

let all an-gels bless, Him let all ar-mies praise. Him glo-ri-

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, with lyrics 'let all an-gels bless, Him let all ar-mies praise. Him glo-ri-'. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

ty, sun, moon, and stars, and clou-dy sky.

ty, sun, moon, and stars, and clou-dy sky.

Ye high-er spheres,

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, with lyrics 'ty, sun, moon, and stars, and clou-dy sky.'. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics 'Ye high-er spheres,' are centered below the bottom staff.

## BERMONDSEY. P.M.

*B. Mûgrove.*

Glo-ry to God on high, Let heav'n and earth reply, Praise ye his name! An-gels his

Glo-ry to God on high, Let heav'n and earth reply, Praise ye his name! An-gels his

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints sing for evermore, Worthy the Lamb. Worthy the

love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints sing for evermore, Worthy the Lamb. Worthy the

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Lamb. Worthy the Lamb. Saints sing for ev-er-more, Worthy the Lamb.

Lamb. Worthy the Lamb. Saints sing for ev-er-more, Worthy the Lamb.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The melody continues on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

## ALMA. P.M.

Samuel Webb.

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;

I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand;  
Strong de-liv'r-er, strong de-liv'r-er, Be thou still my strength and shield.

I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand;  
Strong de-liv'r-er, strong de-liv'r-er, Be thou still my strength and shield.

## AMHERST. P.M.

William Billings.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise our songs employ.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise our songs employ.

AMHERST.—*Continued.*

O earth and starry frame; Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

O earth and starry frame; Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

## ASHBURN. P.M.

*James Leach.*

Now on thee our souls depend, In com- pas- sion now de- scend; Fill our

Now on thee our souls depend, In com- pas- sion now de- scend; Fill our

hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips, to sing thy praise.

hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.



## CALVARY. P.M.

Stanley.

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;

See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;

"It is fin-ish'd," "It is fin-ish'd," Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry.

## CORINTH. P.M.

*Greek Melody.*

Let the saints all re-joice and ex-ult in their King, To Je-sus with

Let the saints all re-joice and ex-ult in their King, To Je-sus with

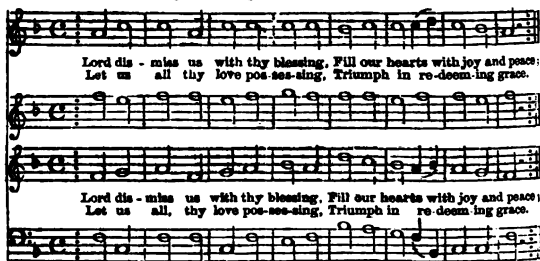
rapture and me-lo-dy sing, For sin-ners' re-demp-tion his

rapture and me-lo-dy sing, For sin-ners' re-demp-tion his

His blood he gave, And the "faithful true Witness" will ne-ver de-ceive.

His blood he gave, And the "faithful true Witness" will ne-ver de-ceive.

## DISMISSION HYMN. P.M.

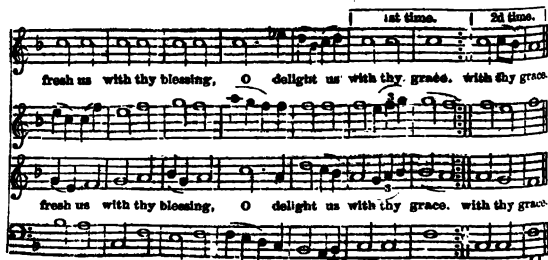


Lord dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us all thy love pos-ses-sing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.



Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men; O re-

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men; O re-

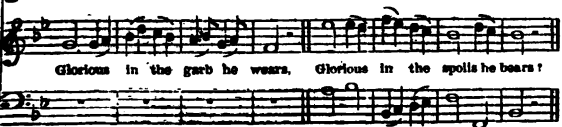
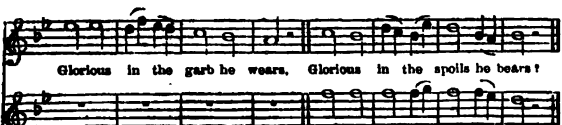
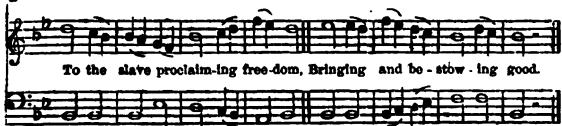
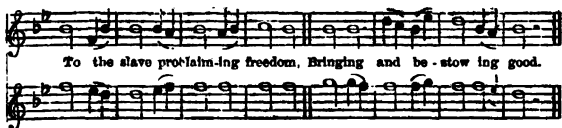
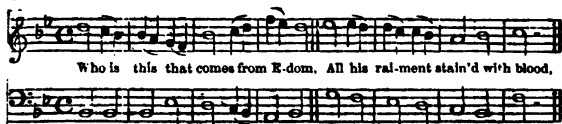
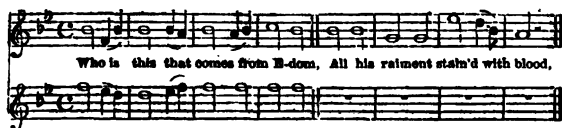


1st time. 2d time.

fresh us with thy blessing, O delight us with thy grace, with thy grace

fresh us with thy blessing, O delight us with thy grace, with thy grace

## EDOM. P.M.

*Ludurner.*

## DUNKIRK. P.M.

Banister.

The time when I shall en-ter Up - on a world un-known, My helpless soul I'll

ven-ture Up - on his name a - lone; Then with the saints in glo-ry, The

grateful song I'll raise, And chant my blissful

grateful song I'll raise, And chant my blissful sto-ry, And chant my blissful

## DUNKIRK.—Continued.

Musical score for "DUNKIRK.—Continued." featuring four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "sto-ry, And chant my blissful sto-ry In high ser-a-phic lays."

## HART'S. P.M.

*B. Mūgrove.*

Musical score for "HART'S. P.M." featuring four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;"

Continuation of the musical score for "HART'S. P.M." featuring four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Bounteous source of ev'-ry joy! Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy."

## FEVERSHAM. P.M.

Let us each for o-ther care, Each the o-ther's bur-den bear,

Let us each for o-ther care, Each the o-ther's bur-den bear,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line.

Each the o-ther's bur-den bear; To thy church a pat-tern give,

Each the o-ther's bur-den bear; To thy church a pat-tern give,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line.

Show how true be-liev-ers live. Show how true be-liev-ers live.

Show how true be-liev-ers live. Show how true be-liev-ers live.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line.

## GARNETHILL. P.M.

Harwood

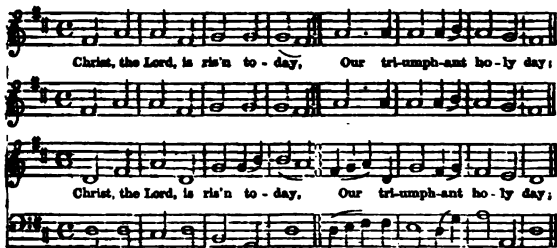
O God, my in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart

E - ter - nal things im-press; Give me to feel their so - lemn

weight, And make me, ere it be too late, A-wake to righteous-ness.

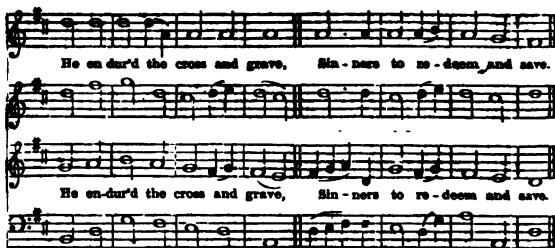


## EASTER HYMN. P.M.

*Henry Carey.*


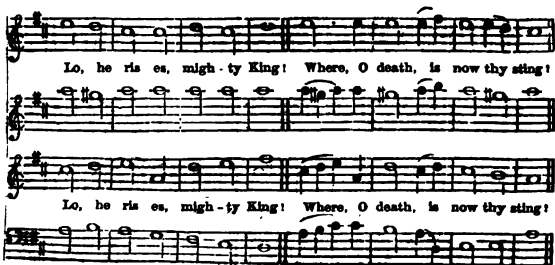
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day,      Our tri-umph-ant ho-ly day;

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day,      Our tri-umph-ant ho-ly day;



He en-dur'd the cross and grave,      Sin-ners to re-deem and save.

He en-dur'd the cross and grave,      Sin-ners to re-deem and save.



Lo, he ris es, migh-ty King!      Where, O death, is now thy sting!

Lo, he ris es, migh-ty King!      Where, O death, is now thy sting!

## EASTER HYMN—Continued.

Lo, he claims his na-tive sky; Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry?

Lo, he claims his na-tive sky; Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry?

## CANAAN. P.M.

*D. Bortnianski.*

O God of wisdom, God of might, Great Ruler in these realms of light;  
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes, But makes the babe and suckling wise:

O God of wisdom, God of might, Great Ruler in these realms of light;  
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes, But makes the babe and suckling wise:

Help thy inquiring servants, Lord, Gladly to hear and understand thy word.

Help thy inquiring servants, Lord, Gladly to hear and understand thy word.

# GENEVA. P.M. *Adapted by J. Turnbull.*

The' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all

The' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'The' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with the same lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'The' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all'. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with the same lyrics.

fail, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-

fail, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'fail, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with the same lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'fail, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-'. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with the same lyrics.

e - ver be - tide, The Scripture as-sures us "The Lord will provide."

e - ver be - tide, The Scripture as-sures us "The Lord will provide."

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'e - ver be - tide, The Scripture as-sures us "The Lord will provide."'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with the same lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'e - ver be - tide, The Scripture as-sures us "The Lord will provide."'. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 2/4 time, with the same lyrics.

## GLADNESS. P.M.

*Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

Praise the Lord with voice of glad-ness, All ye na-tions to him sing,

Praise the Lord with voice of glad-ness, All ye na-tions to him sing,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. Both staves are in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Join your voi-ces, ye his peo-ple, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

Join your voi-ces, ye his peo-ple, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. Both staves are in common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Mag-ni-fy, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

Mag-ni-fy, Mag-ni-fy, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. Both staves are in common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

HANDEL'S 104TH PSALM. P.M. *G. F. Handel*

Then glo - ry to Him, the great Fa - ther a - bove, Who sent with such

Then glo - ry to Him, the great Fa - ther a - bove, Who sent with such

bles - sings the Son of his love; Like glo - ry to him who came

bles - sings the Son of his love; Like glo - ry to him who came

down from on high, To save and to suf - fer - to triumph and die.

down from on high, To save and to suf - fer - to triumph and die.

## JUDGMENT. P.M.

Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain ;

Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain ;

This block contains the first system of a musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves have the lyrics "Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain ;". The next two staves have the same lyrics. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with some bass clef accompaniment.

Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri-umphs of his train.

Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri-umphs of his train.

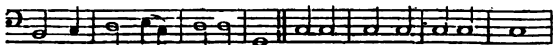
This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves have the lyrics "Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri-umphs of his train.". The next two staves have the same lyrics. The music continues in the same key and time signature as the first system.

Hal - le lujah, Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.

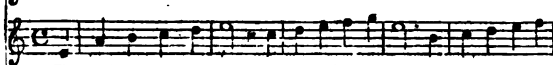
Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves have the lyrics "Hal - le lujah, Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.". The next two staves have the same lyrics. The music continues in the same key and time signature as the previous systems.

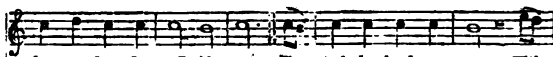
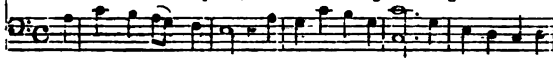
## LEONI. P.M.

*Ancient Jewish Air.*

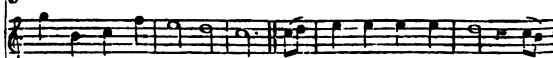
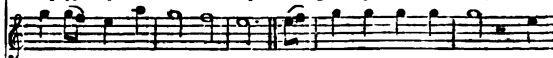
The God of Abram praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide us all our



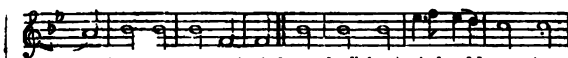
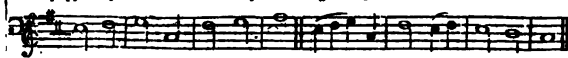
The God of Abram praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide us all our



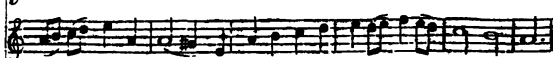
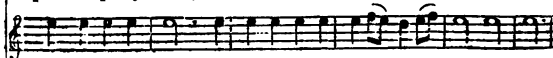
hap-py days In all his ways. The good-ly land we see, With



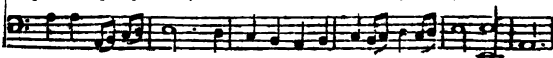
hap-py days In all his ways. The good-ly land we see, With



peace and plenty blest; The land of sacred li-ber-ty And end-less rest.



peace and plenty blest; The land of sacred li-ber-ty And end-less rest.



LUTHER'S HYMN. P.M. *M. Luther, 1524.*

Great God, what do I see and hear— The end of  
The Judge of man kind doth ap - pear On clouds of

things cre - a - ted! The trumpets sound, the graves restore The dead which  
glo - ry seat - ed.

they con - tain'd be - fore! Pre - pare, my soul, to meet him.



## PRAISE. P.M.

*Radiger.*

The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honour'd dome, Thy

The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honoured dome, Thy

presence to adore; My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy

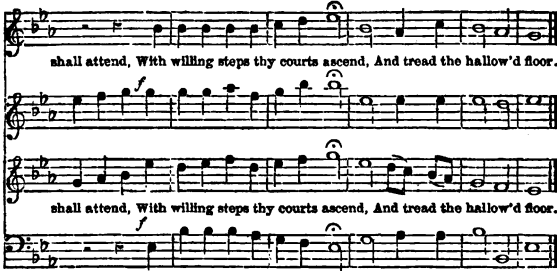
presence to adore; My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy

courts ascend, And tread the hallowed floor. My feet the summons

courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor. My feet the summons

And tread the hallow'd floor.

## PRAISE—Continued.



shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

## HELMSLEY. P.M.

Oliver.



Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain;  
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain;  
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.



Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, God appears on earth to reign.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, God appears on earth to reign.

## LITTLETON. P.M.

O that I could now a-dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a-bove;

O that I could now a-dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a-bove;

Who for ev-er bow be-fore thee, And un-ceas-ing sing thy love.

Who for ev-er bow be-fore thee, And un-ceas-ing sing thy love.

## NEW GREENOCK. P.M.

R. A. Smith.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing;

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing;

## NEW GREENOCK—Continued.

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

*D.C.*

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

*D.C.*

## NUNEATON. P.M.

*1st time.*

One there is a-bove all others, Well de-serves the name of friend;  
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:

One there is a-bove all others, Well de-serves the name of friend;  
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:

*2d time.*

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

## MOUNT HERMON. P.M.

*Samuel Barr.*

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Of the fa-mi-ly of God! When in peace to-ge-ther dwelling,

Of the fa-mi-ly of God! When in peace to-ge-ther dwelling,

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Kindred love each bo-som swell-ing, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

Kindred love each bo-som swell-ing, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

NEW EMMANUEL, P.M. *Izidorick Nicholson.*

Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stain'd with blood!

Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stain'd with blood!

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the last two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

To the slave pro-claim ing freedom, Bringing and be - stowing good;

To the slave pro-claim-ing freedom, Bringing and be - stowing good;

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It follows the same four-staff format as the first system, with vocal parts on top and piano accompaniment on the bottom. The lyrics continue across the vocal staves.

Glo-rious in the garb he wears Glo-rious in the spoils he bears!

Glo-rious in the garb he wears, Glo-rious in the spoils he bears!

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It also follows the four-staff format. The lyrics conclude with this system. The piano part features a prominent bass line.

## QUEENBOROUGH. P.M.

Thomas Clark.

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. Both staves are in G major and 4/4 time.

Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. Both staves are in G major and 4/4 time.

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place, Till like them, *mf*

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place, Till like them, *mf*

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. Both staves are in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

## QUEENBOROUGH—Continued.

Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

## PLYMOUTH. P.M.

Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.



# QUEENBOROUGH. P.M.

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee.

Heav'nly Father, we would

Queenborough—Continued.

151

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee.

Heav'nly Father, we would

Queenborough—Continued.

151

Songs of

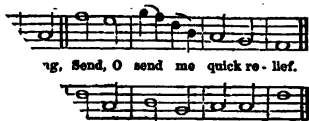
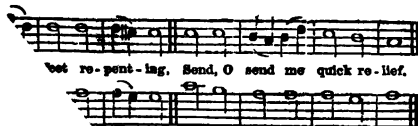
to him who ever lives.

Other from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ever lives.

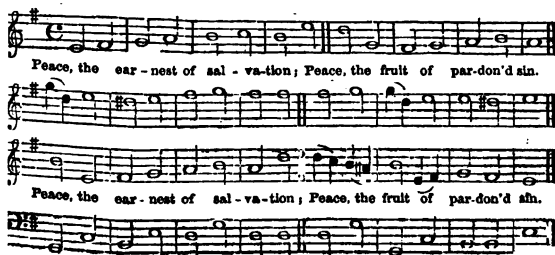
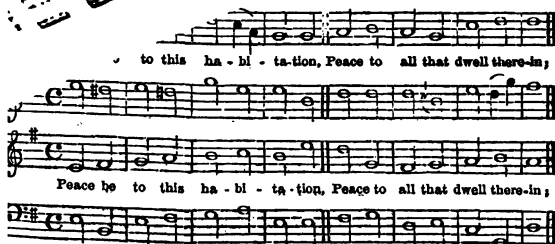
Guilt-y, but with heart re-lent-ing, O ver-whelm'd with sin and grief.

Guilt-y, but with heart re-lent-ing, O ver-whelm'd with sin and grief.

## SALEM—Continued.



## MARINE. P.M. John Turnbull.



## PRAISE. P.M.

*Radiger.*

The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honour'd dome, Thy

The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honour'd dome, Thy

presence to adore; My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy

presence to adore; My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy

courts ascend, And tread the hallowed floor. My feet the summons

courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor. My feet the summons

And tread the hallow'd floor.

## PRAISE—Continued.

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

## HELMSLEY. P.M.

Oliver.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain;  
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain;  
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.

Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, God appears on earth to reign.

Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, God appears on earth to reign.

## LITTLETON. P.M.

O that I could now a-dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a-bove;

O that I could now a-dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a-bove;

Who for ev-er bow be-fore thee, And un-ces-ing sing thy love.

Who for ev-er bow be-fore thee, And un-ces-ing sing thy love.

## NEW GREENOCK. P.M.

*R. A. Smith.*

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing;

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing;

## NEW GREENOCK—Continued.

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

*D.C.*

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

*D.C.*

## NUNEATON. P.M.

*1st time.*

One there is a-bove all others, Well de-serves the name of friend;  
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end;

One there is a-bove all others, Well de serves the name of friend;  
His is love be yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end;

*2d time.*

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er last-ing love.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

## LITTLETON. P.M.

O that I could now a-dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a-bove;

O that I could now a-dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a-bove;

Who for ev-er bow be-fore thee, And un-ceas-ing sing thy love.

Who for ev-er bow be-fore thee, And un-ceas-ing sing thy love.

## NEW GREENOCK. P.M.

*R. A. Smith.*

Sov'reign Father, heav'n ly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing;

Sov'reign Father, heav'n ly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing;

## NEW GREENOCK—Continued.

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

*D.C.*

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

*D.C.*

## NUNEATON. P.M.

*1st time.*

One there is a-bove all others. Well de-serves the name of friend;  
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end;

One there is a-bove all others. Well de serves the name of friend;  
His is love be yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end;

*2d time.*

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er last-ing love.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.



## MOUNT HERMON. P.M.

*Samuel Barr.*

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves correspond to the first line of lyrics, and the next two staves correspond to the second line of lyrics. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature.

Of the fa-mi-ly of God! When in peace to-ge-ther dwelling,

Of the fa-mi-ly of God! When in peace to-ge-ther dwelling,

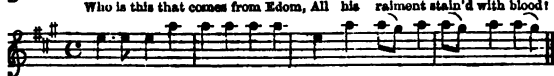
This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves correspond to the first line of lyrics, and the next two staves correspond to the second line of lyrics. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

Kindred love each bo-som swell-ing, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

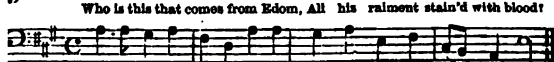
Kindred love each bo-som swell-ing, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves correspond to the first line of lyrics, and the next two staves correspond to the second line of lyrics. The music concludes the piece.

**NEW EMMANUEL. P.M.** *Istodovick Nicholson.*



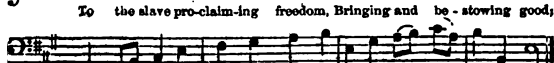
Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stain'd with blood?



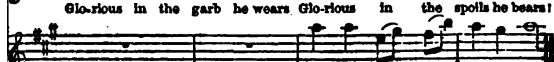
Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stain'd with blood?



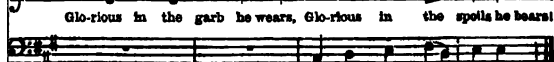
To the slave pro-claim ing freedom, Bringing and be - stowing good;



To the slave pro-claim-ing freedom, Bringing and be - stowing good;



Glo-rious in the garb he wears Glo-rious in the spoils he bears!



Glo-rious in the garb he wears, Glo-rious in the spoils he bears!

## QUEENBOROUGH. P.M.

Thomas Clark.

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain two lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics underneath.

Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain two lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics underneath.

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place; Till like them, *mf*

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place; Till like them, *mf*

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain two lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics underneath. The lyrics are split across two lines, with the second line of each staff ending with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

# QUEENBOROUGH—Continued.

Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

# PLYMOUTH. P.M.

Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

## SALEM. P.M.

Rev. M. M'Gavin.

Whither should a wretch be fly-ing, But to him who com-fort gives;

Whither should a wretch be fly-ing, But to him who com-fort gives;

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Whither from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ev-er lives.

Whither from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ev-er lives.

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Guilt-y, but with heart re-lent-ing, O-ver-whelm'd with sin and grief;

Guilt-y, but with heart re-lent-ing, O-ver-whelm'd with sin and grief;

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

## SALEM—Continued.

Prostrate at thy feet re-pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief.

Prostrate at thy feet re-pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief.

## ST. CATHERINE. P.M.

*John Turnbull.*

Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion, Peace to all that dwell there-in;

Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion, Peace to all that dwell there-in;

Peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of par-don'd sin.

Peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of par-don'd sin.

## PARADISE. P.M.

W. Arnold

Hal-le - lu-jah we sing, To our glo-ri-fied King, In the praise of his

wonderful love, To the Lamb that was slain, Hal-le - lu-jah a-gain,

*p*

won-der-ful love, To the Lamb that was slain, Hal-le - lu-jah a-gain, Till with

Till with angels we praise him a-bove.

*mf*

angels we praise him a-bove, . . . . Till with angels we praise him a-bove.

## SYRIA. P.M.

Rev. G. Coles.

The good-ly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sa-cred

The good-ly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sa-cred

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of two staves of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

li-ber-ty, And end-less rest; There milk and honey flow, And

li-ber-ty, And end-less rest; There milk and honey flow, And

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

oil and wine a-bound, And trees of life for ev-er grow, With mercy crown'd.

oil and wine a-bound, And trees of life for ev-er grow, With mercy crown'd.

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with the final lines of the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.



## SALVATION. P.M.

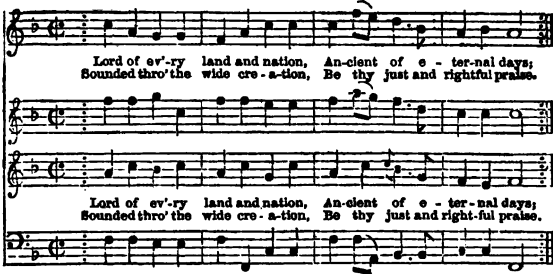
G. F. Handel.

Darkness o - ver - spreads us here, But the night wears

fast a - way; Glo - ry's star will soon ap - pear, Lead-ing

on e - ter - nal day. Lead-ing on e - ter - nal day.

## VESPER HYMN. P.M.

*D. Borntianaki.*


Lord of ev'-ry land and nation, An-cient of e - ter-nal days;  
Sounded thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Be thy just and rightful praise.

Lord of ev'-ry land and nation, An-cient of e - ter-nal days;  
Sounded thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Be thy just and rightful praise.



Hal-le-lu jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

*Second time p*



Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men.

## SHINAR. P.M.

*Luther.*

Lord of hosts, and God of grace, Now with-in this ho-ly place,

Lord of hosts, and God of grace. Now with-in this ho-ly place,

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

Par-don'd, pu-ri-fied, may we Min-gle ho-ly me-lo-dy.

Par-don'd, pu-ri-fied, may we Min-gle ho-ly me-lo-dy.

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

From each bo-som may it rise, In-cense like, to pur-er skies. skies.

From each bo-som may it rise, In-cense like, to pur-er skies. skies.

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It features three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. A tempo marking '1st time' and '2d time' is present above the first staff.

## SHILOH. P.M.

Who hath our re - port be - liev - ed? Shi - loh come is not re - ceiv - ed,

Who hath our re - port be - liev - ed? Shi - loh come is not re - ceiv - ed,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. Both staves contain two measures of music, with lyrics written below the vocal staff.

Not re - ceiv - ed by his own; Promis'd branch from root of Jes - so,

Not re - ceiv - ed by his own; Promis'd branch from root of Jes so,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. Both staves contain two measures of music, with lyrics written below the vocal staff.

Da-vid's off-spring sent to bless you, Comes too low - ly to be known.

Da-vid's off-spring sent to bless you, Comes too low - ly to be known.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. Both staves contain two measures of music, with lyrics written below the vocal staff.

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN. P.M. *Rosenkrantz.*

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me!

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me!

I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And when wounded heal'd thy wound;

I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And when wounded heal'd thy wound;

## SATURDAY EVENING HYMN—Continued.

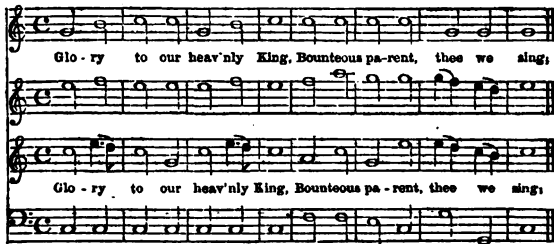


Found thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark-ness in-to light.

Found thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark-ness in-to light.

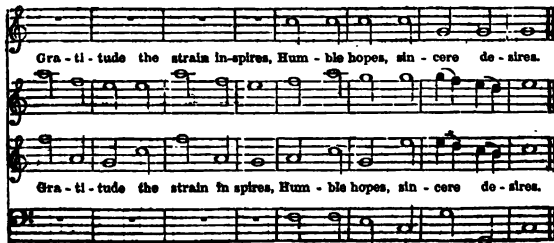
## WEBER'S HYMN. P.M.

Weber.



Glo-ry to our heav'nly King, Bounteous pa-rent, thee we sing;

Glo-ry to our heav'nly King, Bounteous pa-rent, thee we sing;



Gra-ti-tude the strain in-spires, Hum-ble hopes, sin-cre de-sires.

Gra-ti-tude the strain in-spires, Hum-ble hopes, sin-cre de-sires.

## EASSON. P. M.

R. M'Futcheon.

Lord, dis miss us with thy bless-ing, Bid us all de-part in peace;

Lord, dis miss us with thy bless-ing, Bid us all de-part in peace;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. Both staves contain a single melodic line with lyrics written below the notes.

Still on bread of hea-ven feed us, And our love to thee in-crease.

Still on bread of hea-ven feed us, And our love to thee in-crease.

This system contains two staves of music, continuing the melody from the first system. The first staff is treble clef and the second is bass clef, both in one flat. Lyrics are written below the notes.

*p* Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, *f* Up to thee our vol-ces raise,

*p* Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, *f* Up to thee our vol-ces raise,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef, both in one flat. Dynamics *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are marked above the notes. Lyrics are written below the notes.

## EASSON—Continued.

When we reach our bliss-ful station, Then we'll give thee no bier praise.

When we reach our bliss-ful station, Then we'll give thee no-bier praise.

And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb, For ever and ever, for ever and ev-er.

And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb, For ever and ever, for ever and ev-er.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - - - men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - - - men.



## GILEAD. P.M.

*Louis Spohr.*

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There'.

is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn-ing wand' - ers giv'n;

is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn-ing wand' - ers giv'n;

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are: 'is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn-ing wand' - ers giv'n;'.

There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'-ry wound-ed

There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'-ry wound-ed

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music continues from the second system. The lyrics are: 'There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'-ry wound-ed'.

GILEAD—*Continued.*

breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n. 'Tis found a-lone - - - in

breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n. 'Tis found a-lone - - - in

heav'n. 'Tis found a - lone - - - - in heav'n.

heav'n. 'Tis found a - lone - - - - in heav'n.

## JUBILEE. P.M.

*G. F. Handel.*

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, - - The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, - - The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations

## JUBILEE—Continued.

know, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound. To earth's remotest

know, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound. To earth's remotest

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

bound. The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The

bound. The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

year of Ju-bi-lee is come. Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sinners, home.

year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sinners, home.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

## LONSDALE. S.M.D. or P.M. Corell, 1690.

The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets; Be-fore we reach the

The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets; Be-fore we reach the

heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs a-bound,

Then let our songs abound, And ev'ry

heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,

And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

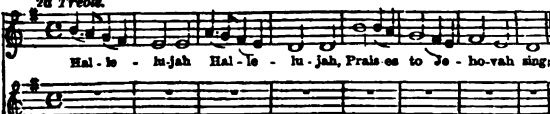
tear be dry; We're marching, &c.

tear be dry; We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching, &c.

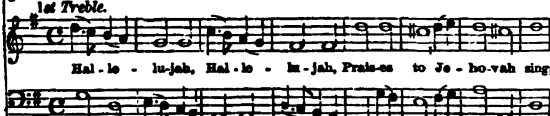
DR. YOUNG'S HYMN. P.M. *Rev. Dr. Young.*

*2d Treble.*

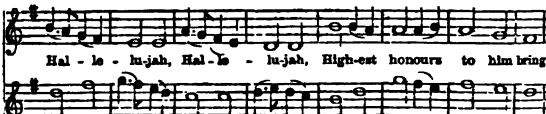


Hal - le - lu-jah Hal - le - lu-jah, Prais-es to Je - ho-vah sing;

*1st Treble.*



Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Prais-es to Je - ho-vah sing;



Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, High-est honours to him bring.



Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, High-est honours to him bring.



Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Tell his deeds and spread his fame;



Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Tell his deeds and spread his fame;

DR. YOUNG'S HYMN—*Continued.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Thank and praise his ho - ly name.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Thank and praise his ho - ly name.

## KIRKWOOD'S. P.M.

*Robert Geddes.*

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King;

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re-con - ciled.

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re-con - ciled.

## PARTING. P.M. or L.M.

Now let us part in thy great name, In which we here to - ge-ther came;

Now let us part in thy great name, In which we here to - ge-ther came;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in the same key and time, also with lyrics. Both staves end with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Help us, our few re-main ing days, To live un - to thy sov'reign praise.

Help us, our few re-main ing days, To live un - to thy sov'reign praise.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in the same key and time, also with lyrics. Both staves end with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs let us sing;

Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs let us sing;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in the same key and time, also with lyrics. Both staves end with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

PARTING—*Continued.*

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

MELITA. P.M. *Adapted from Haydn.*

Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

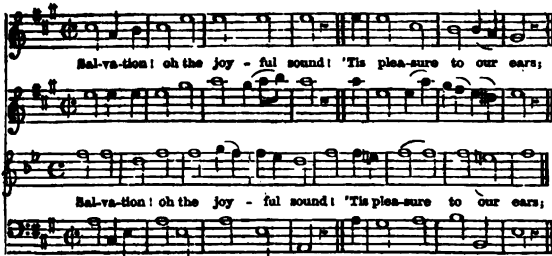
Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, Ev-er sure.

For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.



## ASHLEY DOXOLOGY. P.M.

*Maiden.*


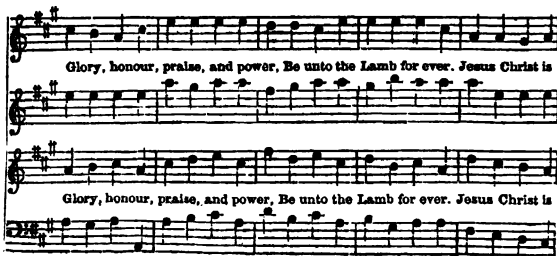
Sal-va-tion! oh the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears;

Sal-va-tion! oh the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears;



A sov'-reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial to our fears.

A sov'-reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial to our fears.



Glory, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever. Jesus Christ is

Glory, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever. Jesus Christ is

ASHLEY DOXOLOGY—*Continued.*

our Redeemer, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-lelujah, Praise the Lord.

our Redeemer, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-lelujah, Praise the Lord.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah.

SHAWLANDS. P.M. *Charles Hutcheson.*

O, that the Lord's sal - va-tion Were out of Zi - on come,

O, that the Lord's sal - va-tion Were out of Zi - on come,

To heal his an-cient na-tion— To send his out-casts home.

To heal his an-cient na-tion— To send his out-casts home.

P2

ACCEPTANCE. P.M. *Charles Hutcheson.*

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou

bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. O Lamb of God, I come.

bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. O Lamb of God, I come.

CAMPSIE. P.M. *Robert Geddes.*

Lamb of God, thy death hath giv'n High and joy - ous hopes of heav'n;

Lamb of God, thy death hath giv'n High and joy - ous hopes of heav'n;

CAMPSIE—*Continued.*

It is fin-ish'd, let us raise Songs of glo-ry to his praise.

It is fin-ish'd, let us raise Songs of glo-ry to his praise.

## GERMAN HYMN. P.M.

*Playd.*

Gra-cious spir-it—love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine;

Gra-cious spir-it—love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine;

All my gloom-y fears re-moove—Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

All my gloom-y fears re-moove—Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

## STRATON.

*R. M' Hutchison.*

Spread the news, go spread it wide, Spread the joy-ful sto-ry, Tell how Je-sus

Spread the news, go spread it wide, Spread the joy-ful sto-ry, Tell how Je-sus

*p*

liv'd and died, Spread the vic-tor's glo-ry. He is now by an-gels crown'd,

*p*

liv'd and died, Spread the vic-tor's glo-ry. He is now by an-gels crown'd,

*f*

He whom men re-ject-ed; Tell to all the nations round, What he has eff-cted.

*f*

He whom men re-ject-ed; Tell to all the nations round, What he has effected.

